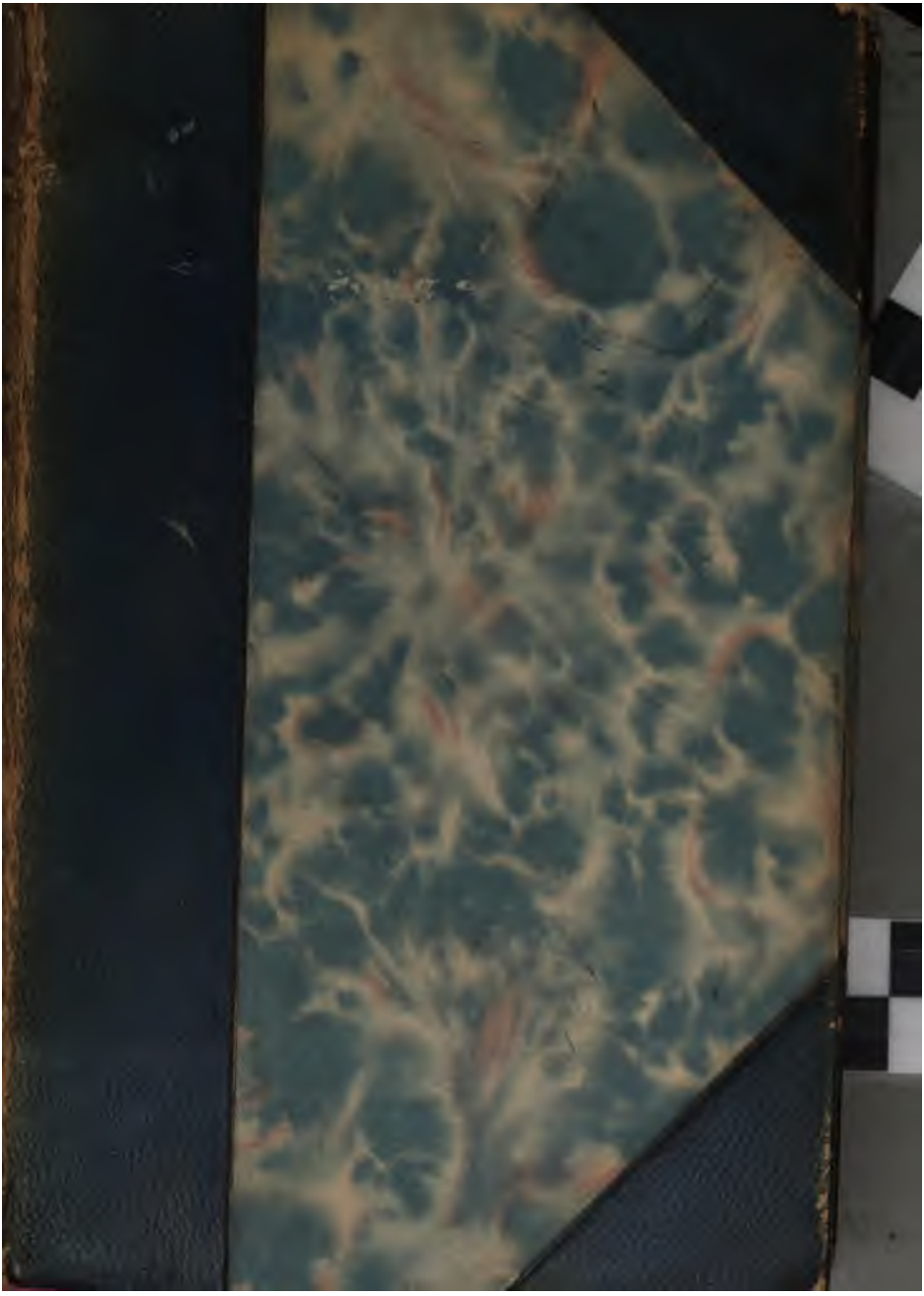

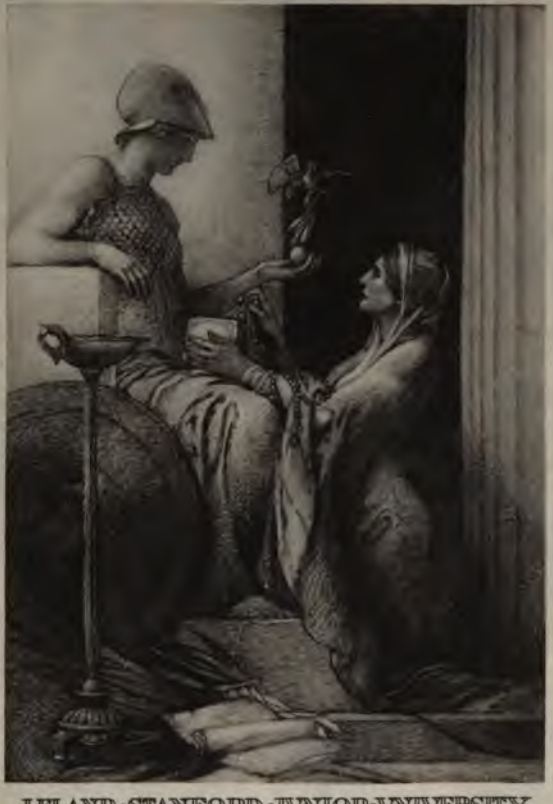

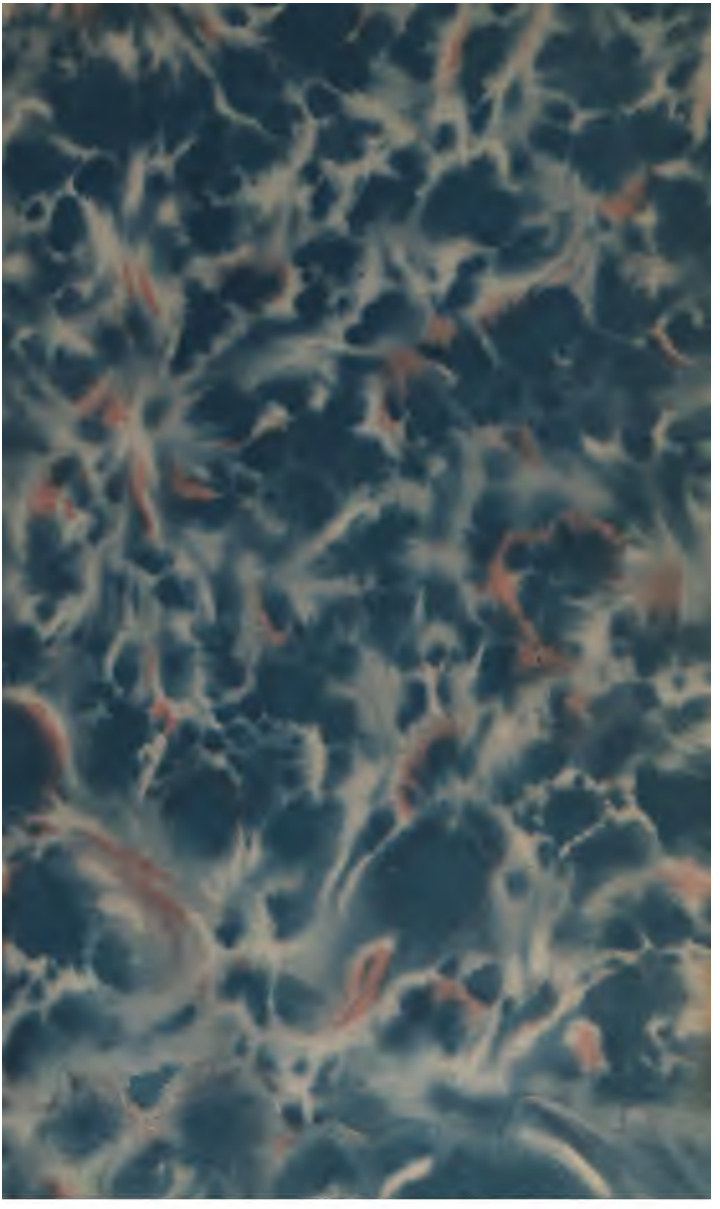

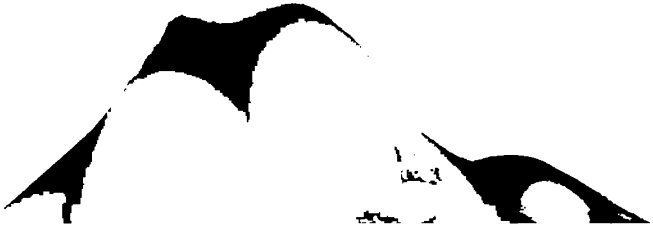

LIVES OF NORTHERN WORTHIES.

LIVES

OF

NORTHERN WORTHIES.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH THE CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR, AND THE MARGINAL OBSERVATIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
1852.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

THE circumstances under which the present work was produced have been briefly but sufficiently detailed in the Memoir of Hartley Coleridge's life, prefixed to the posthumous editions of his poems. It will be enough to state here, that in the year 1832, he entered into an engagement with a printer and publisher at Leeds to furnish matter for a provincial biography, to be entitled "The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire," the publication of which, at intervals of two months, proceeded so far as the third number, when it was brought to a premature termination. Each life being, however, complete in itself, and having an interest wholly independent of local objects and associations, the portion which had appeared, amounting to one-third of the whole, was republished in a closely printed octavo volume, of somewhat formidable dimensions, under the title

of "Biographia Borealis,"—an unhappy designation, so it was considered by the author, which it has not been thought necessary to perpetuate.

The character and intention of the work, as originally projected, were ably and characteristically set forth by the author in the following Prospectus—

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING

THE WORTHIES

OF

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE;

BEING LIVES OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PERSONS THAT HAVE BEEN BORN IN, OR CONNECTED WITH, THOSE PROVINCES.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

In adopting an old-fashioned title, we intend an appeal to old-fashioned feelings, but to feelings which, though old-fashioned, are not, we trust, out of fashion—to the strong affections of locality, the instinct which draws the men of the same region together from all parts of the cosmopolite metropolis, to unite in clubs, to make merry, and to do good together;—the wise principle which has influenced so many dying Christians in their foundations, benefactions, and charitable bequests,—which, by defining the course of benevolence, gives it strength to flow.

Considering the memory of the mighty dead as a benefaction bequeathed to the world at large, with a preference to their birth-place, we propose to the counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire, to make good their interest in the fame of their illustrious children.

The importance of biography is too obvious to be pointed out; but its objects are now so numerous, that limitation

becomes absolutely necessary ;—and on what better principle can it be made than by consulting the same sense of local attachment, the results of which are so honourable and so beneficial ?

Impressed with these truths we engage to give succinct accounts of such natives of Yorkshire and Lancashire as have deserved a name, either by their actions, their learning, their genius, their discoveries, or their local influence.

* * * * *

Correctness of detail, and a just delineation of character will be the author's end and aim. He writes not in a spirit of proselytism ; far less with a purpose to vilify any sect or party. Rather will he endeavour, by showing that much virtue, much usefulness, much piety, has appeared in almost every sect and party, to mollify and neutralise all differences, to dispose men to understand one another, and if they cannot preserve the unity of the faith, at least to restore the bond of charity.

Wherever a doubt arises, our leaning shall be to a fair and merciful interpretation. With regard to all characters, and religious characters especially, of whatever denomination, we shall give credence to friends rather than to enemies, both because a man is best known to his friends, and because it is better to commit a great mistake, than to promulgate but a small calumny.*

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* It appears that the execution of this design had been previously entrusted to another Editor, Mr. John Dove, the author of a "Life of Andrew Marvell the celebrated Patriot, with extracts and selections from his prose and poetical works. Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1832." So I gather from the Preface to that work, which opens with the following statement :—"The biographical memoir now submitted to the public was intended to have commenced a series of lives to be published under the title of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire,' for which a Prospectus was issued last March. As the original Editor and compiler of that

Such was the promise: something less and something more was performed. The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire are inadequately represented by thirteen lives, not, perhaps, the most eminent that could be selected, though happily varied in point of interest. On the other hand, an amount and variety both of instruction and entertainment were provided, which could hardly have been anticipated from the announcement and ostensible character of the work.

The nature and special objects of biography, as compared and contrasted with history, are excellently explained by the author in his introductory essay, but he has not fully prepared the reader for his own peculiar treatment. The lives of individual men may be delineated in more than one way according to the point of view taken by the biographer, and the direction in which he looks. He may fix his attention rather upon the man than upon his circumstances,—upon what he was, than upon what he did. Whether he take his stand within, and look outward, interpreting his

work, the writer of the present life made considerable collections for the purpose of carrying it on with credit and punctuality. He had not proceeded far, however, when he found himself frustrated in his wish to have the work conducted with that exactness and regularity which was promised in the Prospectus."—D. C.

conduct by what he knows of his feelings and motives, or looking inward from without, endeavour by careful induction from his recorded sayings, doings, or writings, to arrive at the springs of action, and by a strong effort of imagination to reproduce the living man,—in either case, the interest is mainly psychological. It is the inmost personality which it is attempted to disclose. The individual is placed in a relation, not of acquaintance merely, but of intimacy and close communion with the reader. This is not attempted, or only to a slight extent, in the volumes before us: indeed, the records of departed eminence rarely furnish materials for such a revelation.

The writer of the following lives has placed himself at a greater distance from his subject, and taken in a wider field of observation. His work approaches more nearly to history. He follows his actors through the drama of life, with a reference, not merely to the part which they have to play, but to the scenes in which they are engaged, setting forth each character as it might appear to a well-informed contemporary, but without attempting to penetrate its recesses. He dwells more upon general truths than upon individual interests. He speculates more than he describes.

that he recommended the present publisher to omit no opportunity of obtaining an interest in the copyright. He said it was full of good matter, and that he doubted not it would live.

The estimate formed by the author himself of this, his largest, if not his highest literary achievement, was singularly modest. Remembering the difficulties under which he had laboured, pressed by want of time, and embarrassed by want of books,* and comparing what he had produced with what he imagined he might have produced under other circumstances—or with his own ideal standard of excellence, he professed to consider it over-praised. One merit, however, he boldly claimed for it. "It is written," he said, "in good English,"—no ordinary, nor unimportant distinction. Yet he reperused the work in after years with apparent satisfaction, and made some remarks and corrections which have been communicated to me by the kindness of Joseph Burns, Esq.

In the present edition these additions of the

* "How," he asks in a letter to a friend, "in the haste with which the work is to be got out, is it possible to hunt out for original facts, or to collect original documents, even if they were always accessible, which is far from being the case?" In another place he states that he had "to write eight, nine, and ten hours a day, to keep up with the press." Of course, from the necessity of the case, some portions of the work are mere compilation.

author are distinguished as *curæ secundæ*. The annotations by S. T. Coleridge, above alluded to, which are much more numerous and important, are marked by his well-known initials. The part performed by the editor is too slight to require more than a passing notice. Where the author's meaning was thought to have been misunderstood, or seemed liable to misapprehension, an explanation has been suggested. Where there appeared ground for animadversion, the original authorities have been consulted, and the use made of them by the compiler examined. A few additional facts, from recent sources of information, have been communicated. But, upon the whole, considering the peculiar character of the work, the Editor has deemed it his duty rather to set forth the original matter to the best advantage, than attempt to impart to it any new pretensions. The text has been cleared of numerous errors, and a form has been given to the work, at once more elegant and more convenient. It now ranges with the author's "Poems" and with his "Essays and Marginalia."

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.
January, 1852.

Hi manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat,
Quique fuit vates et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventos aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid.* vi.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Lives contained in this volume were originally intended to form part of a much longer series of provincial Biography. From causes, *in which the Author alone is concerned, and for which he alone is responsible,* the publication is for a time suspended. The sample here offered is, however, independent and complete in itself: and should it meet with approbation, the Author hopes, at no distant period, to resume and fulfil the original design.

He trusts that few inaccuracies or deficiencies will be found in the detail of facts. One or two inadvertencies he takes this opportunity of correcting. The "Mercurius Rusticus," mentioned page 16, was not a newspaper; but an account of the sufferings of the episcopal clergy, during the Commonwealth, written by Bruno Ryves, some time Rector of Acton, and published soon after

the Restoration, probably with a view to justify or palliate the "Bartholomew Act." The dates of Roger Ascham's degrees were 1534 and 1536, not, as given in his life, 1538 and 1544. It was not the Earl of *Carnarvon* that fell at the battle of Edgehill, as stated in the life of Roscoe, but the Earl of *Lindsay*. Robert Earl of Carnarvon was slain at the first battle of Newbury.

As to the principles on which the work has been conducted, and the sentiments which it breathes, explanation is needless, and apology would be base. The Author finds nothing to retract, nothing which he is resolved to dilute into no meaning, and nothing with which any sect, party, or person, can be justly offended.

1833.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

WHAT duller looking volume than a Parish Register? What drier commentary on the trite text, *Mors omnibus communis?* What is it, but a barren abstract of the annals of mortality—

> ———Where to be born, and die,
> Of rich and poor makes all the history?

It might, indeed, set on a calculator, or a life-insurance broker, to compute the comparative duration of life in different periods; a Shandean philosopher to speculate on the successive fashions in Christian names; a manuscript-hunter to note down the revolutions of penmanship; or a moral economist to infer the progress of corruption from the increase of illegitimate births: but to men whose thoughts and feelings travel in the "high-way of the world," its all-levelling uniformity presents neither amusement nor instruction.

But suppose an aged man to open this same volume, and, seated in the midst of a circle of his fellow-parishioners, run his eye along the time-discoloured pages, and relate his recollections, and his father's, and his great-great-grandfather's recollections

of every name in the list, though perhaps few had done more than erect a new dial, or leave the interest of £5 to be distributed on New-Year's-Day to twenty poor widows; yet his talk would not be devoid of interest to such as "find a tale in every thing," and that all of whom he spake had been born within hearing of the same church clock, would infuse a family-feeling into his narratives.—He would be a local biographer.

If a few leading characters be excepted, who often owe their exception more to fortune and circumstance than to their intrinsic power, the notices of men in general histories are very much like the Parish Register:—consisting of names and dates, and events in which the bulk of the species are as passive as in their own birth and death. Nor can the majority of readers derive any thing from such histories, better than empty speculations, not quite so trifling, perhaps, but quite as foreign to their "business and bosoms" as those of the virtuosos before mentioned. *Biography* is required, like the old man, to give history a human meaning and purpose.

It is, indeed, frequently asserted that Biography is a most important *part* of History; and if by history we mean all such knowledge as rests upon testimony—as distinguished from science, which is grounded on demonstration, or on experiment, this is undoubtedly true. But it is more for our purpose, to consider Biography as the *antithesis* of History; to divide the knowledge of the past, founded on testimony, into History and Biography. The distinction we would draw is not between an inclusive *greater*, and an included *less*, as Geography is distinguished from Topography, but rather such as obtains between Mechanical Philosophy and Chemistry; the former of which calculates the powers

of bodies in mass,—the latter analyses substances, and explains their operations by their composition.

The facts of the same life may be considered either biographically or historically. If the acts or circumstances of an individual are related only as they bear upon the public interests—if the man be regarded as a state engine, no matter whether he be the steam-engine that sets the whole in motion, or one of the most insignificant spindles—if his fortune be set forth, not for any personal interest to be taken therein, but merely as an instance, proof, cause, or consequence, of the general destiny—such an account, though it admitted nothing that did not originate from, or tend towards, a single person, ought not to be called a biography, but a history. Thus Robertson's Charles V. is not a life of Charles V., but a history of Europe in the age of Charles V. On the other hand, the private Memoirs of a public character are no necessary part of public history. Anecdotes of Kings and Ministers, Courtiers and Mistresses, do not explain the state of a nation; they are only so far historical as they indicate the average of morals; and in this point of view they are often extremely delusive,—for the Court is not the dial-plate of the national heart. We have been led to state this, though not perhaps in the direct line of our argument, because the substituting a very exceptionable kind of court biography for true national history is a mistake often practically made, and very mischievous; not only because it bestows the dignity of history on prurient or malignant scandal, but because it breeds a false belief that the welfare and distress of communities are doled out at the discretion of a few fine-dressed individuals, who, according to the popular temper, become idols or abominations.

A portion of history does, indeed, enter into all

biography. The interests of individuals are so implicated in those of the community, that the life of the most domestic female could not be justly understood without some knowledge of the politics of the time in which she lived. Now what to one age is *Politics*, becomes *History* to all that succeed. The impossibility of writing the annals of a nation without recording the acts, words, and characters of many men in that nation, is obvious. But a philosophical historian always has his eye fixed on an *Event*, or a *Principle;* individual interests and personal characters he considers but as water drops in the "mighty stream of tendency." If he weighs Scipio against Hannibal, it is because they represented Carthage and Rome: if he drops a tear at Philippi, it is not for Brutus, but for the Republic. Whatever diverts attention from the onward course of things, without representing their general aspect, is, in a history, out of place, just as much as anecdotes of physicians and patients, or puffing descriptions of steam-packets, watering-places, and the Island of Madeira, in a scientific treatise of medicine. The more interesting such episodes may be, the more they obstruct the historian's legitimate purpose; for the proper interest of history is of a very high abstract quality, and consists chiefly in observing the operation of great principles upon communities in long periods of time; in remarking how the seeming contradictions of facts, tempers, and opinions unite in one result; as this planet, in which there are at every moment so many millions of conflicting motions,—mechanical, chemical, vital, and voluntary, diverging and converging in every possible direction, is still itself moving along the same everlasting way. The motion of the heavens is a sublime contemplation; so are the great, ordained revolutions of empires, magnificent subjects of thought.

But to understand either the one or the other; to reduce the multitude of phenomena under a law of unity; and again to trace that law in the infinite detail of its operations; to verify general conclusions by fit inductions; to prove what really is the centre and source of motion and change, and what is inertly and passively moved; is a slow, dry, laborious work of intellect, requiring an intense and continuous attention, which few minds can sustain, and none will find agreeable. For in all abstract processes, besides the strong exertion of one faculty, which, as conveying the sense of power, may be pleasurable, it is necessary to keep others under an almost painful constraint. The mind must be held, if the phrase may be allowed, in *decomposition*. No wonder then, if it seize eagerly on the first opportunity of returning to its natural state, and bringing the imagination and sympathies into play. Hence the introduction of biographical, or human interest, into political history, indisposes both reader and writer for the hard passionless spirit of inquiry, so essentially necessary to arrive at those grand principles which convert facts into truths; principles in the light whereof a statesman ought to read the past, and without which history is, for all political application, something worse than an old almanac. For it should be left to the *administrators* of the laws to seek for precedents: the *makers* of laws should regard only principles. Facts, for antiquaries; Examples, for school-boys; Precedents, for lawyers; Principles, for legislators. Let us take an instance, in the reign of our own Elizabeth. Does not our interest in the beautiful Queen of Scotland interfere with our attention to the interests of the public? and is that interest at all more *historical* in the strict sense of the word, than that we take in the fortunes of Desdemona or Clarissa? Or, to go back a

little, are not fair Rosamond and Jane Shore, in popular recollection, the most prominent characters in their respective epochs; epochs memorable for great changes in society, and rapid development of the constitution? Let us not deceive ourselves after the manner of those that write, or perhaps rather of those that *buy*, pretty books for children. The romance of history only differs from other romances by requiring no invention.

But it will be said, that it is quite natural that we should care more about *persons*, who are our fellow-creatures, than about state interests and revolutions, which, in the aggregate, are *brute* forces, as unsympathising as the lever, the pulley, or the steam-engine: and that most people would find history very tiresome, if it were written according to the idea above proposed. To this we answer, that we do not wish history for general perusal to be so written. We only wish to distinguish the peculiar end, object, and function of History from that of Biography.

In history all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth; in biography, the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified,—as *circumstances* amid which he is placed,—as the sphere in which he moves, or the material he works with. The man, with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue, but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and fore ground. In history, the man, like the earth on the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in Biography, he is

like the earth in the ancient Cosmogony, the centre and the final cause of the system.

There is one species of history which may with great propriety be called biographical, to which we do not remember to have heard the term applied;—we mean that wherein an order, institution, or people, are invested with personality, and described as possessing an unity of will, conscience, and responsibility;—as sinning, repenting, believing, apostatizing, &c. Of this, the first and finest sample is in the Old Testament, where Israel is constantly addressed, and frequently spoken of, as an individual; and the final restoration of the descendants of Abraham is treated as the redemption of ONE body from disease, of ONE soul from perdition. The Scripture *personality* of Israel is something far other, and infinitely more real, than the *personification* of Britannia; and points at a profounder mystery than human sense can ever interpret.

Much has been said about the usefulness of history, meaning thereby the history of nations; and hardly too much can be said, if regard be had to the community and its rulers; for it makes the Past a factor to buy up experience for the Present; and enables the purged eye to "look into the seeds of time." But if the consideration be private, fireside, *moral* usefulness, we think the benefits of historical reading as a necessary department of education, or a profitable employment of leisure hours, have been very much exaggerated. It may, indeed, do no harm, for the same reason that it does no good, viz., because it takes no hold; it glides away like globules of crude quicksilver over a smooth surface, or at most is deposited in the show-room of the memory:—because no conclusions, applicable to common life, can be drawn from it; because it excites no sense of

reality. It is gone through as a task,—by children on compulsion, by *young people* as a merit. The most remarkable thing about your history-reading young ladies, is the self-satisfaction with which they turn over the pages; and in truth, they might be doing much worse, but might they not also be doing much better? To make this sort of reading available for any purpose, requires very deep and wide research, and harder thinking than we would gladly see young brows furrowed withal; for not one man in a thousand, not one woman in a million, is called on to make any use of their politic wisdom when they have got it, and nothing is more likely to delude and puzzle simple persons in the exercise of their political rights, than a superficial acquaintance with the heads of history. But this same politic wisdom itself, even when genuine, and not a puffed conceit, is one of the most unwholesome fruits of the tree of knowledge, and if the mind be not fortified with good and sufficient antidotes, is a moral poison. Why is the "murderous Machiavél" a by-word of abhorrence? Whence is it, that while the bloody deeds of conquerors shine fair in story and in song, as the wounds of the Faithful in Moslem Paradise, the master-strokes of the subtle politicians, of the Richelieus and Bedomars, only appear as letters of sulphurous flame, writing their own condemnation? Because the heart of man gives honour to bravery, which is nature's gift, but has no respect for the wisdom which grows of experience in evil ways. Now the study of history in books can give only the same kind of knowledge, and the same habits of mind, as men long versed in public affairs gain by actual experience; the impression will, indeed, be much fainter, the effect for good or ill much less potent, but it is the same as far as it goes. It is like the

knowledge of the world acquired by keeping bad company. Now the study of Biography has at least this advantage, that it enables the student to select his companions. If he chooses Colonel Jack, or Moll Flanders, it is his own fault. But history not only continually exhibits the doings of bad men, but it exhibits only the bad, or at any rate the worse, acts of good ones: for most men are better in their private than in their public relations.

Frail and corrupt as human nature is, it is by no means so hateful, so utterly forsaken of Heaven, as the transactions of kingdoms and republics (there is little difference between the two) would incline us to think. The best part, even of the most conspicuous characters, is that which makes the least show and the least noise. And after all, the history of nations is only the history of a small portion of the life of a very few men.

We cannot be supposed to censure the study of history: we only wish it to be properly balanced by studies which tend to keep the eye of man upon his own heart, upon the sphere of his immediate duties, of those duties, where his affections are to be exercised and regulated, and which, considering man as a person, consider him as sentient, intelligent, moral, and immortal. For simply to think of a man as a sentient being, is inconsistent with that hard-hearted policy which would employ him, reckless of his suffering or enjoyment, like a wedge or a rivet, to build up the idol temple of a false national greatness; to regard him as intelligent, or rather as capable of intelligence, condemns the system that would keep him in ignorance to serve the purposes of his rulers, as game cocks are penned up in the dark that they may fight the better; to regard him as moral, corrects the primary conception of national prosperity; and to

revere him as immortal, commands peremptorily that he shall never be made a tool or instrument to any end in which his own permanent welfare is not included.

It is in all these capacities that the biographer considers his subjects. He speaks of actions, not as mere links in the concatenation of events, but as the issues of a responsible will. He endeavours to place himself at the exact point, in relation to general objects, in which his subject was placed, and to see things as *he* saw them—not, indeed, neglecting to avail himself of the vantage-ground which time or circumstances may have given him to correct what was delusive in the partial aspect, but never forgetting, while he exposes the error, to explain its cause.

The work to which these remarks are prefixed is purely biographical. It professes no more than to introduce the reader to an acquaintance with the several *Worthies* that may drop in upon him during the course of publication. As it will comprise characters in every profession, of all parties, and many religious denominations, the author cannot in all cases undertake to decide upon the professional merits of those whose lives he has endeavoured to depict; or to criticise purely professional works, such as relate to physic, engineering, &c.; but will faithfully detail the judgments which have obtained public credit. As to matters of opinion, whether political or religious, his rule has been, to make each speak for himself in his own words, or by his own actions, taking care, as far as possible, to represent the opinions that men or sects have actually held, in the light in which they have been held by their professors—not in the distorted perspective of their adversaries. He enters into no engagement to with-

hold his own sentiments; but he will not judge, much less condemn, the sentiments of others.

A work of this nature necessarily borrows much, but wherever original matter was attainable, it has been gladly used, and in the proper place, thankfully acknowledged. And so far we have discharged our duty as chairman to the combined meeting of the great counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

H. C.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

ANDREW MARVELL.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

HORACE.

"A man in justice grounded, and secure
In strong allegiance to a purpose pure."

NORTHERN WORTHIES.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Of Andrew Marvell, a patriot of the old Roman build, and a poet of no vulgar strain, it is to be regretted that our notices are less ample and continuous than his personal merit deserves, or his exalted walk of public action would induce us to expect. His name, indeed, is generally known—a few anecdotes of his honesty are daily repeated—and a single copy of verses, no adequate sample of his poetic powers, keeping its station in the vestibule of Paradise Lost, records him as the friend and admirer of Milton. But the detail of his daily life—the simple background of the stirring picture—the intermediate transactions which would make up the unity and totality of his story—might indeed be easily supplied by imagination, but cannot be derived from document or tradition.

The mind of Marvell, like the street and the wall of Jerusalem, was built in troublous times. From his youth upwards, he was inured to peril and privation; and, though he does not appear to have been

personally engaged in civil conflict, he could not escape the tyrannous trials of those "evil days"—reproach and wicked solicitation, and sundering of dearest ties, by violent death, and exile, and crueller estrangement. Yet, if his heart was often wounded, it was never hardened. He ever retained and cherished his love of the gentle, the beautiful, and the imaginative. His virtue, firm and uncompromising, was never savage; nor did his full reliance on his own principles make him blind to perceive, or slow to acknowledge, whatever goodness appeared in men of other faith and allegiance. He was a wit and poet; and as these qualities made him no worse a patriot or Christian, so they probably made him a more amiable man.

The father of Marvell, who bore both his names, was a native of Cambridge, and M.A. of Emanuel College, a recent foundation, which was strongly embued with puritanism. Having taken orders, he was elected master of the Grammar School at Hull; and in 1624 became lecturer of Trinity Church, in that town, where his son Andrew was born, November 15th, 1620. The elder Marvell was a learned and pious man, who seemed to retain the principles of his college, and possessed a portion of that shrewd humour for which his son was so conspicuous; for Echard, in his history, calls him "the facetious Calvinistical minister of Hull."* As Calvinism was then identified with the popular cause, he doubtless

* Fuller says of him, "He was a most excellent preacher, who, like a good husband, never broached that he had new brewed, but preached what he had studied some time before; in so much that he was wont to say that he would cross the common proverb, which called Saturday the working day, and Monday the holiday of preachers."—*D. C.*

instilled into young Andrew's mind the early love of that liberty, to the support of which he devoted his life and talents. Of Andrew's school-days little is recorded: at fifteen, an age which would now be esteemed at least two years too soon, he was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge. His academical progress was proportionate to the growing powers and native energy of his mind. But error, which youth can never wholly escape, peculiarly besets the nonage of an active intellect. And none are more obnoxious to the attacks of the wicked spirits "that lie like truth," than the young and ardent, to whom Truth is a passion, and a Deity. The Jesuits, the subtlest spawn of the subtle serpent, who were then compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, and like all proselytists, religious and political, directed their machinations especially against boys and women, had stolen into the Universities. Young Marvell was a tempting prize; and their plausible equivocations so far prevailed over his inexperience, as to seduce him to London. It was one of the devices of Jesuitism, which held all means indifferent or laudable whereby the power of their church was to be sustained and enlarged, to pretend a zeal for civil liberty, to speak lightly of the *jus divinum*, and to justify resistance. Probably by these means they ingratiated themselves with Marvell, who, in his innocence, might not perceive, that not popular freedom, but the despotism of an order was to be substituted for regal prerogative. Moreover, the [Roman] Catholics, and the [Roman] Catholic priesthood in particular, were at that time the objects of mob fury and legal pillage; sometimes timidly protected, and sometimes nearly given up by the Court. It is not the least evil of intolerance, that it often sets the martyr's crown on the brow of the bigot and the traitor. But all the Jesuits' craft could

not sophisticate the filial piety of young Marvell; though their principles on that head were as lax as those of the Pharisees. He was, therefore, quickly subdued by the remonstrances of his excellent father, who pursued him to the metropolis, and restored him to sanity and his studies.

On the 13th of December, 1638, as appears by his own hand-writing, he was again received at Trinity College, and seems to have steadily applied himself to the pursuit of learning till 1640, when the loss of his revered parent again interrupted his academical course. The circumstances of the elder Marvell's death are somewhat variously related; but by all accounts he fell a sacrifice to his honour, and sense of duty. The less extraordinary tradition is as follows:—On the banks of the Humber, opposite Kingston, lived a lady, the only daughter, and main earthly stay of her mother, whose excellent qualities of heart and mind recommended her to the good pastor's especial regard. To perpetuate the friendship of the families, he requested her to become god-mother to one of his children,—a relation then supposed to impose great and lasting duties. Her mother, who could scarcely live but in the company of her child, reluctantly consented. The lady came to Hull accordingly, the ceremony was performed, and she became impatient to return to her parent. Coming to the water side, she found the river so rough, and the weather so unpromising, that the watermen earnestly dissuaded her from attempting the passage. But no peril nor persuasion could prevail on her to violate the promise she had made to her mother. The worthy minister, honouring her virtuous resolution, though anticipating a fatal result, resolved to share the danger of which he had been the unwitting cause,—took charge of the duteous

female, embarked along with her, and with her perished in the waters.

The other relation is so little in accordance with modern theories, that some apology may be deemed necessary for introducing it into our memoir. But wonderful tales, if not absolutely true, nevertheless are important documents, if they ever were generally believed: for they contribute to the history of opinion. Besides, "there are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

According to this account, Mr. Marvell's apprehensions arose, not from the warning of watermen, nor from the threatenings of the sky, but from that prophetic presentiment, that second sight of dissolution, which, like the shadow on the dial, points darkly at the hour of departure. The morning was clear, the breeze fair, and the company gay; when, stepping into the boat, the reverend man exclaimed —"Ho for heaven!" so saying, he threw his staff ashore, and left it to Providence to fulfil its awful warning. Of course we ask nobody to believe this unless he chooses; but we should as readily believe it, upon sufficient evidence, as any event in history. So many are the similar cases on record, that he who would reject them all, must be a person of indefatigable incredulity. The prophetic warnings have occurred to young and old, kings and rustics, saints and sinners: to Bentley, the orthodox; to Oliver Cromwell, the fanatic; to Littleton, the rake; to Nelson, the hero; and to Alexander Stephens, the buffoon.

Thus was young Marvell bereft of his natural guardian in his twentieth year, and left to find his way in the troubled world, to decide between warring opinions, and choose amid conflicting parties, unassisted by that voice of authority to which he would

have paid most willing deference.* The aged lady, with whose daughter the venerable man had dared to die, sent for his son from Cambridge, acted towards him as a mother, and at her decease bequeathed him her whole property.

The transactions which immediately succeeded this event, are not on record; but it would seem that Marvell, to whose ardent and liberal mind neither college discipline nor collegiate opinions were likely to be agreeable, became negligent of academic exercises when no longer restrained by parental care; and, in 1641, he, with four other youths, among whom was Maye, the parliamentary historian, and translator and continuator of Lucan, were conditionally dismissed from Trinity College.† Marvell probably never made the required submission, nor returned to Cambridge, for soon after we find him on his travels in Italy.

That he was at Rome, appears from his poem, called "Flecnoe, an English Priest," which is supposed to have suggested to Dryden his famous satire

* Marvell thus speaks of his father, in 'The Rehearsal Transprosed:'—"He died before the war broke out, having lived with some reputation both for piety and learning; and was, moreover, a conformist to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, though I confess none of the most over-running or eager in them."

† In the Conclusion-Book of Trinity College, September 24th, 1641, appears the following entry:—"It is agreed by the Masters and Seniors, that Mr. Carter, Dominus Wakefield, Dominus Marvell, Dominus Waterhouse, and Dominus Maye, in regard that some of them are reported to be married, and the others look not after their dayes nor acts, shall receive no more benefit of the college, and shall be out of their places, unless they show just cause to the college for the contrary, in three months."—N.B. A jack tar would probably call the Conclusion-Book the College Log.

of Mac Flecnoe, wherein he avenged himself on his old enemy Shadwell, whose politics had gained the Laureatship of which Dryden was deprived at the Revolution.* Shadwell was fair game; but Flecnoe seems to have been innocuously dull.† At Rome,

* *Secundæ Curæ*—This is an error. Mac Flecnoe was published before the death of Charles II., and has no reference to his inauguration as Laureate, but only to his elevation to the throne of dunces. If I may judge of him by what I have read of his works he was much better qualified to rule over the blackguards, being no dunce, but a coarse man of strong mind. He was the first opium-eater among our authors—poet he was certainly none: hence Pope alludes to him in the Dunciad—

"And Shadwell wears the poppy on his brow."—*H. C.*

† The Courtly Laurel has never, in public opinion, recovered from the contamination of Shadwell's brows. Tom was the father of a dynasty of Laureate Dunces, among whom it is grievous to think that such names as Warton and Southey should be numbered; to wit, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pie,—

What though the Courtly Laurel now
Adorn a true poetic brow,—
Immortal Bard, as well might'st thou
Write verses to a huge Dutch Frau,
As big as all three Graces,
As well, nay better far by half,
Make hymns to Jeroboam's calf,
Or write in sand an epitaph,
O'er the drown'd world of Mynheer Pfaff,
As waste thy precious Autograph
Upon the mighty men of chaff
In lyric periphrases.

TOM BROWN THE THIRD.

Mynheer Pfaff is a famous geologist, and a Neptunian.

Shadwell, though accused by Dryden of "never deviating into sense," was a dramatist of some talent, not wholly valueless, for his plays record the state of manners among certain classes with vivid fidelity, if indeed the records of vice are

it is supposed, Marvell first saw Milton, then a young and enamoured roamer in classic lands, who was soon to make "all Europe ring from side to side," already a poet, not of promise merely, but of high achievement, in the flower of manly beauty, in the vernal warmth of high and generous daring. Not even in the proudest days of her Republic, had Rome

worth preserving at all. He was the first Englishman who introduced Don Juan upon the stage, and his Tragedy of the Libertine is very good in its own bad kind. His Comedies are resolutely and offensively coarse, and scarcely deserve the trouble of purgation.

As for Flecnoe, it appears that he was not an *English* priest, but a native of the Emerald Isle. Hence Pope :—

> "High on a gorgeous seat that far outshone
> Henley's Gilt-tub—or Flecnoe's Irish throne."
> DUNCIAD, Book 2nd.

Flecnoe having laid aside (as himself expressed it) "the mechanic part of priesthood, wrote only to avoid idleness, and published to avoid the imputation of it." Mr. Southey, whose laudable zeal for obscure merit extends both to the dead and to the living, and who seems to entertain a compassion, almost melting into love, for innocent dulness, has dedicated some pages of his *Omniana*, (a miscellany of wonderful learning, and delightful vivacity,) to the vindication of this poor author, and gives some extracts from his poems, which, we are afraid, will not plead potently against Mac Flecnoe. Southey ascribes Dryden's antipathy to Flecnoe's just invectives against the obscenity of the stage, for which wickedness Dryden was, if not more infamous, more notorious, than his dull contemporaries. But it is just as likely, that Flecnoe's name, itself a rememberable sound, and apt for composition, had, by the attacks of a series of satirists, become, like that of Bavius, of Quarles, of Sternhold, and of Blackmore, a synonyme for extravagant flatness. It is hard for a man to have his name thus memorized, when every thing else about him is forgotten.

to boast two nobler youths than Milton and Marvell. No doubt they sympathised in passionate indignation to see priestcraft throned on the seven hills. D'Israeli has written a book upon the "Quarrels of Authors," why does not he, or somebody else, write one about the "Friendships of Authors?"* Why is it, that the little good that has been on earth has never found an historian? Whether Marvell ever went the full length of Milton's opinions in Church and State, is not very evident; probably not, for he seems to have been a much more cautious man, and was too young to take any decided part in the civil contest, which, by suspending the regal power, made its resumption the more formidable. In this respect Andrew was a fortunate man, for he partakes fully in the fame of his illustrious friend, as a defender and promoter of true liberty, while he escaped all participation in the more questionable part of his career. As tour writing was not quite so indispensable in the seventeenth century as at present, our account of Marvell's travels is necessarily scanty, the few incidental notices that may occur in his miscellaneous works not being sufficient to compose a regular narrative. He returned, however, between 1642 and 1643; and while at Paris, on his way homeward, he found occasion to exercise his satirical vein in a Latin poem upon Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, a whimsical Abbé, who, by a new sort of Chiromancy, pretended to forebode the

* There *is* an Essay of D'Israeli on Literary Friendships, "Curiosities of Literature." First Series. Page 191. Tenth Edition. It might be much extended, particularly if carried on to modern times. The friendship of Milton for the young man celebrated under the name of Lycidas is recorded, but not that, every way more remarkable, between Milton and Marvell.—*D. C.*

fortunes of individuals, not by the lines of the hands, but by those of their hand-writing.*

Little information can be obtained of Marvell's proceedings from his return to England, till the year

* The race of the Manibans is not extinct; and, indeed, however absurd it may be to form a *prognosis* of future contingencies from the curves and angles of a MS., we will and do maintain, that a correct *diagnosis* of the actual character of an individual may be drawn from his autograph. The goodness or badness of the writing contributes nothing to its physiognomy, any more than the beauty or homeliness of a countenance influences its expression. Expression has nothing to do with beauty; and those who say that a good expression will make the plainest face beautiful, do not say what they mean. Goodness, shining through ordinary features, is not beautiful, but far better,—it is lovely. So, too, with regard to the expression of writing; Caligraphy, as taught by writing masters to young ladies, is in truth a very lady-like sort of dissimulation, intended, like the Chesterfieldian politeness of a courtier, to conceal the workings of thought and feeling—to substitute the cold, slippery, polished opacity of a frozen pool, for the ripple and transparency of a flowing brook. But into every habitual act, which is performed unconsciously, earnestly, or naturally, something of the mood of the moment, and something of the predominant habit of the mind, unavoidably passes:—the play of the features, the motions of the limbs, the paces, the tones, the very folds of the drapery (especially if it have long been worn), are all significant. A mild considerate man hangs up his hat in a very different style from a hasty, resolute one. A Dissenter does not shake hands like a High Churchman. But there is no act into which the character enters more fully, than that of writing: for it is generally performed alone or unobserved; seldom, in adults, is the object of conscious attention, and takes place while the thoughts, and the natural current of feeling, are in full operation. D'Israeli, in his "*Curiosities of Literature*," second series, has two interesting chapters on autographs, writing masters, and handwriting.

1652, one of the most important intervals in human history. How he thought and felt during this period we may easily conjecture, but we are at a loss to find out what he was doing. It is probable that he acted no conspicuous part, either civil or military, as he is not mentioned in the parliamentary papers, or other public documents, nor does he appear to have employed his pen on either side. Some incidental notices we may glean from a letter of Milton to the President Bradshaw, that chief of the regicide Judges, who shared with Cromwell, Blake, and Ireton, the honour of being hanged after his death. It is inscribed to the *Honourable* the Lord Bradshaw. No apology can be required for inserting it entire:—

"My Lord,—But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now or then venture to supply this my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were onely my business, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of your many favoures; which I both doe at this time, and ever shall; and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man whom, both by report, and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the state to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any imployment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides, he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house

of the Lord Fairfax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the Lady his daughter. If, upon the death of Mr. Weckkerlyn, the Councell shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at Conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition, I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a man soe fit every way for that purpose as this Gentleman, one who I believe, in a short time, would be able to doe them as much service as Mr. Ascan. This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my dutey to the publick, in helping them to an humble servant: laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine, "My lord,

"Your most obliged, and faithful servant,

"JOHN MILTON.

"*Feb.* 21, 1652."

The silence of this letter as to any diplomatic experience of Marvell sufficiently refutes the statement of certain biographers, that he was employed by the Commonwealth as Envoy to Constantinople. A diligent examination of the epistolary correspondence and private diaries of that eventful period would probably throw some further light on our subject's proceedings. Milton's recommendation to Bradshaw did not gain an appointment for his friend. As the times turned, it is probable that the patronage of the Lord President would rather have been injurious than beneficial to his prospects, for Bradshaw was opposed to Cromwell, by whom he was deprived of the Chief-

justiceship of Chester. In 1654, when Milton's famous second defence of the people of England in reply to Salmasius appeared, Marvell was commissioned to present the book to the Protector. How he was received may be conjectured from his letter to Milton on that occasion, which we give entire :—

"HONOURED SIR,—I did not satisfy myself in the account I gave you of presenting your book to my lord; although it seemed to me that I wrote to you all which the messenger's speedy return the same night would permit me: and I perceive that, by reason of that haste, I did not give you satisfaction, neither concerning the delivery of your letter at the same time. Be pleased, therefore, to pardon me, and know that I tendered them both together. But my lord read not the letter while I was with him; which I attributed to our dispatch, and some other business tending thereto, which I therefore wished ill to, so far as it hindered an affair much better, and of greater importance,—I mean that of reading your letter. And to tell you truly mine own imagination, I thought that he would not open it while I was there, because he might suspect that I, delivering it just upon my departure, might have brought in it some second proposition, like to that which you had before made to him, by your letter, to my advantage. However, I assure myself that he has since read it with much satisfaction.

"Mr. Oxenbridge, on his return from London, will, I know, give you thanks for his book, as I do, with all acknowledgment and humility, for that you have sent me. I shall now study it, even to getting it by heart. When I consider how equally it turns and rises, with so many figures, it seems to me a Trajan's column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed

the several monuments of your learned victories; and Salmasius and Morus make up as great a triumph as that of Decebalus; whom, too, for ought I know, you shall have forced, as Trajan the other, to make themselves away, out of a just desperation.

"I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of Colonel Overton's* business, and am exceedingly glad to think that Mr. Skinner has got near you: the happiness which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envy, there being none who doth, if I may so say, more jealously honour you than,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble Servant,

"ANDREW MARVELL.

"ETON, *June* 2, 1654."

"For my most honoured friend, John Milton, Esq.,
"Secretary for Foreign Affairs,
"At his house in Petty France, Westminster."

Grace and ease in letter writing is one of the last accomplishments at which literature arrives. Marvell's letters, from which we shall make copious extracts, are not cited as examples of composition, in which respect they are hardly worthy of his talents, but for the historical intelligence they convey, and the testimony which they bear to the writer's integrity. Seldom, however, was he guilty of such bad taste, as in the allusion to Trajan's Column, and never again uttered so uncharitable a surmise as that with regard to Morus and Salmasius. It is some consolation that neither of those grammarians followed the example of the Dacian Monarch, though Milton himself is said to have ascribed the death of Salmasius to chagrin at his defeat. Even good men seldom

* Overton was Governor of Hull, and became a fifth-monarchy-man.

enter a controversy without making wreck of their peace of mind.

In 1657, Marvell became tutor to Cromwell's nephew. There is extant a letter of his to the Protector, rather more respectful than would please either a royalist or a determined republican. What part he took in the confused passages that ensued on Cromwell's death, we are not informed. He was elected member for his native town in 1660—in that Parliament which was destined to see the restoration of royalty. Though it is probable that he corresponded regularly with his constituents from his first election, whatever he may have written previous to the triumphal 29th of May, or in the busy æra of intoxication which followed, has never been discovered. We cannot tell how far he approved the recall of Majesty, which he must have seen it vain to oppose, or whether he laboured to obtain those securities against the encroachments of prerogative which the treacherous counsels of Monk induced the Convention to forego,—what he felt on the violent revulsion of public feeling whereby Charles the Second was enabled to establish a sway which nothing but his own indolence hindered from being despotic,—or how he judged of the vindictive proceedings of the reinstated royalists, which had well nigh bereft the world of Milton, and of Paradise Lost. He might not choose to trust his sentiments on such subjects to paper, or he might sedulously reclaim and destroy writings which endangered others as well as himself. It may be necessary to remind the reader, that it was only by the communications of Members, that provincial constituents could then be made acquainted with what passed in Parliament. The publication of debates was at that time, and long after, really and strictly forbidden. Even in Dr. Johnson's day, the

standing order was evaded by reports under feigned names or initials. The Doctor himself published (if he did not compose) "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput." Has the publication of debates ever yet been legalised by express enactment? We fear not.

Middleton composed his life of Cicero, Jortin his life of Erasmus, almost entirely from the epistles of their respective subjects. We shall make as free a use, though we cannot construct so regular a narrative, of the parliamentary epistles of Andrew Marvell. The earliest of these is dated November, 1660, in which he laments the absence of his *partner*, Mr. John Ramsden, and tells them he "writes but with half a pen, which makes his account of public affairs so imperfect; and yet he had rather expose his own defects to their good interpretation, than excuse thereby a total neglect of his duty."

Two of the most difficult questions that occupied the government immediately after the Restoration, were, how to dispose of the standing army, which, during the suspension of the monarchy, had become a deliberative and most influential member of the body politic; and whether to continue or abrogate the excise, a financial offspring of the Long Parliament, which the restored monarch was not unwilling to adopt.

Confiding in the unorganised valour of the English nation, and in the capacity of discipline which exists in every people, he once and for ever opposed a standing army, a species of force which, had Charles the First possessed, he might have been as despotic as he would; which Cromwell possessing, kept the realm at nurse for a prince who, with equal means, could have done more than the worst of his legitimate or illegitimate predecessors. The purpose of the Puritans was, to turn the whole blessed island

into a Presbyterian Paradise, in which there was to be nothing but churches, and church-yards;—one to be filled with the living bodies of the saints, and the other with the hanged carcases of their adversaries. The apostate royalists of the Restoration would have made England a bear garden, in which all vices were free, and from which nothing but piety was exiled. Marvell had seen a standing army, composed of more respectable materials than could easily be replaced, the instrument of one tyranny; and most wisely he opposed its continuance, when the same mass, compacted of baser atoms, might perpetuate a tyranny far worse than that which it succeeded. He conceived an army to be a giant body without a directing soul,—a house to let, in which the long-houseless dæmon of despotism might live at a nominal rent.—But hear what Marvell said, nigh 200 years ago:—"I doubt not, ere we rise, to see the whole army disbanded; and according to the act, hope to see your town once more ungarrisoned, in which I should be glad and happy to be instrumental to the uttermost; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days, when the youth of our own town were trained for your militia, and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen since." Of the excise, he observed prophetically, "He wished it might not be continued too long."*

* The excise was originally an invention of the Long Parliament, and began in 1643. The Royalist Parliament at Oxford made a similar grant in the King's behalf. Dr. Johnson, in his abhorrence of the Republicans, forgot that excise, notwithstanding its puritanic origin, had become an adopted and favourite child of Church and King, for he defined it in his Dictionary, "An *odious* tax, levied, not by the officers of Government, but by wretches," &c.; for which

We cannot but lament that Marvell's correspondence with his constituents, as far as can now be discovered, only commences in November, 1660. He appears to have been first chosen in the Short Parliament of 1658-9, summoned after the death of Oliver, during the brief Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and soon after dissolved to make way for the restoration of the Rump. But it is not certain whether Marvell ever sat in this assembly. The Convention, or *Healing Parliament*, met on the 25th of April, 1660, and Marvell paid an early attendance; but what he thought of the Restoration, or how the

anachronism there were serious thoughts of prosecuting the ultra-royalist lexicographer. A *Fiscal* History of England, or rather of modern Europe, not overloaded with matter purely antiquarian, nor perplexed with speculations of political economy, is a great desideratum, the supplying of which might well engage the attention of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

The same letter, the first in the remaining series of Andrew's Public Correspondences, conveys a compliment to the ladies of Hull well worth transcribing, because it shows, first, how much the bonds of domestic duty are relaxed by civil anarchy; and secondly, how necessary the most incorruptible representatives have found it to secure the good graces of their female constituents, who, though not even the advocates of universal suffrage have offered them votes, do for the most part virtually decide the elections. "There is yet brought in an act, in which, of all others, *your Corporation is the least concerned;* that is, where wives shall refuse to cohabit with their husbands, that in such case the husband shall not be obliged to pay any debts she shall run into, for clothing, diet, lodgings, or other expenses."

It is highly probable that separations of the nature alluded to frequently arose from religious and political dissensions between husband and wife. The revolt of Milton's first consort is a well-known but not a solitary instance.

good townsmen of Hull (the first town which shut its gates against the sovereign, 1642, and which Governor Overton had but a little before refused to surrender till King James should come to claim it) were affected by the revival of royalty, his letters do not inform us. Perhaps it was not thought prudent that any record of his sentiments on that occasion should survive. We may be certain that he never contemplated a fruitless opposition to a measure which was the will of the people, and the necessity of the state; but surely he would, with the smallest chance of success, have demanded from the royal party such securities as civil and religious liberty required.

The most remarkable feature in his parliamentary despatches is, that he scarcely ever speaks of himself. He says little or nothing of his own aid or opposition to any particular measure, though it is not difficult to perceive the drift of his opinions. To his private affairs he scarcely alludes, unless it be to thank the corporation for some present or inquiry. He, indeed, manifestly writes under some degree of restraint, knowing that the sanctity of a seal is not always respected by a jealous government in perilous times. The first letters, from November 20th to December 29th, refer chiefly to the settlement of the revenue; the excise, half of which was given to the King for life, and the other half granted *in perpetuum* to the Crown; the abolition of the Court of Wards; the £70,000 per month for the disbanding of the army; the tonnage and poundage; the £100,000 to be raised upon lands in the several counties, (the apportioning of which gave rise, as might be expected, to much and angry discussion), which £100,000 was afterwards levied upon the excise of ale and beer; and the £1,200,000 to be settled upon his Majesty. The Act of Indemnity, and the trial of the regicides,

transpired before the commencement of the correspondence, and Marvell makes no allusion to either.* Perhaps he could not have done so without committing both himself and his correspondents. Of ecclesiastical matters he says but little, though he speaks with approbation "of that very good Bill for erecting and augmenting vicarages out of all impropriations belonging to Archbishops, Bishops, Deans and Chapters, or any other ecclesiastical person or corporation, to £80 per annum, where the impropriation amounts to £120, and where less, to one moiety of the profits of such impropriations." He casually mentions, once or twice, the King's Declaration in religious matters, which it was proposed to pass into a law; but the bill to that effect was lost by 183 against 157. This declaration was intended to satisfy the Presbyterians; and would, in fact, had it been carried into effect, have grafted the Presbyterian system on Episcopacy, and reduced the hierarchal power to little more than an honourable presidency.†

* In his sixth letter, (Dec. 20th, 1660), he just mentions the "Bill of attainder, against those that had been executed, those that are fled, and of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride," but makes no remark on the pitiful attempt to wreak vengeance on the carcases of the latter, by dragging them on a hurdle to Tyburn, hanging them awhile in their coffins, and burying them under the gallows.

† "In this declaration the King promised that he would provide suffragan Bishops in all the large dioceses; that the prelates should all of them *be regular and constant preachers;* that they should not confer ordinations, or exercise any jurisdiction, without the advice of Presbyters, chosen by the diocese; that such alterations should be made in the Liturgy as should render it totally unexceptionable: that in the mean time, the use of that mode should not be imposed on such as were unwilling to receive it; and that the surplice,

On the rejection of this measure, Marvell observes, "so there's an end of that bill; and for those *excellent things* therein, we must henceforth rely only on his Majesty's goodness, who, I must needs say, hath been more ready to give, than we to receive." In all his earlier letters he speaks respectfully and favourably of Charles and the Royal Family, and seems to have entertained hopes of a just and equal government, a true and comprehensive amnesty of all past offences between Prince and subject, between all sects and parties, between each man and his neighbour.

In speaking of the measures then on foot for establishing the militia, he advises rather to "trust to his Majesty's goodness," than to "confirm a perpetual and exorbitant power by law." This sentiment not only shows that the patriot was not then ill-affected towards the restored line, but proves him to have been a truly wise and liberal statesman; unlike too many champions of liberty, who, in their dread of prerogative, have unwarily strengthened the tyranny of law, a thing without bowels or conscience, and overlooked the chronic diseases of custom, which slowly but surely reduce the body politic to a condition of impotence and dotage.

Andrew was never so much absorbed by politics as to forget *business*. He paid sedulous attention to the

the cross in baptism, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, should not be rigidly insisted on."—*Hume.*

It is easy to conjecture what Andrew Marvell considered as the *excellent things* in this declaration. The constant preaching of the Bishops he would freely have left to their Lordships' own discretion: to crossings or bowings he had neither attachment nor antipathy. The *Bulimia* for sermons which afflicted the Puritans was one of the most distressing maladies that ever appeared in Christendom.

interests of his borough, and of each of his constituents, and watched narrowly the progress of private bills.

We cannot participate the surprise of some of Marvell's biographers at the tokens of respect which he and his partner received from the worthy corporation of Hull, or suppose that more modern senators would sneer at a cask of ale. Did not Joseph Hume graciously receive a butt of cyder? And did not the Orthodox of Cheshire express their admiration of the late Duke of York's Anti-Catholic declaration by presenting him with a mighty cheese? In acknowledging a donation of British beverage, Andrew writes thus (Letter 7th, Dec. 8th):—"We are now both met together, and shall strive to do you the best service we are able. We must first give you thanks for the kind present you have pleased to send us, which will give us occasion to remember you often; but the quantity is so great, that it might make sober men forgetful."

On the 29th of December the King in person dissolved the Parliament with a most gracious speech. All hitherto had gone smooth. The King signified, at parting, a great satisfaction in what had been done, and that it was very shortly his intention to call another Parliament. This dissolution did not interrupt Marvell's correspondence with Hull, neither did he quit London, or take any measures to secure his re-election, which doubtless he knew to be sure enough. His letters during the intervals of Parliaments are chiefly taken up with *news*, among which the movements of the King and Royal Family occupy a conspicuous place. It would seem that the Mayor and Corporation of Hull did not take in a newspaper, though several had been issued during the civil war, particularly the Mercurius Aulicus, or Court Journal,

and the Mercurius Rusticus, the reporter of the Republicans. It was, moreover, the practice of the Puritan clergy, in their prayers, to make a recapitulation of the events of the week, under the form of thanksgiving, or remonstrance. The pulpit, in its bearings upon the people, then exerted the power which now belongs to the periodical press.

Marvell complains of the stoppage of letters, and, that even under ordinary circumstances, the several porters carried them about in their walks, and that so *much time* was lost. The admirable arrangement and dispatch, with the general sacredness of epistolatory communication, is one of the highest blessings which England for many years has enjoyed. It is true that the commerce of the heart is still subject to heavy duties, which we would gladly see diminished, as they might be with advantage to the revenue. Thousands of letters are unwritten from regard to the expense of postage.*

In January, 1661, took place the mad insurrection of Venner and the Millenarians. To this Marvell cautiously alludes in his letter of the 12th of January, as *an insurrection of rude and desperate fellows*. It only deserves notice as the first in that series of plots, real and imaginary, Popish, Millenarian, and Republican, which made the reign of the Second Charles as sanguinary as it was licentious.

Reports were already growing rife of conspiracies in various quarters. "Still it is my ill fortune," says Marvell, "to meet with some rumour or other, (as I did yesterday at the Exchange,) of a plot against Hull, (I think indeed those have so that divulge such falsehoods,) but I am not failing to suppress any

* Written before the establishment of a general penny postage.—*D. C.*

such thing where I meet with it. * * * I saw, within this week, a letter from a person who dwells not in your town, but near, that your governor was turning out all the inhabitants who had been in the Parliament's service; I believe one is as true as the other." It will not be forgotten, that Hull was a dépôt in which the Parliament placed much confidence, and where the Presbyterian interest was strong.

The High-Church party, who had indeed the plea of retaliation, both for their present suspicions and for their meditated severities, interpreted the apocalyptic frenzy of Venner, and the fifth-monarchy-men, as a sample of Presbyterian loyalty; although in the millennial reign of the saints, there were to be no more Presbyters than Bishops. But any pretext will serve a court to break its word if it be so inclined. It would seem that the good people of Hull were anxious to retain their old ministers, or at least to have the choice of their new ones. Marvell, their honest counsellor, presses upon them the necessity of unanimity, and the imperative duty of providing, freely and liberally, a maintenance for their pastors. He also admonishes them that in case of the excise being *farmed*, they should bid its fair value to Government, and not, by a niggardly offer, put it into the hands of a *foreigner*,* "who," says he,

* Foreigner.—By Marvell spelt Forainer. We do not remember to have met in any more recent author, the word Foreigner used thus merely for one who is not a townsman. We do not think it necessary, in our extracts, to preserve Andrew's orthography, which, like every body's in that age, was extremely irregular; the same word is frequently spelt in different letters on the same page.

[In this instance, the modern spelling is less reasonable than Marvell's—forainer from foraneus. In like manner sovereign should be spelled without a g. Foreigner is still used in the above sense by inhabitants of country towns.]—*D. C.*

"*will not stick to outbid you, so he may thereby be forced to oppress you.*" He takes care to sprinkle his letters with loyalty; whether *sincerely*, or *prudently*, it matters not to inquire. Thus, Jan. 3rd, 1660-61, "The last of December here was an ugly false report got abroad, that his Majesty was stabbed, which made the guard be up in arms all night. I doubt not the same extraordinary hand that hath hitherto guided him, will still be his protection against all attempts of discontented persons or parties." Jan. 12th, "The Queen having embarked, and at sea, was forced to put back, by the Princess Henrietta* falling sick; so the Queen is landed again, and the Princess on shipboard in the port at Portsmouth, the meazles being thick upon her, and too dangerous to carry her ashore at present; but we hear that, God be praised, there is all good hopes of her recovery. *I beseech God to stay his hand from further severity in that Royal Family wherein the nation's being and welfare is so much concerned.*"

Marvell does not seem to have sympathized with the anti-monarchical prejudices of Milton. He is said to have written a most pathetic letter on the execution of King Charles. Could it by no means be recovered? Certainly he expressed not pity merely, but admiration for that Prince, and that too in an ode addressed to Oliver Cromwell, but so worded, that it may pass either for a satire or an eulogy on the

* From this Princess Henrietta, married to the Duke of Orleans, is descended the present King of Sardinia, whose contingent relationship to the British crown has been made a bugbear of by those loyal persons who hold that the removal of Catholic disabilities annuls the title of the present Royal Family. Certainly her daughter, the Duchess of Savoy, took care to reserve her own right by protesting against the Act of Settlement, in 1700.

Protector. We shall give some extracts when we come to speak of Marvell as a poet.

The new Parliament met on the 8th of May, 1661. Marvell was re-elected seemingly without opposition; but instead of Mr. John Ramsden (who was probably related to William Ramsden the mayor of Hull, to whom the earlier letters are addressed), his partner was Colonel Gilby, who seems to have started on the court interest. Some unrecorded heart-burnings took place between the associates at the election, which ended in an open rupture, which did not, however, prevent Marvell from co-operating with the Colonel, when the good of their constituents required. April 6th,* (Letter 14th,) he thus acknowledges his election, which had passed without his appearing or haranguing from the hustings:—"I perceive you have again" (as if it were a thing of course) "made choice of me, now the *third* time, to serve you in Parliament; which as I cannot attribute to any thing but your constancy, so God willing, as in gratitude obliged, with no less constancy and vigour, I shall continue to execute your commands, and study your service." In his next communication, (May 16th,) he speaks of the bill for confirmation of ministers in a manner which shows him apprehensive that the episcopal party might go to extremes. The inhabitants of Hull were especially desirous to obtain the patronage of their own churches. Their inde-

* In the same 14th letter is a piece of intelligence worth transcribing:—"'Tis two days' news upon the Exchange, that some French in the bay of Canada, have discovered the long-looked for North-west Passage." This letter also contains an account of the new peerages to be created in honour of the approaching coronation. Charles II. was crowned April 13th, 1661, nearly a year after his restoration. What was the reason of so long a delay?

fatigable member forewarns them of the difficulties likely to stand in their way, and of the small support he meets with in his suit. "I believe in this conjuncture I shall be left alone in attempting anything for your patronage, notwithstanding the assistance you expected from some others, for so they signify to me, and I doubt you will hardly agree about the levying of your minister's maintenance. But in this thing, according as I write to you, you must be very reserved, and rest much upon your prudence. I would not have you suspect any misintelligence betwixt my partner and me, because we write not to you jointly, as Mr. Ramsden and I used to do, yet there is all civility betwixt us; but it was the Colonel's sense that we should be left each to his own discretion in writing." Yet misintelligence there certainly was, which, by some means or other, ripened to absolute division before the 1st of June, when Marvell wrote like a patriot and a gentleman. "The bonds of civility betwixt Colonel Gilby and myself being unhappily snapped in pieces, and in such manner that I cannot see how it is possible ever to knit them again; the only trouble that I have is, lest by our misintelligence your business should receive any disadvantage. * * * * Truly I believe that as to your public trust, and the discharge thereof, we do each of us still retain the principles upon which we first undertook it, and that though perhaps we may differ in our advice concerning the way of proceeding, yet we have the same good ends in general; and by this unlucky falling out, we shall be provoked to a greater emulation of serving you. I must beg you to pardon me for writing singly to you, for if I wanted my right-hand, yet I would scribble to you with my left, rather than neglect your business. In

the mean time I beseech you pardon my weakness; for there are some things which men ought not, others, that they cannot, patiently suffer." Noble and clear as he was, he could not escape calumny; for in his next he requests his constituents to *believe no little stories* concerning himself, "for I believe you to know by this that you have lately heard some very false tales concerning me."

The temper of the new Parliament was different, and much less moderate than that of the assembly by which the King was restored. For though some decided Royalists had found their way into the Convention, the majority, though favourable to the restoration of limited monarchy, were of the Presbyterian party, and attached to the Presbyterian pastors. Hence Charles and his ministers thought it necessary to temporise, to try their way, to hold out hopes, that a mitigated episcopacy, an expurgate liturgy, and an optional compliance with canons and rubrics, would leave the *intruding* ministers (as the strict Episcopalians called them), who had complied with the Commonwealth, in possession of their benefices. Calamy and Baxter, destined to be among the brightest ornaments of Nonconformity, were even appointed King's chaplains. They, and other leading pastors, were tempted with the offer of Bishoprics; an offer with which Sharp, in an evil hour for himself, for Scotland, and for episcopacy, complied. But Calamy and Baxter had too much pride, too much virtue, or too ill an opinion of the hand that offered, to accept the mitre. But the second Parliament adopted all the principles, and cherished the resentments, of those high-flying prelatists, whose ill counsels had rendered the virtues of the first Charles unprofitable. The restoration of the Bishops

to their seats in the House of Lords, and to their other temporalities, which, considering the manner in which they had been deprived, was indeed an act of justice, had not been proposed to the Convention, but was speedily carried by the Parliament of 1661.

The bill of conformity shortly followed, which by a strange coincidence, if it were not really concerted, took effect on St. Bartholomew's day, whereby 2000 ministers, unexpectedly conscientious, were ejected in one day. Were it not that the whole of Marvell's bold and consistent conduct forbids the supposition, it might be conjectured that he declined to contend against measures which he could not successfully have opposed. Between June 1661, and March 1663, there is a hiatus in his correspondence, occasioned by an absence of Andrew's that has never been satisfactorily accounted for. In his letters he speaks of his *private concernments* without specifying what those private concernments were. In the mean while there was talk of supplying his place. Lord Bellasis, the deputy governor of Hull under the Duke of Monmouth, seems to have exerted himself especially on this occasion, but without effect. Of the motives of Marvell's withdrawing we are utterly ignorant; but we cannot help thinking that he was *glad to be away* from proceedings to which he could not have put an effectual stop, which he saw necessitated a revolution, and could not foresee that it would be a bloodless revolution.

The representations of his constituents, or the apprehension of losing his seat, brought Marvell home perhaps sooner than he intended. He seems not to have taken the interference of Lord Bellasis in good part, for immediately after his return he writes thus:—

"WESTMINSTER, *April* 2, 1663.

"GENTLEMEN,

"Being newly arrived in town, and full of business, yet I could not neglect to give you notice that this day I have been in the House, and found my place empty; though it seems that some persons would have been so courteous, as to have filled it for me. You may be assured that as my obligation and affection to your service hath been strong enough to draw me over, without any consideration of mine own private concernments, so I shall now maintain my station with the same vigour and alacrity in your business which I have always testified formerly, and which is no more than is due to that kindness which I have constantly experienced from you. So at present, though in much haste, saluting you all with my most hearty respects,

"I remain,

"Gentlemen, my very worthy friends,

"Your most affectionate Friend to serve you,

"ANDREW MARVELL."

In the few letters that follow this, previously to the 20th of June, there is little important matter. The hours of the House of Commons were very different then from what they are now, for in the twenty-third letter he mentions it as an unusual thing, that they had sat till six in the evening on the bill for discovery of buying and selling of places. It may be remarked, that, notwithstanding the slavish and intolerant principles of that Parliament, they made a firm stand against the progress of corruption, and were by no means lavish in granting the public money. Charles the Second was continually in need: his extravagance and indolence prevented him from taking advantage of their niggardly servility, that

would have preferred a cheap slavery to an expensive freedom. Had Charles possessed the virtues of his father, and his father's zeal for the Established Church, England would have become the most absolute monarchy in Europe. Providence, ever at work to draw good out of evil, made Charles's mistresses the conservators of British liberty. Yet more are we indebted to the man, whoever he was, that converted James the Second to the Romish communion; for nothing but the dread of Popery would have reconciled the nobility and clergy to that resistance which the people were not yet strong enough to conduct successfully of themselves.

Marvell was not hitherto reckoned among the decided enemies of the court; for we find him appointed, in June, 1663, to accompany Lord Carlisle on an embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. He tells the Corporation of Hull, "that it is no new thing for members of our House to be dispensed with, for the service of the King and the nation in foreign parts. And you may be sure I will not stir without special leave of the House, so that you may be freed from any possibility of being importuned or tempted to make any other choice in my absence." Shortly after he thus announces his departure:—"Being this day taking barge for Gravesend, there to embark for Archangel, so to Moscow, thence for Sweden, and last of all for Denmark, all which I hope, by God's blessing, to finish within twelve months' time: I do hereby, with my last and most serious thoughts, salute you, rendering you all hearty thanks for your great kindness and friendship to me upon all occasions, and ardently beseeching God to keep you all in his gracious protection, to your own honour, and the welfare and flourishing of your Corporation, to which I am, and shall ever continue, a

most affectionate and devoted servant. I undertake this voyage with the order and good liking of his Majesty, and by leave given me from the House, and entered in the journal; and having received, moreover, your approbation, I go, therefore, with more ease and satisfaction of mind, and augurate to myself the happier success in all my proceedings. Your known prudence makes it unnecessary for me to leave my advice or counsel with you at parting; yet can I not forbear, out of the superabundance of my care and affection for you, to recommend to you a good correspondence with the garrison, so long as his Majesty shall think fit to continue it; unto which, and all your other concerns, as Colonel Gilby hath been, and will be, always mainly instrumental, and do you all the right imaginable; so could I wish, as I do not doubt that you would, upon any past or future occasion, confide much in his discretion, which he will never deny you the use of. This I say to you with a very good intent, and I know will be no otherwise understood by you."

It is to be regretted that the practice of tour writing was less in vogue in the seventeenth century than at present. How interesting would have been Marvell's observations on the northern courts—on the deep politics of Sweden, then ruled by the sagacious and unprincipled Charles the Eleventh—and the barbaric splendour of Russia, which had hardly begun to be considered as a member of the European system. But no notes or letters relative to this period of his life have been preserved. One thing is certain; he had but little reason to be satisfied with what was doing in England during his absence. Perhaps he was not sorry to be spared the pain of witnessing ruinous and treasonable measures which he could not have opposed. The besotted Parlia-

ment, in treacherous compliance with the King's ill purposes, had relinquished the Triennial Act without any security except a powerless clause, "that Parliaments should not be interrupted more than three years at the most." In weak compliance to a popular clamour, excited by that love of plunder which the English have inherited from the Scandinavian pirates, and aided by the King's desire to be fingering the supplies, they had engaged in a needless and impolitic war with Holland, a state whose friendship we ought to have cultivated, both from our interest as a mercantile, and our duty as a Protestant people. But the prosperity of a Republic is an abomination in the eyes of the liberty-haters even unto this day. We are sorry that Marvell had, by a satirical piece (published probably during the Protectorate), contributed to influence the national prejudices of the vulgar against the Dutch, and what is still worse, he makes the natural disadvantages which it was the glory of that industrious race to have surmounted, a topic of ridicule and insult:—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the offscouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergrease;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum.**
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coyl.
The fish oft times the burgher dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the tritons and the sea nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake;
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings.
For, as with pygmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands:
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak.
To make a bank, was a great plot of state;
Invent a shov'l, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dyke-grave unperceiv'd invades
The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades.

* * * * *

'Tis probable Religion, after this,
Came next in order, which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
The Apostles were so many fishermen?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptize.
Though herring for their God few voices miss'd,
And poor-John to have been the Evangelist.

* * * * *

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* According to the work of Grotius so named, which w
answered by Selden in his *Mare Clausum.*

Sure when Religion did itself embark,
And from the east would westward steer its ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillaged the first piece he found;
Hence Amsterdam, Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
Sample of sects, and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear;
The universal church is only there."

* * * * *

Surely this last reproach comes with a very ill grace from an Englishman of Cromwell's days.

Marvell returned to his parliamentary duties in 1665, when the Parliament was sitting at Oxford, on account of the plague then raging in London. On the 23d of October, in that year, he thus writes:—"There is a bill in good forwardness to prohibit the importation of Irish cattle; the fall of lands and rents being ascribed to the bringing them over into England in such plenty." And again, a few days after, he writes:—"Our bill against the importation of Irish cattle was not passed by his Majesty, as being too destructive to the Irish interest." But it appears the bill did afterwards pass, for he writes,—"Our House has returned the bill about Irish cattle to the Lords, adhering to the word *nuisance*, which the Lords changed to *detriment*, and *mischief:* but at a conference, we delivered the reasons of our adhering to the word *nuisance*.

Nov. 2nd, he says,—"The bill for preventing the increase of the plague could not pass, because the Lords would not agree that *their houses*, if infected, should be shut up!!!"

The short session of 1665 was closed on the 31st of October. Marvell thus enumerates the ten bills passed, to some of which, particularly the five-mile

act* as it was called, he must have been strenuously opposed. But the high-church faction had all their own way.—"For £1,250,000 to his Majesty; for £120,000 to his Majesty to be bestowed on his Royal Highness (*qr.* the Duke of York?); for attainder of Bamfield, Scott. and Dollman, Englishmen that acted in Holland against his Majesty; for debarring ejected Nonconformists *from living in or neare corporations, unless taking the new oath and declaration;* for speedier recovery of rents; for preventing suits and delays in law (a very inefficient act); for taking away damage clear after three years; *for restraining of printing without license;* and for naturalising some particular persons." But with his customary reserve,

* "It was enacted that no dissenting teacher who took not the non-resistance oath above-mentioned, should, except upon the road, come within five miles of any corporation, or of any place where he had preached since the act of oblivion. The penalty was a fine of fifty pounds and six months' imprisonment. By ejecting the non-conforming clergy from their churches, and prohibiting all separate congregations, they had been rendered incapable of gaining any livelihood by their spiritual profession. And now, under colour of removing them from places where their influence might be dangerous, an expedient was fallen upon to deprive them of all means of subsistence. Had not the spirit of the nation undergone a change, these violences were preludes to the most furious persecution."—*Hume.*

The spirit of the peers, notwithstanding the presence of the bishops in their house, was then much more tolerant than that of the Commons. This wicked bill was strongly opposed in the Lords, particularly by the Earl of Southampton, a firm friend of Clarendon. The Lords had also the credit of endeavouring to procure some portion out of the ecclesiastical revenues for the ejected ministers, arguing that they were entitled to the same indulgence which the Commonwealth had granted to the episcopal clergy, *i. e.* a fifth of each living.

Andrew makes no allusion to the proposal for making the non-resistance oath obligatory on the whole nation, which was rejected by a majority of three voices only. We may be sure that Marvell was among them.

The autumn of 1666, Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, distinguished by several indecisive actions against the Dutch, which the poet magnifies into great victories; and far more memorably by the fire of London, which was so merciful in its severity, that we are more inclined to attribute it to Divine goodness than to the malice of *Papist* or *Puritan*, seeing that it fairly burned out the plague, and only destroyed six lives, —found Marvell at his post in Parliament, and corresponding as usual with his grateful constituents, whom he has to thank for another present of Yorkshire ale. The principal business transacted in this session was financial. A supply of £1,800,000 was voted, to be raised partly by assessment, and partly by a poll-tax. It may not be wholly uninteresting to state how the latter was apportioned.—"Then for the poll-bill the committee hath prepared these votes —that all persons shall pay one shilling per poll; all aliens two; all Nonconformists and Papists two; all servants one shilling in the pound of their wages; all personal estates for so much as is not already taxed by the land-tax shall pay after twenty shillings to the hundred; cattle, corn, and household furniture shall be excepted, and all such stock for trade as is already taxed by the land-tax, but the rest to be liable." Some alterations were subsequently admitted. The Lords, to their great honour, rejected the double taxing of Nonconformists, and made an effort to deliver aliens also from that oppressive impost. Some discussion took place between the Houses on the power of the purse; the Lords endeavouring to insert a clause, implying a right in the

nobility to tax themselves independent of the Commons, which clause the Commons of course rejected. This Parliament, notwithstanding their intolerant and ultra-royalist principles, had a laudable care for the property of the subject, which was indeed very needful in that age of public poverty and court extravagance. The depreciated value of estates and personal effects may appear from the circumstance, that the poll-tax, heavy as it was, was not expected to raise above £540,000. The fire must have ruined thousands; the Dutch war was doubtless injurious to trade; the prodigality of the nobility could not be supported without oppressing agriculture; and the distressful effects of the civil wars were still keenly felt in the country. Never was economy more necessary, and yet the necessary expenses of Government were yearly increasing. England was then at war with Holland, France, and Denmark, and the Scotch Covenanters were once more in arms. The fatal experience of so many years of blood and misery had not taught the nation the folly and wickedness of interfering between man and his Maker. The law against conventicles, sufficiently tyrannical even in England, where a large portion of the population, wealth, and intelligence were sincerely attached to the episcopal church, was forced with additional cruelty and insult upon Scotland, where the best part of the people were dutifully affectionate to their Presbyterian pastors, and where the *curates* or prelatical clergy were, by the admission of all parties, too often low, ignorant, profligate, and brutal. In fact, so mercilessly had the Church of Scotland been stripped at the Reformation, that she could not afford an episcopal establishment.* If ever it be lawful to

* The question of an episcopal establishment should not be confounded with that of a baronial prelacy. The

use the sword against the powers that be, the Covenanters of the Raid of Pentland were justified in their resistance; and it might have been expected that Andrew Marvell would have sympathised with their sufferings, and admired, if he could not approve, their enterprise. But whatever his real sentiments might be, he did not think fit to communicate them to the corporation of Hull; for in his letter of the 1st December, 1666, he says,—"For the Scotch business, truly, I hope this night's news is certain of their total rout." But his cautious manner of writing is ever remarkable. He never mentions how he himself or any other member voted; but speaks of the proceedings of the House as if he had always been of the majority. He even talks in one place of the *princely prudence* of Charles. This might be necessary; but we are afraid that Andrew entered more heartily than might have been wished, into the scheme of fixing on the *Papists* the guilt of the great fire.

former is not necessarily expensive, and might certainly have been supported by the Scottish Kirk, as it has been by a small portion of the Scottish people, if she had been otherwise so minded. For the distinction here insisted upon, see S. T. Coleridge's Church and State, 3rd edition, page 136. "Our great Church dignitaries sit in the Upper House of the Convocation as prelates of the National Church: and, as prelates, may exercise ecclesiastical power. In the House of Lords they sit as barons, and by virtue of the baronies which, much against the will of those haughty prelates, our kings forced upon them: and as such they exercise a parliamentary power. As bishops of the Church of Christ only can they possess or exercise (and God forbid I should doubt that, as such, many of them do faithfully exercise) a spiritual power, which neither King can give, nor King and Parliament take away. As Christian bishops, they are spiritual pastors, by virtue of the spirits ruling the flocks committed to their charge; but they are temporal peers and prelates."—*D. C.*

By the 35th letter, which relates to an exchange of prisoners taken in the Dutch war, it would seem that Marvell had renewed his intercourse with Colonel Gilby, for both names are subscribed to it.

The Parliament of 1666-7 was prorogued on the 8th of February, but re-assembled on the 25th of July, to consider the articles of the peace of Breda. The Dutch war, commenced without necessity, and prosecuted, bravely indeed, but with ill-judged parsimony, and a striking want of combination, had closed with a greater disgrace than England had suffered since the days of Bannockburn. The Dutch fleet entered the Thames, took Sheerness, advanced with six men of war and five fire ships as far as Upnore Castle, where they burned the Royal Oak, the Loyal London, and the Great James, and then fell down the Medway, with almost perfect impunity. Not that the English courage failed; but improvidence or treachery had left our shores defenceless. The loss was considerable, the consternation fearful, the affront intolerable. Yet was there no reprisal; for by the end of July the treaty of Breda was concluded, whereby we obtained the territory of New York so named from the King's brother. Marvell's correspondence contains scarce an allusion to these occurrences; but among his poems is a tribute to the memory of Captain Douglas, the commander of the Royal Oak, who, sacrificing life to honour, had refused to quit the vessel when it was in flames, declaring, that "never had a Douglas been known to leave his post without orders." Marvell's address is entitled, "*The Loyal Scot, by Cleveland's* Ghost*" *upon the death of Captain Douglas, who was burned on his*

* Cleveland wrote a poem in Latin and English, called Scotus Rebellis—the Rebel Scot.

ship at Chatham. Like most copies of verses produced on the spur of some public wonder, or last week's heroism, it is very indifferent. There is something humorous, certainly, in putting a panegyric on Scotch loyalty into the mouth of Cleveland, who had been as severe on our northern neighbours as Churchill or Byron; but almost all that relates to the subject consists of conceits, neither new nor good, and extravagancies strangely out of keeping with the subject. About the best lines are these:—

> That precious life he yet disdains to save,
> Or with known art to try the gentle wave:
> Much him the honour of his ancient race
> Inspir'd, nor would he his own deeds deface;
> And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
> That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies.

But their effect is sadly marred by what follows:—

> Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
> And tries his first embraces in their sheets;
> His shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
> Like the sun's statue stands of burnish'd gold;
> Round the transparent fire about him glows
> As the clear amber on the bees does close;
> And as on angels' heads their glories shine,
> His burning locks adorn his face divine.

We fear that Andrew was more inspired by aversion for prelacy than by admiration for the young Douglas, and only chose the latter for his theme, in order to lay the whole blame of certain national antipathies on the bishops. We do not quote the following passages for the reader's approbation,* but to show the utter

* Antony Wood calls Marvell a "pestilent wit," a designation not, it must be confessed, wholly undeserved.—*D. C.*

inefficiency of licensing laws, (for such were then in force,) to restrain the licentiousness of the pen:

Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
Where nature Scotland does from England part;
Anatomists may sooner fix the cells
Where life resides, and understanding dwells;
But *this* we know, tho' *that* exceeds our skill,
That whosoever separates them does ill.

* * * *

What ethic river in this wondrous Tweed,
Whose *one bank virtue* t'other vice does breed?

* * * *

'Tis holy Island parts us, not the Tweed,
Nothing but clergy could us two seclude.

* * * *

All litanies in this have wanted faith,
There 's no "Deliver us from a Bishop's wrath."

* * * *

What the ocean binds is by the Bishops rent,
As seas make Islands in the Continent.
Nature in vain us in one land compiles,
If the Cathedral still shall have its *isles*.
Nothing, not bogs, nor sands, nor seas, nor Alps,
Separate the worlds so as the Bishops' scalps.
Stretch for the line their circingle alone,
'Twill make a more inhabitable zone;
The friendly loadstone has not more combined,
Than *Bishops* cramp'd the commerce of mankind.

Though thus severe on the Hierarchy, the poet had not yet lost all respect for the Monarch:—

Charles, our great soul, this only understands,
He our affections both, and wills, commands.

It must be remembered that Charles had hitherto shown many good dispositions, and in particular had interfered to save some of the Scotch Nonconformists from the vengeance of Sharpe: notwithstanding the

insolent tyranny with which he had himself been treated by the *Kirk* in its days of sovereignty. He had, on several occasions, exerted himself to procure liberty of conscience, both for catholic and protestant dissenters, to little effect indeed, during the influence of Clarendon; but the secret inclination towards his mother's religion, which probably prompted this insidious toleration, was not yet more than vaguely suspected.

The year 1667 is a great epoch in the history of the human mind, for then was Paradise Lost first given to the world. According to the custom of those times, Marvell accompanied the work of his illustrious friend with a copy of commendatory verses: but it is a truly absurd surmise, that either Marvell's English couplets, or Dr. Barrow's Latin Elegiacs, preserved the production of Milton from obscurity. This is about as probable, as that a sealed and unopened epistle should reach its destination, if directed only in the inside. More plausibly has it been asserted that Marvell united with Sir Thomas Clarges, Mr. Secretary Morrice, and Sir William Davenant to prevent the mighty poet's being excepted out of the act of indemnity; but is it likely that he, who had himself held office under Cromwell, would possess any influence at Court?

Though his Parliamentary correspondence continues with little or no interruption, between the years 1667 and 1670, and as a series of historical documents is of high value, yet it throws no light on his private transactions; nor does it elucidate his personal character, except by affording additional proof of his indefatigable industry; his unwearied spirits; his attention to the minutest, as well as to the weightiest matters that came before the House. Rarely does he utter an *opinion* on any subject,

unless it bore expressly upon the interests of his constituents. We cannot find any clue to discover, for example, his sentiments on the prosecution of Clarendon, which later historians have represented as a conspiracy between an ungrateful King, and a misguided nation, to ruin the most loyal and immaculate of statesmen; but it is most probable that he concurred in it. As we are not writing the history of Andrew Marvell's *times*, we cannot be expected to dilate on all the public measures which he has noticed in his letters, but shall content ourselves with a few extracts which may serve to illustrate the Parliamentary life of the Patriot, or at least the manners, temper, and politics, of the Parliament in which he sat.

Jan. 22nd, 1666-7 :—"Heard the report of the fire of London, full of manifest testimonies that it was by a wicked design, and ordered the report of the insolence of *Papists* to-morrow."

Dec. 22nd, 1666 :—"To-day the Duke of Buckingham and Marquis of Dorchester were upon their petitions freed from the Tower, having been committed for quarrelling and scuffling the other day when we were at the Canary Conference."

Feb. 9th, 1667 :—"I am sorry to hear of several fires of late in your town, but by God's mercy prevented from doing much harm. Though I know your vigilance, and have been informed of the occasions, I cannot but, out of the earnestness of mine own sense, advise you to have a careful eye against all such accidents. We have had so much of them here in the South, that it makes me almost superstitious. But indeed, as sometimes there arise new diseases, so there are seasons of more particular judgments, and such as that of fires seem of late to have been upon this nation: but God's providence in such cases is well pleased to be frustrated by *human*

industry, but much more his mercies are always propitious to repentance."

July 25th :—"Yesternight, at one o'clock, a very dangerous fire happened in Southwark, but blowing up the next house in good time, there were but twelve consumed or ruined. I cannot but advise you to have especial care in your town of any such accident, or what will you call it; for I am sorry we can yet see no clearer by so many lights."

Oct. 25th :—"This morning several members of our House did in their places move the House to proceed to an impeachment against the Earl of Clarendon, and laid very high crimes to his charge."

Nov. 14th :—"Really the business of the House hath been of late so earnest daily, and so long, that I have not had the time, and scarce vigour left me by night to write to you; and to-day, because I would not omit any longer, I lose my dinner to make sure of this letter. The Earl of Clarendon had taken up much of our time till within this three days. But since his impeachment hath been carried up to the House of Lords, we have some leisure from that; and now this is the third day that they have, without intermission of any other business, continued upon the question, 'Whether, upon our desire, to commit him to custody before we send up (which yet we have not done) the particular articles of our charge against him.'"—P.S. of the same date :—"I hear the Lords are at last come to a resolution to desire a conference to-morrow with our House, to show us reason why they should not commit the Earl of Clarendon before special articles."

Nov. 23rd :—"The Lords and we cannot yet get off the difficulties risen betwixt us on occasion of our House's demanding the Earl of Clarendon's imprisonment upon a general charge of treason."

Dec. 3rd:—"Since my last to you we have had a free conference with the Lords, and so a mutual debate on the reasons for, and for not, committing the Earl of Clarendon on our general charge. The Lords yesterday sent a message by Judge Archer and Judge Morton, that, upon the whole matter, they were not satisfied to commit him, without particular cause specified or assigned; whereupon our House, after very long debate, voted, 'that the Lords not complying with the desires of the House of Commons in committing and sequestring from their House the Earl of Clarendon, upon the impeachment carried up against him, is *an obstruction of the public justice in the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament, and is the precedent of evil and dangerous consequences.*' To-day the Lords sent down another message to us, that they had to-day received a large petition from the Earl of Clarendon, intimating that he was withdrawn.* Hereupon our House forthwith address his

* Clarendon withdrew at the King's express command, who probably knew no other *safe* and *easy* means to shield a man whom he could not help revering.

"On the 29th of November, 1667, this illustrious exile embarked in a miserable boat in the middle of the night, at Erith, and after remaining at sea amidst the inconveniences and dangers of the worst weather for three days and nights, landed at Calais. He left behind him a representation at large to the House of Peers of his conduct since the Restoration, composed with all the simplicity and modest courage of conscious innocence and truth; such, however, was the rage of the prevailing party, that it was presently publicly burned, by order of both Houses."—*Lodge.*

He had built a splendid mansion, to which the populace affixed the nick-name of *Dunkirk House.* In the edition of 1776 are two poems ascribed (we hope erroneously) to Marvell, one called "Clarendon's House-warming," and the other "Upon his House." Among other topics of obloquy,

Majesty, that care might be taken for securing all the seaports, lest he should pass there. I suppose he will not trouble you at Hull."

March 7th, 1668:—"On Wednesday last the House resumed the debate occasioned by the informations of several members concerning the insolences of Nonconformists in some parts of the nation, disturbing ministers in their churches, and setting up their own preachers. The House hereupon came to a resolution, that they would in a body attend his Majesty, desiring him to reinforce by his proclamation the laws against conventicles, and that care might be taken to secure the peace of the nation against the unlawful meetings of *Nonconformists* and *Papists*." With this request Charles, who—half Catholic and half Infidel—hoped, under the mask of toleration, either to be rid of all religion, or to smuggle in that which he found most convenient, was obliged reluctantly to comply, though the petition was meant to imply a severe censure on himself and his favourite, Buckingham, who was now playing the same game with the Nonconformists as Leicester had played with the Puritans under Elizabeth.

Several letters after this are taken up almost

they allude pointedly to the misappropriation of certain building materials, originally set apart for the repair of St. Paul's, but afterwards diverted to the erection of the Chancellor's palace. As the second is but short, and sums up the principal arguments of odium against a venerated name, we shall give it almost entire:—

> Here lie the sacred bones
> Of Paul . . . . . .
> Here lie golden briberies,
> The price of ruined families;
> The Cavaliers' debenter wall,
> Fix't on an eccentric basis;
> Here's Dunkirk town and Tangier Hall,
> The Queen's marriage and all,
> The Dutchman's *Templum pacis*.

entirely with the proceedings against the supposed authors of the miscarriages in the late Dutch war. The public vengeance had better been directed against the authors of the war itself. Of all wars, surely the least profitable have been those which grew out of commercial squabbles.

The privileges and jurisdiction of the two Houses were as undefined as the prerogatives of the crown. We continually find the Peers at variance with the Commons, and their Lordships generally forced to submit at last with no very good grace. An attempt of the Lords to act as a criminal court directly, and not on appeal from the courts below, was strongly resented by the Lower House; and Marvell, though he expresses himself gravely and coolly, no doubt entered fully into the indignation of his fellow members.

May 25th, he writes thus:—"I have no more time than to tell you that the Lords, having judged and fined the East India Company, as we think, illegally, upon the petition of one Skinner, a merchant; and they petitioning us for redress, we have imprisoned him that petitioned them, and they have imprisoned several of those that petitioned us; and we, on Monday, send to the Lords severe votes against their proceedings: it is a business of very high and dangerous consequence." On the 9th he informs the Mayor of Hull (then Mr. Anthony Lambert) that there had been a conference between the Houses,—the Commons having voted that the Lords' "taking cognizance and proceeding *originally* upon the petition of Skinner against the East India Company, was contrary to law. It was Friday in the afternoon before the Lords desired a conference, wherein, with a preamble in writing of a very high and severe sense, they gave us two votes in exchange: that our entertaining a

scandalous paper of the East India Company, and proceeding thereon, was a breach of the privilege of the House of Peers, and the good union that ought to be betwixt the two Houses: that what the Lords had done upon Skinner's petition was agreeable to law, and consonant to precedents both ancient and modern. We went from thence back to our House, where we sat without intermission *till five o'clock this morning*." The honest country gentlemen and burgesses had not yet generally fallen into the late hours of the courtiers, and seem to have grown passionate for want of sleep, for they voted, "that whosoever shall be aiding or assisting in the execution of the Lords' sentence or order against the East India Company, shall be deemed a betrayer of the liberties and rights of the Commons of England, and an infringer of the privileges of Parliament." The King adjourned the Houses in consequence, or under pretext, of these differences; but not till the Lords had taken severe measures against Sir Samuel Barnardiston (whom they sentenced to pay £300 on his knees) and other leading members of the East India Company. But it does not appear that Sir Samuel ever submitted to this degrading punishment. Parliament did not meet again for dispatch of business till the 19th of October, 1669. The dissension between the Houses still continued. Marvell records the several stages of the affair, which ended by the two Houses, at the King's desire, erasing "all records in their journals of that matter, that all memory thereof might be extinguished." Feb. 22nd, 1670.

Every session brought forth some new bill, some forced proclamation, against conventicles. The general disposition of that long-protracted Parliament (which obtained the name of the Pension Parliament)

in all things, except its rigid and jealous economy, and severe prosecution of delinquents, coincided with the temper of the better sort of modern Tories. An evil eye on all sectaries, a perfect horror of the Church of Rome, a high devotion to abstract royalty, and to the Protestant Episcopal Church as a vital organ of the state, a vindictive sense of national honour, a restrictive and prohibitory system of commerce,* were, for many years, the leading features of their policy.

During the year 1668, 69, 70, the public business

* There is scarcely one of Marvell's letters which does not afford some proof that the House in which he sat was no friend to free trade, even between the several parts of the British Empire. We have already seen the bill against the importation of Irish cattle carried against the declared opinion of the King. There was a manifest inclination to exclude French commodities altogether. In enumerating the acts passed in the session of 1668-9, Marvell mentions "a bill for grazing and tillage, giving licence to export all corn, and setting an high custom upon foreign corn when ours is at a good marketable rate." April 9th, 1670:—"We have sent them up this morning the bill for prohibition of all foreign brandy, which, though it goes up so late, I believe will pass before our rising. The Lords have agreed with the bill of retrospect upon brandy, to pay eightpence since 1666. The Lords have, we fear, thrown out that part of our bill which provided against men of war trading in merchandise, truly at an ill season, when so many merchants complain, and the Turks take prizes in our channels." The term Turk may here be used as in the Collect for Good Friday, as synonymous with Mussulman; for it does not appear that the Ottoman Emperors or their natural subjects ever practised piracy so far northward.

August 13th, 1671.—"The Lords and we have agreed on an address to his Majesty, that he wear no foreign manufactures, and discountenance whether man or woman, that shall wear them."

becoming continually more pressing, and the King's wants more urgent, Marvell's letters bear more and more on the history of the period, and have less and less of biographical interest. Parliament refusing to grant more than 40,000*l.*, to be raised on wines (an imposition very grievous to a monarch who sympathised with the privations of his wine-bibbing subjects), the King, dissatisfied with so scanty a supply, and yet more with the curious inquiries instituted as to the manner in which former grants had been applied, prorogued the House on the 11th of December, on which occasion Andrew piously prays, "God direct his Majesty further in so weighty resolutions." Parliament met again on the 14th of February, 1669-70. About this time there occur several epistles from Marvell to his friend William Ramsden, which, though almost wholly political, express his observations on public affairs with a circumstantiality, and his opinions with a freedom, which the nature of his official correspondence precluded. It may not be unamusing to compare a few passages referring to the same occurrences; the business-like brevity and caution of the public document is admirable. If ever he takes a little flight, it is to pay a compliment to Majesty, which no one *need* understand ironically. Thus of the King's gracious recommendation to put a stop to the differences of the Houses in Skinner's business—To Mr. Humphrey Duncalf, *Mayor*:—"Our House thereupon did unanimously vote the entry of this speech in our journal, and to go in a body on foot to give the King thanks, and to erase the records in our journal. A message was forthwith sent to desire leave to wait on the King, so that we have been twice at Whitehall in one morning, all infinitely satisfied with the King's justice, prudence, and kindness in this matter,

and I doubt not but all good Englishmen will be of the same mind." To Mr. William Ramsden:—"When we began to talk of the Lords, the King sent for us alone, and recommended an erasure of all proceedings; the same thing you know that we proposed at first. We presently ordered it, and went to tell him so the same day. At coming down *(a pretty ridiculous thing)*, Sir Thomas Clifford carried speaker and mace, and all members there, to drink the King's health, into the King's cellar. The King sent to the Lords more peremptorily, and they, with much grumbling, agreed to the rasure." Writing to the corporation, he gives the heads of the conventicle bill minutely, in the style of one who saw nothing objectionable in them. To his friend he says,—"The terrible bill against conventicles is sent up to the Lords. They are making mighty alterations in the conventicle bill (which, as we sent it up, is the quintessence of arbitrary malice), and sit whole days, and yet proceed but by inches, and will, at the end, probably affix a Scotch clause of the King's power in externals;" *(i. e. give the King a dispensing power to make the Parliament malice nugatory.)* "So the fate of the bill is uncertain, but must probably pass, being the price of money." During the spring session of 1670, Charles, under pretence of seeking amusement, thought fit to frequent the debates at the House of Lords. This, though not expressly against rule, was against recent custom, and supposed to be a restraint on the freedom of speech. Marvell announces the circumstance to his constituents with some surprise, but without comment, in his letter of the 26th March:—"That which is most extraordinary is, that his Majesty hath for this whole week come every day in person to the House of Lords, and sat there during their debates and resolu-

tions; and yesterday the Lords went in a body to Whitehall, to give their thanks for the honour he did them therein." To Mr. Ramsden he tells the story more at large:—"The King, about ten o'clock, took boat with Lauderdale only, and two ordinary attendants, and rowed awhile, as towards the bridge, but soon turned back to the Parliament stairs, and so went up into the House of Lords, and took his seat. Almost all of them were amazed, but all seemed so; and the Duke of York especially was very much surprised. Being sat, he told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations; that therefore they should not, for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. It is true that this has been done long ago; but it is now so old, that it is new, and so disused, that at any other but so bewitched a time as this, it would have been looked upon as a high usurpation, and breach of privilege. After three or four days' continuance, the Lords were very well used to the King's presence. The King has ever since continued his session among them, and says it is better than going to a play."

The prospect of public affairs was then sufficiently bad; for Charles, who, like all men whose amiable qualities are not grounded in sound principles, grew worse as he grew old, had now given himself up to the notorious Cabal, and to a set of creatures besides,—French, Scotch, Irish, and alas, some English, priests and laymen, bigots and atheists, male and female, among whom it is no injustice to say, that Nell Gwyn was considerably the best. But a patriot should never despair of the Republic. He should "brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,"* but should "hope even against hope." No wonder,

* Wordsworth.

and her ally Louisa de Queroüaille,* (the Duchess of Portsmouth), partly by money in hand, and the promise of French troops, in case that the people's patience should be worn out. A second Dutch war was meditated with the secret purpose of aiding the French to overrun and subjugate the United Provinces. But these designs were not yet ripe for disclosure. A supply was first to be had: 800,000 were demanded and granted, and more would have been granted, but fresh dissensions between the upper and lower Houses, owing to the Lords taking upon them to make amendments in the money bills, occasioned a sudden prorogation, April 22nd, 1671. If these facts be kept in mind, the following passages, from Marvell's public and private correspondence, will be sufficiently intelligible. Oct. 25th. He gives at some length the preamble of the Lord Keeper's opening speech (for Charles had still grace enough left to be ashamed of appearing personally as a beggar for money on false pretences), the most remarkable feature of which is, that the increased power of France is alleged to justify a grant which was to be used in increasing the power of France. Then comes

the House was, if they please to remember, this last session, by three of their own members told, that there were several Papists, fifty outlaws, and *pensioners* without number; so that, upon examination, they may arrive at a better knowledge among themselves, and do one another more right, than we (howsoever well affected) can possibly do without doors."

* The English, whose organs of speech are notoriously inhospitable to foreign names, found Mademoiselle de Queroüaille's so unacceptable, that they anglicised it into *Carwell*, under which abbreviation she is frequently mentioned both in prose and verse. Surely they ought not to complain at King Charles giving her a title so much more accommodated to English pronunciation.

an enumeration of the advantageous treaties which the King had concluded, particularly with Sweden and Holland (while he knew that the money was wanted to make war upon Holland), with Spain, whereby we had gained the sovereignty of Jamaica, &c., with Denmark, Savoy, &c. Next his Lordship prepares a spell for that national vanity, which in time past has cost us so dear, alleging "in short that all the Princes of Christendom sought at present to his Majesty, if not for their security, yet as to one without whose friendship they could not promote their affairs." Andrew Marvell was no orator; it does not appear upon record that he ever made a set speech at all; yet one might almost wonder that neither he nor any other Englishman got up to remind my Lord Keeper that whatever consideration his master might have obtained from foreign powers, was taken up solely on old Oliver's credit. But now comes the drift. "After touching on the insufficiency of the wine duties to the public occasions; the expense of the navy since 1660 (500,000*l.* per annum), and the King's debts, which were immense and at heavy interest, he desired that the Parliament would supply him (the King) with 800,000*l.* for his navy, as also that they would pay off all those debts which he owed at interest, and that they would finish this before Christmas, as well that he might have time in hand to mature his preparations for the season of the year as that men might attend their own occasions in the country, and make their neighbours taste of their hospitality, and keep up their authority and interest there, which is so useful and necessary to the public." It is a proof that the promises contained in this speech were never intended to be performed, that neither it nor the King's short introductory address were allowed to be printed.

Several letters follow, containing nothing but lists of the commodities it was proposed to tax, and other devices, for raising the supplies. One of these proposals produced effects so ludicrously characteristic of the brutality of even the highest orders in that reign, that we must extract the passage of Andrew's private correspondence, which contains the story:—

"An accident happened which had like to have spoiled all. Sir John Coventry having moved for an imposition on the play-houses, Sir John Birkenhead, to excuse them, said they had been of great service to the King. Upon which Sir John Coventry desired that gentleman to explain whether he meant the *men* or the *women* players. Hereupon it is imagined that, the House adjourning from Tuesday before till Thursday after Christmas-day, on the very Tuesday night of the adjournment, twenty-five of the Duke of Monmouth's troop, and some few foot, laid in wait from ten at night till two in the morning, by Suffolk-street, and as he returned from the Cock, where he supped, to his own house, they threw him down and cut off almost all the end of his nose." Feeble attempts were made by the court to protect the actors in this cowardly piece of loyalty, but the House of Commons displayed a proper spirit, and not only insisted on the punishment of the present offenders, but passed an act which makes cutting and maiming capital without benefit of clergy. From this incident alone, we might credit what Andrew says at the conclusion of his letter—"*the court is at the highest pitch of want and luxury, and the people full of discontent.*" The circumstance is often alluded to in the ballads and epigrams of the time, and is the subject of one which has been given to Marvell. We hope he had too much decency and dignity to have written it, as he certainly had too much wit and good

taste to have approved of it. It contains nothing worth extracting, and much that is unfit to be read. Not but that the court *deserved* every word of it.

In another letter, about the same date,* he mentions to Mr. Ramsden (whom he calls dear Will), how Monmouth, Albemarle, Dunbane, and seven or eight *gentlemen*, fought with the watch, and killed a poor beadle. "They have all their pardons for Monmouth's sake; but it is an act of great scandal." In the same letter:—"The King of France is at Dunkirk. We have no fleet out, though we gave the subsidy-bill, valued at 800,000*l.*, for that purpose. *I believe, indeed, he will attempt nothing on us, but leave us to die a natural death.* For, indeed, never had poor nation *so many complicated, mortal, incurable diseases.*"

We have more than once had occasion to allude to Charles's disposition to mitigate the rigour of the conformity laws, which may be ascribed part to his good nature, more to his good sense, and most to his secret Romanism. But a letter of Marvell's (private, of course,) suggests a fourth influence, not weaker than the rest:—"The King had occasion for 60,000*l.*, sent to borrow it of the City. * * * Could not get above 10,000*l.* *The Fanatics, under*

* The letter, containing this information, is in the printed edition, without date; but it must have been written between the end of March and the 22nd of April, 1671, for it mentions the Duchess of York's death, (Ann Hyde's) which took place March 31st, and speaks of Parliament as still sitting, which on the 22nd of April was prorogued. The King continues to honour the Lords with his presence, against which Lord Clare declared in the royal presence. Lord Lucas also made a "*fervent bold speech*" against the Houses' "prodigality in giving, and the weak looseness of government," the King being present.

persecution, served his Majesty. The other party, both in court and city, would have prevented it. But the King protested money would be acceptable. So the city patched up, out of the chamber and other ways, 20,000*l.* The Fanatics, of all sorts, 40,000*l.*" This was just after a sanguinary attack of the "bold train-bands" upon a congregation of non-resisting Quakers, of whom they killed some and wounded many.* But it is more worthy of remark, that the Protestant dissenters, like the Jews of the middle ages, however harassed by fines, double taxes, and civil disabilities, have always had more ready money than other persons of the same station; and, unlike the Jews, have generally been ready to part with it on public occasions.

With all this orthodoxy on one side, and saintship on the other, there was little respect even for the external forms of the established religion. The following would appear, in these days, utterly incredible. —"February 7, 1670-71: Yesterday, upon complaint of some violent arrests made in several churches, even during sermon time, nay, of one taken out betwixt the bread and the cup in receiving the sacrament, the House ordered that a bill be brought in for better observing the Lord's day."

* The following passage of the same letter, (Nov. 28th, 1670), may be interesting to some:—"The other was the trial of Penn and Mead, Quakers, at the Old Bailey. The Jury not finding them guilty, as the Recorder and Mayor would have had them, they were kept without meat or drink some three days, till almost starved, but would not alter their verdict, so fined and imprisoned. There is a book out which relates all the passages, which were very pertinent on the part of the prisoners, but prodigiously barbarous by the Mayor and Recorder. The Recorder, amongst the rest, commended the Spanish Inquisition, saying it would never be well till we had something like it."

The letters from this time to the prorogation of the 22nd of April, are chiefly taken up with financial details, and dissensions between the two Houses, originating in alterations made by the Lords in a money-bill, which the Commons contended was an infringement of their privilege:—"To speak in short, the two Houses were so directly contradictory in their assertions concerning the power of the Lords in altering of rules, &c., that his Majesty (there being no present medium of reconciliation to be found) thought fit to-day to prorogue us, so that the bill of foreign commodities is fallen to the ground." Andrew announces this to his constituents the very same evening; and this (the 126th) is the last public communication extant before October 20th, 1674, an interruption of nearly three years.

From his letter "to a friend in Persia," we are tempted to make some extracts, though we cannot inform the reader who that friend was. It is dated August 9, 1671—no place specified. It begins in a strain of pious friendship, expressed in terms of the mystic philosophy:—"God's good providence, which hath through so dangerous a disease, and so many difficulties, preserved and restored you, will, I doubt not, conduct you to a prosperous issue, and the perfection of your so laudable undertakings, and under that, your own good genius, in conjunction with your brother here, will, I hope, though at the distance of England and Persia, in good time, work extraordinary effects; for the magnetism of two souls, rightly touched, works beyond all natural limits, and it would indeed be too unequal, if good nature should not have at least as large a sphere of activity as malice, envy, and detraction, which are, it seems, part of the returns from Surat and Gombroon. * * * * In this world a good cause signifies little, unless it

be well defended. A man may starve at the feast of a good conscience. * * * I know your maxim, *Qui festinat ditescere, non erit innocens.** Indeed, while you preserve that mind, you will have the blessing both of God and man. * * * I am sorry to perceive that mine by the Armenian miscarried. Though there was nothing material in it, the thoughts of friends are too valuable to fall into the hands of a stranger." Scanty as are the notices of Marvell's domestic history, it is delightful to read these issues of a wise and noble heart, not corrupted by the necessity of evil communications, nor hardened by the duty of striving against corruption. But the patriot could not long forget politics, and, as Swift confessed that he could preach nothing but pamphlets, so Marvell declares himself fit for nothing but a *Gazetteer*. It must have been with painful sensations that an Englishman in Persia perused the following account of his *Fatherland*:—"The King having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbours, demanded 800,000*l.* for his navy (though in conclusion he hath not sent out any), and that the Parliament should pay his debts, which the ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons, our House gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how these debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to four millions. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at six, others at ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds, in money; besides what

* *i. e.* He that is in haste to be rich, shall not be without sin.

offices, lands, and reversions, to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England. The Duke of Buckingham is again 140,000*l.* in debt, and, by this prorogation, his creditors have time to tear all his lands in pieces. The House of Commons has run almost to the end of their time, and are grown extremely chargeable to the King, and odious to the people. They have signed and sealed 10,000*l.* a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near 10,000*l.* out of the excise of beer, and ale; 5,000*l.* a year out of the post-office; and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases; the reversion of all places in the custom-house; and, indeed, what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance. We truckle to France in all things, to the prejudice of our alliance and honour. Barclay is still lieutenant of Ireland, but he was forced to come over to pay 10,000*l.* rent to his *landlady* Cleveland." The letter concludes with a brief statement of one of the most extraordinary, if not most important incidents, in English history; one of those stories which we should imagine to be impossible, if we did not know them to be true. "One Blood, outlawed for an attempt to take Dublin Castle, and who seized on the Duke of Ormond here last year, and might have killed him, a most bold, and yet sober fellow, some months ago seized the crown and sceptre in the Tower, took them away, and, if he had killed the keeper, might have carried them clear off. He, being taken, astonished the King and court with the generosity and wisdom of his answers. He and all his accomplices, for his sake, are discharged by the King, to the wonder of all." Andrew does not seem to be very angry with Blood for stealing the crown, nor (what is more extraordinary) with King Charles

for pardoning him. In an epigram, found both in Latin and English, he even commends the desperado, but it is for the sake of a stab at an order of men, against whom he entertained an unfortunate prejudice :—

> When daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
> Upon the English diadem distrain'd;
> He chose the cassock, circingle, and gown,
> The fittest mask for one that robs the crown:
> But his lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
> And whilst he sav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
> With the priest's vestment had he but put on
> The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

Whether admiration of "his wise and generous answers" had much to do with Blood's pardon and pension (for he was rewarded with an estate of 500*l.* in *Ireland*), may justly be doubted. Charles was likely enough to be amused with his audacity, and was as void of resentment as of gratitude. Having persuaded himself that all men, in all their actions, are equally constrained by interest or appetite, he consistently made no difference between friend and foe, and would prefer the man who stole his crown, to him who had preserved it, if the former happened to be the pleasanter companion. But we suspect something deeper in the favour shown to Blood than mere caprice. He was rumoured, on good grounds, to be a creature of Buckingham, and, at his instigation, to have made his desperate attempt upon the Duke of Ormond. What motive either could have for seizing the regalia, it is difficult, at this time, to conjecture; but it is exceedingly probable that Blood, who in England could not be immediately silenced with the bowstring, knew more than it was convenient for either the favourite or the monarch to have known.

For though *dead* men tell no tales, *dying* men, even felons at the gallows, may tell horrible tales, and the words of dying men are heard afar, and long remembered, and deeply believed, without much consideration of previous character. Besides, a hanged villain is of no use but to the dissectors: a living one, properly managed, may be of a great deal to a bad government.

One other epistle, addressed to William Ramsden, Esq.,* occurs in this interval of Marvell's public correspondence, dated June, 1672. It is short, and not important, though it mentions the assassination of the Pensionary De Wit, and the low state of the Dutch Republic:—"No man can conceive the condition of the state of Holland, in this juncture, unless he can, at the same time, conceive an earthquake, an hurricane, and the deluge." Of the last it did indeed present a pretty tolerable miniature, for the sluices being cut, a great part of the country was under water.

We have not the means of determining whether Marvell's correspondence with the borough was actually discontinued during these years, whether the papers have been carelessly lost, or, which is most probable, purposely destroyed. For when we consider the character of public measures in that interval, the infamous Dutch war, in which the pensioned Charles and ministers conspired with the French despot to extinguish the poor remains of

* William and John Ramsden, Esqrs., were the sons of John Ramsden, who was Mayor of Hull, and died, in 1637, of the plague, and was buried by the Rev. Andrew Marvell, father of our author, who delivered from the pulpit, on this mournful occasion, a most pathetic oration. His eldest son, Mr. John Ramsden, was twice member for Hull. William was a spirited and successful commercial adventurer. Is any of the family left in Hull at present?

liberty in Holland, and to destroy the strength of Protestantism in Europe, on an implied condition of receiving French assistance to bring about the same end in England—the prospect of a reign of Jesuits succeeding a reign of harlots—of absolute power transmitted from the good-natured, unprincipled Charles, to the vindictive, superstitious James—and the other monstrous abuses of that calamitous æra, we may suppose that even Marvell's caution could not always avoid expressions which might have exposed the town and corporation of Hull to serious inconveniences in the days of Judge Jeffreys and *quo warrantos*. In one letter he hints at a probability of his being employed in Ireland, but we cannot discover that he ever went thither.

Wherever he was, there is abundant proof that he was not idle. It was in the year 1672, that he first avowedly appeared in the character of a political satirist, wherein he gained a high and dangerous reputation, as unblemished as the fame of a *Polemic* can be; but we believe that no man, divine, politician, or critic, ever thought of his controversial writings with calm satisfaction on his death-bed. Yet there are times when the sword must be unsheathed. Whether Marvell's quarrel was just or not, we shall not decide, for it involves theological questions which it were worse than folly to treat extemporaneously and incidentally; but his bitterest enemies were compelled to admire the mixture of brilliant wit and sterling argument which he displayed in the conduct of it.

The circumstances which gave rise to his once famous "Rehearsal Transprosed" were briefly these: Dr. Samuel Parker,* who from a Commonwealth

* Bishop Burnet, (and the word of a *Whig Bishop* neither Whig nor Tory ought to dispute,) says that "Parker was a

saint had been converted to a High Church and King man, published, in 1670, a book called "Ecclesiastical Polity," the substance of which had been preached at Lambeth, and printed by order of Archbishop Sheldon. We never read it, nor do we know any one that has; and indeed we trust that no enemy of the Church and Monarchy will fish it out of Lethe. Of its principles, however, two or three sentences are a sufficient sample:—"It is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of a Nero or a Caligula, than to hazard a dissolution of the state;"* and,

covetous and ambitious man, and seemed to have no sense of religion, but as a political interest. He seldom went to prayers, or to any exercise of devotion, and was so proud that he was insufferable to all who came near him." Burnet was, however, too credulous of what told against his adversaries. Nor should it be accounted any reproach to the majority of the English clergy, that there have been, and ever will be, so long as the higher preferments are in the gift of the government *pro tempore*, some time-servers:—

> "Who turn their halcyon beaks
> At every gale and vary of their Master."

Such men will always be more vehement in defence of their last adopted opinions than even true zealots, for they are seldom so utterly devoid of conscience as not to wish to believe themselves, and, if really aware of their own insincerity, they naturally adopt a violence of profession as a safe disguise. The interested suitor always makes love more earnestly than the true lover.

Parker might, however, have a true antipathy to the Dissenters, for his father was one of Cromwell's saints. Nothing prejudices the mind so strongly against religion in general, or any form of religion in particular, as having too much of it too early. The mother of Epicurus was the most superstitious of women.

* Very possibly, if it were a mere consideration of personal convenience. The only question is, whether resistance

that "it is absolutely necessary to the peace and government of the world, that the supreme magistrate of every Commonwealth should be vested with a power to govern and conduct the consciences of subjects in affairs of religion." And he asserted that "Princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices, than to their consciences." And speaking of the different sects then subsisting, he lays it down as a fixed rule for all princes to act by, that "tenderness and indulgence to such men, were to nourish vipers in our bowels, and the most sottish neglect of our own quiet and security."

Well was it said by a Grecian sage—*Beware of the calumnies of your Friends;* and well might it have been said to the Church of England—Beware of Dr. Samuel Parker's Ecclesiastical Polity. What the Church at large thought of this preposterous dressing of old Hobbes's Leviathan in episcopal robes, we know not, for Sheldon's imprimatur only signified the approbation of the court. But as it was manifestly intended to prepare the way for the *King's* religion, we cannot but think that every sincere Protestant with half an eye must have seen through it.

Baxter declining to undertake the defence of the Nonconformist, Dr. Owen replied to Parker in his "*Liberty and Truth vindicated.*" Parker made rejoinder next year, in "*A Defence and Continuation of Ecclesiastical Polity, against Dr. Owen;*" and in

to unreasonable impositions in religion is not an absolute duty, not to be neglected:—

> "Though Sun and Moon
> Were in the flat sea sunk."

What are all States, Thrones, Principalities, and Powers, to a single soul, though it were that of a savage or a new-born babe?

1672 renewed the attack in a preface to a posthumous work of Bishop Bramhall. This it was which brought on the aspiring divine the perilous wrath of Marvell. "The Rehearsal," that famous comedy of Buckingham's, which has been praised to the full extent of its merit, was then in vogue, and as a tempting title, in literary warfare, is half the battle, Marvell came out with his "Rehearsal Transprosed," of which the full title runs thus: "*The Rehearsal Transprosed; or, Animadversions on a late Book entitled a Preface, showing what grounds and apprehensions there are of Popery. London: printed by A. B., for the Assignees of John Calvin and Theodore Beza, at the Sign of the King's Indulgence, on the South side of the Lake Lemane*, 1672." As we have no wish to revive the controversy, we shall merely give a few extracts, as specimens of Marvell's prose style,—of his indefatigable wit, which approaches in quality to that of Butler, while he has, at times, a majesty of anger which entitles him to the appellation of a prose Juvenal. His reading was great and miscellaneous, and he lays it all under contribution. Of the invention of printing, he writes in the following cutting strain of irony:—"The press (that villanous engine), invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library. When the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an

imprimatur, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled, in conventicles; but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a strange thing, the very spunges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters look but like so many rotten tooth drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative, as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind!—that lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when formed into letters! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith, of old, they stigmatised slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use, sometimes, to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since, with the gross bodies of their German divinity. One would have thought in reason, that a Dutchman might have contented himself only with the wine-press."

For his transferring the name of Bayes from Dryden to his antagonist:—"But before I commit

myself to the dangerous depths of his discourse, which I am now upon the brink of, I would with his leave make a motion, that, instead of author, I may henceforth indifferently call him Mr. Bayes as oft as I shall see occasion; and that, first, because he hath no name, or at least will not own it, though he himself writes under the greatest security, and gives us the first letters of other men's names before he be asked them. Secondly, because he is, I perceive, a lover of elegancy of style, and can endure no man's tautologies but his own, and therefore I would not distaste him with too frequent repetition of one word; but chiefly because Mr. Bayes and he do very much symbolise in their understandings, in their expressions, in their humour, in their contempt and quarrelling, of all others, though of their own profession; because our divine, the author, manages his contest with the same prudence and civility which the poets and players of late have practised in their divisions; and, lastly, because both their talents do peculiarly lie in exposing and personating the Nonconformists." (Here, by the way, Andrew identifies Mr. Bayes with Dryden, and so pays the intellects of Parker a high though unintended compliment). "Besides, to say Mr. Bayes is more civil than to say villain and caitiff."

As the Nonconformists were continually and injudiciously opposing to the Church of England the Protestant churches abroad (which had certainly departed further from Rome, whether or no they came any nearer to Heaven), so the High-Church Polemics, with equal lack of temper and judgment, were always reflecting on the foreign reformers and their followers; as if, indeed, the essentials of a church had no where been preserved except in the English episcopal establishment. Parker probably pushed this doctrine to

extremes, for which folly he received severe castigation.—"Mr. Bayes, ye know, prefers that one quality of fighting single with whole armies, before all the moral virtues put together; and yet I assure you he hath several times obliged *Moral Virtue* so highly, that she owes him a good turn wherever she can meet him. But it is a brave thing to be the ecclesiastical Drawcansir: he kills whole nations—he kills friend and foe. Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, Poland, Savoy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and a great part of the Church of England, and all Scotland (for these, besides many more, he mocks under the title of Germany and Geneva), may perhaps rouse up our mastiff, and make up a danger worthy of his courage. A man would guess that this giant had promised his comfortable importance a simarre of the beards of all the orthodox theologues in Christendom." "There is risen up this spiritual Mr. Bayes, who, having assumed to himself an incongruous plurality of ecclesiastical offices, one most severe, of the penitentiary universal to the reformed churches; the other most ridiculous, of buffoon general to the Church of England, so that he may henceforth be capable of any other promotion. * * And not being content to enjoy his own folly, he has taken two others into partnership, as fit for his design as those two that clubbed with Mahomet in making the Alcoran. * * But lest I might be mistaken as to the persons I mention, I will assure the reader that I intend not Hudibras; for he is a man of the other robe, and his excellent wit hath taken a flight far above these whifflers: that whoever dislikes the choice of his subject, cannot but commend his performance of it, and calculate, if on so barren a theme he were so copious, what admirable sport he would have made with an ecclesiastical politician."

It is pleasant to read this acknowledgment of an enemy's merits, which shows that Andrew loved wit for its own sake, without looking at the party from which it proceeded. But it must be recollected that his "withers were unwrung." He was no Puritan,—no new-light man. If he inclined to one mode of church discipline rather than another, he chose that which he conceived most favourable to liberty.

Here he rises to a more solemn indignation:—"Once, perhaps, in a hundred years there may arise such a prodigy in the University (where all men else learn better arts and better manners), and from thence may creep into the church (where the teachers, at least, ought to be well instructed in the knowledge and practice of Christianity); so prodigious a person, I say, may even there be hatched, who shall neither know nor care how to behave himself to God or man; and who, having never seen the receptacle of grace or conscience at an anatomical dissection, may conclude, therefore, that there is no such matter, or no such obligation, among Christians, who shall persecute the scripture itself, unless it will conform to his interpretation; who shall strive to put the world into blood, and animate princes to be the executioners of their own subjects for well-doing."

Of the correctness and elegance of Parker's style, the following passage, which Marvell quotes from page 663 of his Defence (what a book his defence must be!) which Marvell cuts up scientifically, may be a fair specimen:—"There sprung up a mighty bramble on the south side of the Lake Lemane that—such is the rankness of the soil—spread and flourished with such a sudden growth, that, partly by the industry of *his* agents abroad, and partly by *its* own indefatigable pains and pragmaticalness, it quite overrun the whole Reformation." (The bramble, of course, is Calvin.)

"You must conceive that Mr. Bayes was all this while in an extacy, in Dodona's grove; or else here is strange work—worse than 'explicating a post,' or 'examining a pillar.' A 'bramble' that had agents abroad, and itself 'an indefatigable bramble.' But straight our bramble is transformed into a man, and he 'makes a chair of infallibility for himself' out of his own bramble timber."

The account of Parker's rise and progress as a chaplain and a popular preacher is rather personal, and too long to be extracted; but there are some things in it which deserve to be remarked for their universal application: *e. g.* "Having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favour by *short graces* and *short sermons*, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans; he gained a great authority likewise among the domestics; they listened to him as an oracle, and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit too, than all the rest of the family put together." The short graces and sermons, all candidates for preferment will do well to imitate; but mimical ways should cautiously be avoided. But this is still better: —"Being of an amorous complexion, and finding himself the cock-divine and the cock-wit of the family, he took the privilege to walk among the hens; and thought it not impolitic to establish his new-acquired reputation upon the gentlewomen's side: and they that perceived he was a rising man, and of pleasant conversation, dividing his day among them into canonical hours,—of reading, now the common prayer and now the romances,—were very much taken with him. The sympathy of silk began to stir and attract the tippet to the petticoat, and the petti coat to the tippet. The innocent ladies found a strange unquietness in their minds, and could not dis-

tinguish whether it were love or devotion. * * I do not hear that for all this he had practised upon the honour of the ladies, but that he preserved always the civility of a Platonic knight-errant. For all this courtship had no other operation but to make him still more in love with himself; and if he frequented their company, it was only to speculate his own baby in their eyes."

There are some who could not do better than attend to the following:—" He is the first minister of the Gospel that ever had it in his commission to rail at all nations. And though it hath long been practised, I never observed any great success by reviling men into conformity. I have heard that charms may even invite the moon out of Heaven, but I could never see her moved by the rhetoric of barking."

But we must make an end of our extracts (though we could willingly extend them further,) with a few of those curious thoughts, which constitute the resemblance we have asserted to exist between Marvell and Butler.

Page 57. " This is an admirable dexterity our author has, to correct a man's scribbling humours without impairing his reputation. He is as courteous as the lightning, which can melt the sword without ever hurting the scabbard."

61. " Is it not strange, that in those most benign minutes of a man's life, when the stars smile, the birds sing, the winds whisper, the fountains warble, the trees blossom, and universal nature seems to invite itself to the bridal, when the lion pulls in his claws, and the aspic lays by its poison, and all the most noxious creatures grow amorously innocent: that even then, Mr. Bayes alone should not be able to refrain his malignity. As you love yourself, Madam, let him not come near you; he hath all his life been

fed with vipers instead of lampreys, and scorpions for cray-fish; and if any time he eat chickens they had been crammed with spiders, till he hath envenomed his whole substance, that it is much safer to bed with a mountebank before he hath taken his antidote."*

140. "Bayes had at first built up such a stupendous magistrate as never was of God's making. He had put all Princes on the rack to stretch them to his dimension. And as a straight line continued grows a circle, he had given them so infinite a power, that it was extended into impotency. For although he found it not till it was too late in the cause, yet he felt it all along (which is the understanding of brutes,) in the effect."

187. "For I do not think it will excuse a witch to say that she conjured up a spirit merely that she might lay him, nor can there be a more dexterous and malicious way of calumny, than by making a needless apology for another in a criminal subject. As suppose I should write a preface showing what grounds there are of fears and jealousies of Bayes's being an atheist."

* The germ of this thought, which is borrowed from the fanciful physics of an age when Shaftesbury consulted astrologers, Dryden cast nativities, and Buckingham sought for the philosopher's stone, is to be found in Hudibras:—

> "The Prince of Cambay's daily food
> Is Asp, and Basilisk, and Toad,
> Which makes him have so strong a breath
> Each night he stinks a Queen to death."

Marvell was manifestly much addicted to light reading; a proof that he did not sympathise with the sour, imagination-killing austerities of those separatists, whose cause he fought so ably, when it was become the cause of conscience and liberty. His allusions to romances, plays, and poems, are very numerous and apposite. This taste is often observable in men of business, statesmen, and philosophers.

Though our quotations have already extended too far, we cannot leave behind the following passage, because it states the just principles of the patriot in the clearest point of view. Speaking of Laud's unhappy attempt to force a form of worship upon the Scotch, and the consequent insurrection, he says, "Whether it be a war of religion or of liberty, is not worth the labour to inquire. Whichsoever was at the top, the other was at the bottom; but considering all, I think the cause was too good to be fought for. Men ought to have trusted God; they ought and might have trusted the King with the whole of that matter. The arms of the church are prayers and tears, the arms of the subject are patience and petitions. The King himself being of so accurate and piercing a judgment would soon have felt where it stuck. For men may spare their pains when nature is at work, and the world will not go the faster for our driving. Even as his present Majesty's happy restoration did itself, so all things else happen in their best and proper time, without our officiousness."

Such an attack may naturally be supposed to have called forth a host of answers, some of which attempted to vie with the quaintness of Marvell's title.

As Marvell had nicknamed Parker *Bayes*, the quaint humour of one entitled his reply "Rosemary and Bayes;" another, "The Transproser Rehearsed, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play;" another, "Gregory Father Greybeard with his Vizard off." "There were no less than six scaramouches together upon the stage, all of them of the same gravity and behaviour, the same tone, and the same habit, that it was impossible to discern which was the true author of 'The Ecclesiastical Polity.' I

believe he imitated the wisdom of some other Princes, who have sometimes been persuaded by their servants to disguise several others in the regal garb, that the enemy might not know in the battle whom to single."

Parker certainly did answer, or attempt to answer, his adversary, in "A Reproof of the Rehearsal Transprosed," in which he hints the propriety of Marvell's receiving a practical reproof from the secular arm. About the same time Andrew found in his lodgings an anonymous epistle, short as a blunderbuss:—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat," which pious expression of High Church zeal was adopted as the motto to the "Second part of the Rehearsal Transprosed," printed in 1673. From this second part we must be content with a single extract. Parker had reproached Marvell with the friendship of Milton, then living, in terms calculated to draw fresh suspicion on the aged poet, in an age when many would have deemed it a service to the Church, if not to God, to assassinate the author of Paradise Lost. Of his great and venerable friend, Marvell speaks thus honourably:—

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning and sharpness of wit as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side, and he writ, *flagrante Bello*, certain dangerous treatises of no other nature than that which I mentioned to you writ by your own father,*

* Controversy is pitch; none can meddle with it and be clean. How little worthy of Marvell was it to reproach Parker with what his father had written; was it his fault that his father was one of Oliver's committee-men, or that he wrote a book in defence of "the government of the people of England," with a most hieroglyphical title of emblems,

only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment. At his Majesty's happy return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, of his regal clemency, and has ever since lived in a most retired silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you accidentally. But there it was, when you, as I told you, wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologising on the duration of his Majesty's government, that you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember."

Perhaps it was well for Marvell, that Milton could not read this, and we hope no one was so injudicious as to read it to him, for he would most angrily have spurned at any thing like an *extenuation* of deeds in which he never ceased to glory. The very constitution of Milton's mind, his defect and his excellence forbad him to conceive himself to have been in the wrong: in this, as in all else, but his genius and his nobility of soul, he was the very antipodes of Shakspeare. He that relented not, when he saw Charles the First upon the scaffold, was little likely to turn royalist, when he heard of Charles the Second in his harem.

Marvell, in all his authentic works, speaks with

mottos, &c., enough, as Andrew says, to have supplied the mortlings and achievements of this godly family?

Parker died Bishop of Oxford, and it is asserted, on the very dubious credit of Jesuits, that he would have openly professed Popery, under James the Second, had he not been married. He died 1687, at the President's lodge of Maudlin College, Oxford. His versatility of principle does not seem to have enriched his family, for one of his daughters was reduced to the necessity of begging her bread.

respect and tenderness of Charles the First, whose errors and misfortunes he attributed mainly to the rash counsels of the Prelates. In religion, he appears to incline to the Calvinistic doctrines, but without bitterness against the contrary opinions. He was truly liberal without indifference.

In October, 1674, his correspondence with his constituents was resumed, (or rather from this date it has been preserved,) and continued to within a few months of his death. The first letter of this renewed series has been often quoted as an instance of his incorruptibility and caution. The people of Hull had thought fit to propitiate with a present their governor, the Duke of Monmouth, then highly popular, and the hero, if not head of a certain party, who, to avert the dangers of a catholic succession, would gladly have washed the stain of illegitimacy from Charles's favourite offspring, though neither the law nor the Church of England permitted this *ex post facto* legitimation. They manage these things better at Rome. However Monmouth was the man of the day, and Marvell was to officiate in offering to the Duke the good town's oblation. But let him tell his own story:—"To-day I waited on him, and first presented him with your letter, which he read over very attentively, and then prayed me to assure you, that he would, upon all occasions, be most ready to give you the marks of his affection, and assist you in any affairs that you should recommend to him; with other words of civility to the same purpose. I then delivered him the six broad pieces, telling him I was deputed to blush on your behalf for the meanness of the present, &c.; but he took me off, and said he thanked you for it, and accepted it as a token of your kindness. He had, before I came in, as I was told, considered what to do with the

gold; but that I by all means prevented the offer, or I had been in danger of being reimbursed with it. I received the bill which was sent me on Mr. Nelthorpe; but the surplus of it exceeding much the expense I have been at on this occasion, I desire you to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity."

As these letters relate wholly to the confused and unhappy politics of the time, and do not throw any new light on what is generally known, much less lead to the discovery of what is obscure, we shall make no further selections from them. We do, however, earnestly desire to see them republished in a convenient form, with whatever historical elucidation they may require to render them intelligible. It is right to mention that they testify favourably to the general accuracy of Hume, with whose account of the same transactions we have had occasion to compare them. The last date is June 6th, 1678, about two months before his death. He died, perhaps happily for his fame, before the explosion of the Popish plot.

In the latter years of his life, Marvell frequently appeared as a political writer, and perhaps excited more animosity in that capacity, than by his firmness as a senator. In 1675 was seen the novel spectacle of a Bishop (and one who had been a confessor for his church) assailed by a plain priest, for over-toleration, and defended by a Calvinistic layman. Dr. Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a book called the "Naked Truth, or the true State of the Primitive Church," which, unlike most theological tracts in the seventeenth century, was in a moderate spirit, and of a moderate size, being no more than a quarto pamphlet of four or five sheets. As it was hostile to the high pretensions of the Hierarchy, as well as against the forcible interposition of the civil

power in matters of belief or worship, it probably was resented by the more violent clergy as the treason of a false brother. Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, published his "Animadversions on the Naked Truth," wherein, unluckily for himself, he indulged in a sort of prim facetiousness not quite in unison with the subject. Marvell had already made one divine "sacred to ridicule," by a dramatic nick-name: he now anabaptized Dr. Turner as "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode," alluding to a chaplain in Etherege's comedy,—"Sir Fopling Flutter, or the Man of Mode,"—thus holding him up as the model "of a neat, starched, formal and forward divine." There is a passage near the commencement which we must transcribe for the benefit of all *would-be-wits* in orders:—

"And from hence it proceeds, that, to the no small scandal and disreputation of our church, a great arcanum of their state hath been discovered and divulged; that, albeit wit be not inconsistent and incompatible with a clergyman, yet neither is it inseparable from them. So that it is of concernment to my Lords the Bishops henceforward to repress those of them who have no wit from writing, and to take care that even those that have, do husband it better, as not knowing to what exigency they may be reduced; but however, that they the Bishops be not too forward in licensing and prefixing their venerable names to such pamphlets. For admitting, though *I am not too positive in it*, that our episcopacy is of apostolical right, yet we do not find, among all those gifts there given to men, that Wit is enumerated; nor yet among those qualifications requisite to a Bishop. And therefore should they, out of complacency for an author, or delight in the argument, or facility of their judgments, approve of a dull

book, their own understandings will be answerable, and irreverent people, that cannot distinguish, will be ready to think that such of them differ from men of wit, not only in degree, but in order. For all are not of my mind, who could never see any one elevated to that dignity, but I presently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever I had formerly. But some do not stick to affirm, that even they, the Bishops, come by theirs, not by inspiration, not by teaching, but even as the poor laity do sometimes light upon it,—by a good mother. Which has occasioned the homely Scotch proverb, that 'an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy.' And as they come by it as do other men, so they possess it on the the same condition: that they cannot transmit it by breathing, touching, or any natural effluvium, to other persons; not so much as to their most domestic chaplains, or to the closest residentiary. That the King himself, who is no less the spring of that, than he is the fountain of honour, yet has never used the dubbing or creating of wits as a flower of his prerogative; much less can the ecclesiastical power confer it with the same ease as they do the holy orders. That whatsoever they can do of that kind is, at uttermost, to empower men by their authority and commission, no otherwise than in the licensing of midwives or physicians. But that as to their collating of any internal talent or ability, they could never pretend to it; their grants and their prohibitions are alike invalid, and they can neither capacitate one man to be witty, nor hinder another from being so, further than as they press it at their devotion. Which, if it be the case, they cannot be too exquisite, seeing this way of writing is found so necessary, in making choice of fit instruments. The Church's credit is more interested in an ecclesiastical droll, than in a

lay chancellor. It is no small trust that is reposed in him to whom the Bishop shall commit *omne et omni modum suum ingenium, tam temporale quam spirituale;* and, however it goes with excommunication, they should take good heed to what manner of persons they delegate the keys of laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to sustain the dignity of the Church's jester, and, should they take as exact a scrutiny of them as of the Non-conformists through their dioceses, the numbers would appear inconsiderable upon this Easter visitation. Before men be admitted to so important an employment, it were fit they underwent a severe examination; and that it might appear, first, whether they have any sense; for without that how can any man pretend—and yet they do—to be ingenious? Then, whether they have any modesty; for without that they can only be scurrilous and impudent. Next, whether any truth; for true jests are those that do the greatest execution. And lastly, it were not amiss that they gave some account, too, of their Christianity; for the world has hitherto been so uncivil as to expect something of that from the clergy, in the design and style even of their lightest and most uncanonical writings."

Few Bishops seem to have honoured Marvell with their correspondence; but Dr. Croft did not think it derogatory to the mitre to thank his sarcastic avenger. We must give his letter, though it is not the ideal of epistolary or episcopal composition. Marvell's work, it must be remembered, was published under the name of Andreas Rivetus, Jun.:—

SIR,—I choose to run some hazard of this (having no certain information), rather than incur your censure of ingratitude to the person who hath set forth Mr. Smirke in so trim and proper a dress, unto whose

hands I hope this will happily arrive, to render him due thanks for the humane civility and christian charity showed to the author of Naked Truth, so bespotted with the dirty language of foul-mouthed beasts, who, though he feared much his own weakness, yet, by God's undeserved grace, is so strengthened, as not at all to be dejected, or much concerned with such snarling curs, though sett on by many spightfull hands and hearts, of a high stamp, but as base alloy. I cannot yet get a sight of what the Bishop of Ely (Turner) hath certainly printed, but keeps very close, to put forth, I suppose, the next approaching session of Parliament, when there cannot be time to make a reply; for I have just cause to fear the session will be short. Sir, this assures you, that you have the zealous prayers and hearty service of the author of Naked truth, your humble Servant,

H. C.

July, 1676.

In answer to this letter from Bishop Croft, Marvell says:—

My Lord,—Upon Tuesday night last I received your thanks for that which could not deserve your pardon; for great is your goodness to profess a gratitude, where you had a justifiable reason for your clemency; for notwithstanding the ill-treatment you received from others, 'tis I that have given you the highest provocation. A good cause receives more injury from a weak defence, than from a frivolous accusation; and the ill that does a man no harm, is to be preferred before the good that creates him a prejudice; but your Lordship's generosity is not, I see, to be reformed by the most exquisite patterns of ill nature; and while perverse men have made a

crime of your virtue, yet 'tis your pleasure to convert the obligation I have placed upon you into a civility.

Indeed, I meant all well, but 'tis not every one's good fortune to light into hands where he may escape; and for a man of good intentions, less than this I could not say in due and humble acknowledgment, and your favourite interpretation of me; for the rest, I most heartily rejoice to understand that the same God who hath chosen you out to bear so eminent a testimony to his truth, hath given you also that Christian magnanimity to hold up, without any depression of spirit, against its and your opposers; what they intend further, I know not, neither am I curious; my soul shall not enter into their secrets; but as long as God shall send you life and health, I reckon our church is indefectable: may he, therefore, long preserve you to his honour, and further service, which shall be the constant prayer of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
and most faithful Servant,

London, July 16, 1676. ANDREW MARVELL."

To this work of Marvell's was added a short "Historical Essay concerning general Councils, Creeds, and Impositions, in Matters of Religion, by Andreas Redivivus, Jun., 1671, quarto." Of Turner, it is but fair to say that, whether his opinions were right or wrong, he proved his integrity under severe and repeated trials. He was among the seven Bishops who were imprisoned for refusing to authorize the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience; yet he stuck to James in his adversity, and died a Non-juror and an Exile.

These strong and deep-thoughted satires gained for Marvell the reputation of a wit, even in the court

where wit was one of the few good things admissible. Charles himself forgave the Patriot for the sake of the Humourist. Loving ridicule for its own sake, he cared not whether friend or foe, church or conventicle, were the object of derision. Burnet, who vilifies Marvell by calling him the "liveliest droll of the age," declares that, "his books were the delight of all classes, from the King to the tradesman;" a sentence which accidentally points out the limits of reading in those days. As neither wits nor poets have been always remarkable for moral firmness, and are as vulnerable in their vanity and fears as politicians in their avarice and ambition, no means were omitted to win over Marvell. He was threatened, he was flattered, he was thwarted, he was caressed, he was beset with spies, and, if all tales be true, he was way-laid by ruffians, and courted by beauties. But no Delilah could discover the secret of his strength; his integrity was proof alike against danger and against corruption; nor was it enervated by that flattery, which, more frequently than either, seduces those weak, amiable creatures, whom, for lack of better, we are fain to call good. Against threats and bribes, pride is the ally of principle; but how often has virtue pined away to a shadow, by too fondly contemplating its own image, reflected by insidious praise; as Narcissus, in the fable, consumed his beauty by gazing on its watery shade. In a Court which held no man to be honest, and no woman chaste, this soft sorcery was cultivated to perfection; but Marvell, revering and respecting himself, was proof against its charms.

There is a story told of his refusing a bribe, which has been heard and repeated by many, who perhaps did not know in what king's reign he lived, and which has been so often paralléled with the turnips of

Curius, and the like common-places, that some sceptical persons have held that there is as little truth in the one as in the other. However, we believe it to have been founded in fact, and that the mistake has been in the dulness of those who took a piece of dry English humour for a stoical exhibition of virtue. At all events, a life of Andrew Marvell would be as imperfect without it, as a history of King Alfred without the neat-herd's cottage and the burnt cakes. It is related with various circumstances, but we shall follow the narrative of a pamphlet printed in Ireland, A.D. 1754:—The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that he would be theirs for properly asking, they sent his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for £1000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, calls after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right, child." "What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the *blade-bone to broil.*" "'Tis so, very right, child, go away." "My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my

constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose: *I am not one.*"

One mark of authenticity the story certainly wants:—it has no date. As, however, it mentions Lord Danby as treasurer, it must have occurred within the last four years of Marvell's life; for Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards first Duke of Leeds, was not appointed treasurer till the 19th of June, 1673; nor was he created Earl Danby till the 27th of June, 1674. The fact of his having been Marvell's schoolfellow rests, as far as we have discovered, upon the Irishman's credit alone, though it is not impossible, as his family estates lay in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

In addition to the circumstances mentioned above, it has been customary to enhance the merit of Marvell by relating how, after refusing the King's thousand pounds, he was obliged to borrow a guinea of his bookseller. But the story is better without this heightening touch. The very familiarity with which the word guinea is employed, points to a period when a guinea was the lowest sum which a gentleman could think of accepting. Now guineas were first coined in 1673, and it is by no means likely that the term became immediately familiar. Marvell was more likely to have borrowed a broad piece. Borrowing of a bookseller, is an expedient very likely to occur to an author of later days; but Andrew Marvell never was a bookseller's author, nor were booksellers likely to be liberal lenders, when the copyright of Paradise Lost was transferred for £15.

Marvell was far from affluent, but there is no ground for supposing that he ever was, in the proper sense of the word, *poor*. His paternal estate, though small, was unimpaired; his mode of living simple and frugal, but not sordid. His company was sought by the great, as well as the witty; notwithstanding his

politics, he was admitted into the company of the merry Monarch, (but so to be sure was Colonel Blood), and he was on so intimate a footing with Prince Rupert, that whenever the Prince dissented from the court measures, it was usual to say "he has been with his tutor." It is said, that when Marvell had become so obnoxious to the Court, or rather to the Duke's party, that it was dangerous for him to stir abroad, Rupert visited him at his humble apartment, in a Westminster attic.

That Marvell was exposed to assaults from the drunken insolent followers of the Court, such as those that revenged the cause of Nell Gwyn on Sir John Coventry's nose, is almost certain. Homicide, in a midnight scuffle, was then esteemed as venial as adultery. The habit of bloodshed, contracted in civil warfare, had choked up the natural remorse of hearts which had either no religion, or worse than none. But that any settled design of assassinating him was meditated by any party, cannot be proved, and therefore ought not to be believed.

So long, indeed, as he condescended to write in masquerade, and to veil his serious purpose with a ridiculous vizard, it seems to have been the wish of the government to let him escape. But when at last he dared to be once for all in earnest, and set forth the dangers of the constitution plainly and without a parable, the ruling powers were afraid to laugh any longer, and began to think of prosecuting. In the early part of 1678, appeared "An Account of the growth of Popery and arbitrary Government in England," ostensibly printed at Amsterdam, which though without his name, was well known to be the work of Marvell, for none else could and would have written it. Shortly after, the following proclamation appeared in the Gazette.

"Whereas there have been lately printed and published, several seditious and scandalous libels, against the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament, and other his Majesty's Courts of Justice, to the dishonour of his Majesty's government, and the hazard of the public peace: These are to give notice, that what person soever shall discover unto one of the Secretaries of State, the printer, publisher, author, or hander to the press, of any of the said libels, so that full evidence may be made thereof to a jury, without mentioning the informer; especially one libel, entitled 'An Account of the Growth of Popery,' &c., and another called 'A seasonable Argument to all Grand Juries,' &c.; the discoverer shall be rewarded as follows:—he shall have 50*l.* for the discovery of the printer, or publisher, and for the hander of it to the press, 100*l.*," &c.

So little was Marvell alarmed at this movement, that he writes to his friend Popple in a strain of jocular defiance about it. The letter is dated 10th of June, 1678, and is perhaps the latest of his extant writings:—"There came out, about Christmas last, a large book, concerning 'The growth of Popery and arbitrary Government.' There have been great rewards offered in private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any who would inform of the author. Three or four books, printed since, have described, as near as it was proper to go, the man, Mr. Marvell, being a member of Parliament, to have been the author; but if he had, surely he would not have escaped being questioned in Parliament, or some other place." No prosecution, however, ensued, but dark and desperate menacings hovered round him; he was obliged to be cautious of going abroad, and was sometimes obliged to secrete himself for several days. Perhaps he found it prudent to absent himself

from town, and seek security among his constituents; for in an extract from the books of the Corporation of Hull, we find this notice: "This day, 29th July, 1678, the court being met, Andrew Marvell, Esq., one of the burgesses of Parliament for this borough, came into court, and several discourses were held, about the town affairs." We know not, whether, like his father, he was possessed with a presentiment of approaching mortality, and felt that this was to be his last visit to the scenes of his chidhood; but certain it is, he was destined to see them no more. He returned to London, and with scarce any previous illness, or visible decay of constitution, on the 16th of August, he expired.

No wonder if so sudden a decease, in an age when all were disposed to believe, and too many to execute, the worst that evil thoughts suggest, were ascribed to the effects of poison; but since all men are liable to be called away every hour, it is better not to add horrid surmises to the woful sum of horrid certainties.

It was somewhat singular, that the Parliament, in which Marvell had sat so long, itself the longest which ever sat under the monarchy, survived him but one session, as if its dissolution were deferred as long as it numbered one righteous man. The pension Parliament was dissolved on the 30th of December, 1678.

It has been said that Marvell was the last member that received wages from his constituents. Others, however, his contemporaries, maintained the *right*, and suffered their arrears to accumulate as a cheap resource at the next election. More than once in the course of Marvell's correspondence, he speaks of members threatening to sue their boroughs for their pay.

Aubrey, who knew Marvell, and may be trusted

when he describes what he saw, says that he was "of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish cheeked, hazel eyed, brown haired. In his conversation he was modest, and of very few words. He was wont to say he would not drink high, or freely, with any one with whom he could not trust his life."*

Heaven be praised, we live in times when such a resolution would seldom interfere with the circulation of the bottle. If a gentleman take care that the liquor does not injure him, he need apprehend no *bodily* hurt from his compotators.

As a Senator, his character appears unimpeachable. He was a true representative of his constituents; not slavishly submitting his wisdom to their will, nor

* The following description, slightly differing from the above, is from the pen of Mr. Hollis:—

"Mr. Marvell was of a very dark complexion, with long black hair, black bright eyes, strong features, his nose not small, but altogether a handsome man, with an impressive countenance. He was about five feet seven, of a strong constitution, and very active. He was of a very reserved disposition among strangers, but easy, lively, facetious, and instructive to his intimates."

There are two original portraits of Marvell, one which his great-nephew, Mr. Nettledon, presented to the British Museum, where it is still preserved; another, bought for Mr. Hollis, of Mr. T. Bollam of Leeds, by means of Mr. Boydell, the engraver, which was formerly in the possession of Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary.

Mr. Hollis, in a letter to his friend in reference to this portrait, says—"If Marvell's picture does not look so lively and witty as you might expect, it is from chagrin and awe which he had of the Restoration, just then effected. Marvell's picture was painted when he was forty-one years of age, that is, in 1661, with all the sobriety and decency of the then departed Commonwealth."—*From Mr. Dove's Life of Marvell.—D. C.*

setting his privilege above their interests. How he would have acted, had he been a member of the Long Parliament, which presumed to command the King in the name of the nation, and levied forces against the Monarch, under his own Great Seal, we can only conjecture. The sphere of his duty was far different; for the Commons, on the Restoration, necessarily resumed their pristine character, which was not that of a ruling Committee, but a simple representation of the third estate. There was then no need of a monarchical, or of an aristocratical party in the lower House, for the monarchy and aristocracy still retained ample powers of their own. A member of Parliament had therefore only one duty to attend to, as a counsellor is only obliged to serve the interests of his clients, leaving to the Judge and Jury the justice of the general question. We are convinced, that a restitution of the tribunitial power, originally vested in the Commons, should be accompanied with the restoration of the just prerogatives of the Peerage, and of the Crown. "Give the King his own again," and the people will get their own too.

Of his poetic merits, we would gladly speak at large, but our limits allow not of immoderate quotation, and his works are too little known, and in general too inaccessible, to be referred to with confidence. It is disgraceful to English booksellers, (we say not to the English nation), that they find not a place in our popular collections.* The writer of

* This is, indeed, the proper place for them, where they might be consulted by the curious in poetical literature. The writer of these Lives pleased himself with the notion of editing them separately. A careful selection, well got up, might obtain a partial and temporary currency, but would hardly become popular.

The author of the Life of Marvell, in the "Penny Cyclo-

this notice can truly say that he met with them only by accident, and was astonished that they were not familiar as household words. But probably the same causes which retarded the poetic fame of Milton, went nigh to extinguish that of Andrew Marvell. The classical Republicans were few and inefficient. The Puritans would not read poetry. The High-Church Bigots would read nothing but what emanated from their own party. The common-place roystering Royalists were seldom sober enough to read, and the mob-fanatics did not know their letters.

Moreover, the mere celebrity of a man, in one respect, sometimes throws a temporary shade over his accomplishments in a different line. Milton had produced poems in his youth, that alone would place him high among poets, yet no one remembered that the author of the "Defensio Populi Anglicani" had

pædia," observes on this subject—"Marvell's powers as a poet were not sufficient to ensure him lasting fame. Few or none of his poetical compositions, any more than his prose, obtained a lasting popularity. Many of his verses, particularly the satirical, are defaced by the coarseness of his time, from which his contemporary, Milton, is so remarkably free. Others display a degree of feeling, and a perception of the beauties of nature, expressed with a harmony of versification and felicity of language, which not unfrequently recalls the L'Allegro and Il Penseroso of Milton. But Marvell's verse did not possess sufficient vitality to secure its continued existence. He says of it himself, with a sort of prophetic truth, in his lines to 'The Coy Mistress:'"

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity.
> Thy beauty shall no more be found;
> Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
> My echoing song."

ever written Comus; and Roscoe was the first to remind the people of England, that Lorenzo di Medici ranks high among the bards of Italy. It is not without effort that we remember that Cæsar's Commentaries were written by the same man who conquered at Pharsalia. And what reader of Childe Harold thinks of Lord Byron's speech about the Nottingham Frame-breakers? Lord John Russell's Tragedies are obscured by the lustre of his Reform Bill; and should Paganini produce another Iliad, it would only be read as the preposterous adventure of a fiddler. Hence we may fairly conclude that Marvell's fame would have been greater, had it been less; that had he been as insignificant a being as Pomfret, or Yalden, Dr. Johnson might have condescended to have ranked him among the Poets of Great Britain.

We took occasion to allude to Marvell's sentiments on the death of Charles the First, expressed in his Horatian Ode to Oliver Cromwell. The lines are noble:—

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

* * *

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain:
    But those do hold or break,
    As men are strong or weak.
Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less
    And therefore must make room
    Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar
    And Hampton shows what part
    He had of wiser art:

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chace
To Carisbrook's narrow case;
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try.
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight,
To vindicate his helpless right:
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.
This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So when they did design
The capitol's first line,
A bleeding head where they begun
Did fright the architects to run.

The poems of Marvell are, for the most part, productions of his early youth. They have much of that over-activity of fancy, that remoteness of allusion, which distinguishes the school of Cowley; but they have also a heartfelt tenderness, a childish simplicity of feeling, among all their complication of thought, which would atone for all their conceits, if conceit were indeed as great an offence against poetic nature as Addison and other critics of the French school pretend. But though there are cold conceits, a conceit is not necessarily cold. The mind, in certain states of passion, finds comfort in playing with occult or casual resemblances, and dallies with the echo of a sound.

We confine our praise to the poems which he wrote

for himself. As for those he made to order, for Fairfax or Cromwell, they are as dull as every true son of the muse would wish these things to be. Captain Edward Thompson, who collected and published Marvell's works in 1776, has, with mischievous industry, scraped together, out of the state poems, and other common sewers, a quantity of obscene and scurrilous trash, which we are convinced Marvell did not write, and which, by whomsoever written, ought to be delivered over to condign oblivion.

With less injury to Marvell's reputation, but equal disregard of probability, Captain Thompson ascribes to him the hymns or paraphrases, "When all thy mercies, O my God," "The spacious firmament on high," which were published in the Spectator, and afterwards in the works of Addison, to whom they undoubtedly belong. He was not the man to claim what was not his own. As to their being Marvell's, it is just as probable that they are Chaucer's. They present neither his language, his versification, nor his cast of thought.

We cannot better conclude, than with the following beautiful extract from a letter to a friend in affliction, which is novel on a trite subject,—that of consolation:—

"Honoured Sir,—Having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my spirit, I cannot forbear to inquire, how you have stood the second shock at your sad meeting of friends in the country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our better fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. And I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of

nature, so that they spring from tenderness only and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and if they be placed with the same advantage towards heaven as those are to the sun, they, too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise, that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief—the prodigality of sorrow—is neither to be indulged in a man's self, nor complied with in others. Though an only son be inestimable, yet it is like Jonah's sin, to be angry at God for the withering of his gourd. He that gave his own son, may he not take ours? It is pride that makes a rebel; and nothing but the overweening of ourselves and our own things that raises us against Divine Providence. Whereas, Abraham's obedience was better than sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it is indeed a farther trial, but a greater honour. 'Tis true, it is a hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And, where yourselves are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body, and read the anatomy lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you would do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you; the Word of God, the society of good men, and the books of the ancients: there is one way more, which is by diversion, business, and activity, which are also necessary to be used in their season." *

* The collected works of Andrew Marvell were first published, in folio, in 1680—it is said with little correctness.

A more complete list was afterwards drawn up in 1765, by Mr. Thomas Hollis, by whom a collected edition, with a life of the author, was contemplated.

Mr. Hollis's list is as follows :—

1. Flecnoe, an English Priest. Instructions to a Painter. 1667.

2. A Poem against Lancelot Joseph de Maniban.

3. The Rehearsal Transprosed. 1672.

4. A second part of the Rehearsal Transprosed. 1672.

5. Mr. Smirke on the Divine in Mode. 1676.

6. An Account of the Growth of Popery.

7. A short Historical Essay concerning General Councils. 4to. London, 1687.

8. A Letter to O. C. (MS.) July 28, 1653.

9. A Letter to William Popple (MS.) July, 17, 1676.

Several other writings have been published under Marvell's name. Among the rest, "The Royal Manual, a Poem," 4to., 1751, supposed to have been written by Andrew Marvel; and "A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State." By A——M——l, Esq., and other eminent wits. 4to. Lond. 1689.

In 1772, the works of Andrew Marvell were published in two small volumes, with a life, by Mr. Cooke; and in 1776, in three quarto volumes, by Captain Edward Thompson, to whom Mr. Hollis's collection had been committed. This is the best edition of the works.

In 1832, shortly before the publication of the present work, a life of Marvell was brought out, as before stated, by Mr. Dove, with a selection from the poems, as an appendix.

The present narrative appears to have been reconstructed from the same materials as the two preceding, but is throughout original in language, sentiment, and illustration.—*D. C.*

RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.

THE life of Bentley,* is not a pleasing retrospect. It affords a painful proof that peaceful pursuits are not always pursued in peace — that the irascible

* The Quarterly Reviewer, in the article upon the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, observes of this life, that, "though founded of course upon Bishop Monk's elaborate work, it is a most original and spirited portrait of that prince of English scholars."—*Quarterly Review, Sept.* 1835. This praise is not undeserved. No one will dispute that it is most spirited; and, so far as the general conception and treatment are concerned, it may fairly be pronounced original. Not merely is the narrative interspersed throughout with original reflections, and new illustrative matter, but a novel character is given to the whole. Though constructed out of the same, or nearly the same materials, the total effect is different. The portrait, perhaps from the comparative absence of detail, stands out in a higher relief; and although the blemishes which appear so strikingly in Dr. Monk's representation are neither concealed nor disguised, the likeness is upon the whole more engaging. The cordial, affectionate nature of the learned despot, with his entire freedom from hollow conventionality and sham, recommended him to his later biographer, who takes, moreover, a somewhat different view of his long contests with his college. He is far from defending all his measures, but he prefers his cause to that of his opponents. Seeing the abuse of the collegiate system then prevalent in a strong light, he has less indignation to spare even for an unconstitutional and unscrupulous

passions may be excited, no less by controversies of literature, than by disputes of politics; and that

dictatorship. As a standard work on the subject it will by no means supersede the masterly performance above mentioned, of which the present may be regarded both as a convenient analysis and instructive critique; and as such will be read with pleasure and profit by numbers to whom the valuable work upon which it is based would otherwise have been unknown.

It must, however, be confessed that the use made of Dr. Monk's labours is hardly covered by a general acknowledgment, however ample. A particular reference should have been made in several passages where, doubtless through haste and inadvertence, it has been omitted. These remarks apply principally to the earlier portion, in which not merely the substance, but the language, is borrowed, whole paragraphs being taken out without alteration, and joined together in the way of a mosaic. As the continuity is well preserved, and Dr. Monk's style of narration could hardly be improved, the reader is no loser by this method of abridgment, and which, if it had been confined, as, for the most part, it is, to mere matter of fact, it would hardly have been worth while to notice; but among the paragraphs thus abstracted is an admirable critique upon Bentley's masterpiece—his famous Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris. This passage is in fact referred, in express terms, to the accomplished scholar by whom it was written, and commences with inverted commas, but there is no indication where the extract terminates; and as it extends over three paragraphs, a hasty comparison might lead to the impression that the obligation was unacknowledged. It is, however, evident that the omission was accidental, if not a mere printer's erratum. It may be observed that the notes to the portion of the life taken in this manner from Dr. Monk's work, are marked with a C., as if the writer meant to claim them, and them only, as properly his own composition; but the reader will have no difficulty in recognising the author's pen, whenever he chooses to employ it on his own account.—*D. C.*

mean and malignant interests are as busy in academic shades, as they can be in "high-viced cities;"—that power is as eagerly and unscrupulously grasped at by the scholar, as by the courtier; and that money was once as unrighteously worshipped in Trinity College, Cambridge, as now in Threadneedle Street, or Capel Court.

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
> Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."
>
> Of liberal learning 'tis the choicest fruit
> To make a gentleman of clown or brute.

So says Ovid. This is one of the first apothegms that poor little Latiners are doomed to learn; and a beautiful one it is; displaying the value of classical learning in the clearest light. There is but one small objection to it:—it is not true.

It were well for great authors, poets, philosophers, scholars,—may be also for divines, if their memory lived only in their works—if their books were like the pyramids, which are admired the more, because we know not by whom, or for what, they were erected. Happiest, as the first and greatest of poets, is Homer, of whose corporeal existence not a record survives. So utterly are the footsteps of his mortal pilgrimage obliterated, that certain irrefragable doubters deny that he ever appeared in the body, and maintain that the "Iliad" is a meteor formed of the exhalations of a national mind, a unison of many voices, blended by the distance of a remote age; and it is pleasanter to believe even this, than to think that his life was spent in petty squabbles, and *qui tam* litigation; or that, according to one tradition, he drowned himself from vexation, because he could not guess a miserable riddle.

It may not be an unfitting introduction to the biography of England's first Hellenist, if we attempt to fix the just value of that literature, to which Bentley dedicated those hours, which were not engaged in litigious feuds, from which no distraction of affairs, no peril of estate or reputation, ever diverted him. In the ceaseless ebb and flow of opinion, what has been unduly exalted by one age, is oft-times as unjustly depreciated in the next, and so it has happened, that a minute acquaintance with the niceties of two dead languages, which has been honoured with the exclusive name of scholarship, and regarded as the sole type and symbol of a liberal education, is now considered by the most influential movers of popular judgment as the specious disguise of self-complacent ignorance, the fruitless blossom of indefatigable idleness, at best a frivolous accomplishment, and, not seldom, an insidious abettor of privileged prejudice, and of "creeds outworn." But in truth there is no more wisdom, and far less amiability, in running along with a new folly than in sitting still in the shadow of an old one.

In the wide circuit of human capacity, there is room for every art, and every science. As that liberty which infringes on another's birthright is usurpation, so that knowledge, whatever it be, which allows not space for all knowledge to expand, is merely learned ignorance. Neither the exact sciences, which are part and parcel of the pure reason; nor the practical arts of life, which good sense constructs out of experience, are anywise defrauded, by the attention which certain intellects choose to bestow on the remains of antiquity. It is a very useless inquiry —what kind of knowledge, or what line of occupation is best?—all are good, and, in a complex system of society, all are needful. The community will best be

served, if each do strenuously what he can do best, without troubling himself about the comparative worth or dignity of his vocation. When we consider the excellence to which Scaliger, Bentley, Hermann, Heyne, attained in their art, we cannot reasonably doubt, that the All-giver endued them with peculiar faculties, fitted to their peculiar object, and that devoting themselves to that object, they obeyed the will of Him who bestows on each man according to His divine pleasure. When we see a beautiful picture, we know that its maker was bound by special duty to paint. When we read an acute and elegant criticism, we are sure that its author is right in being a philologer. Wherever we find any branch of learning cultivated to the detriment of general information, we say not "this is overrated," but "other things are underrated;" the fabric of learning has been built on too narrow a basis, and without that symmetry and inter-dependence of parts which is no less indispensable to intellectual soundness, than to visible beauty. But though the commonwealth of mind requires universal erudition, yet for the individual it is sufficient that he be wise in his own craft —the division of labour allows and demands that particular functions should appropriate particular agents—all will go well for each and all, if there be not wanting some few overlooking and ruling geniuses, some master intellects, some architectonic sages, to keep the operatives to their work, and to restrict them to their province.

The question is not, therefore, whether critical learning be not useful and ornamental to the individual, not whether a Bentley employed, or misemployed, his faculties, but whether the predominance asserted by classical studies over all other human knowledge, is rightfully conceded. Never for a

moment would we allow it to be disputed that Mozart and Handel were glorious beings, who well fulfilled their duties to nature and to society; for be it remembered that we speak not of those higher duties to God and the soul, which are essentially the same for all degrees, ranks, ages, sexes, and capacities. Their excellence proves irrefragably that they laboured in their appointed path; nevertheless we would not willingly constitute the *music-masters* a committee of general instruction, nor do we very highly approve the fashion which confines every female not born to manual labour, and too many of those that have no secure or honourable prospects of exemption from servitude or toil, hour after hour to a piano-forte, for six days in the week, if the seventh be kept holy—wasting her happy spirits in the weary iteration of sounds, in which she delights not herself, and by which, therefore, she cannot delight others. By parity of argument the excellence of Virgil's verses does not demonstrate the propriety of compelling every boy, who is not sent to a ship or a factory, to be a Latin versifier, nor will the well-earned reputation of Porson and Blomfield justify that arrangement, which measures the fitness of any man to form the mind of youth, and to tend over the souls of the poor, by his skill in deciding the priority of Greek readings, and his zeal for the abdicated rights of the Æolic Digamma.

In the history of *classical* learning in England, the most conspicuous name is that of Richard Bentley, who was one of the most prominent characters of the age to which he belonged. He was equally distinguished for the vigour of his intellect, the extent of his erudition, and the violence of his conduct. His life was long and active, and certainly not spent in an even tenor. From the manner in which it was

occupied, his natural element appears to have been that of strife and contention. His literary controversies, not few in number, were conducted with much ferocity; nor was his name more familiarly known in the classical haunts of the Muses, than in the unclassical Court of King's Bench, where he had *six* law-suits in less than *three* years. The name of Bentley occupies a very prominent place in the works of Pope, Swift, and other contemporary satirists, and is familiarly known to multitudes who have no knowledge of his writings, or of his real character. Of this most learned and pugnacious individual, the present Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Monk), who has cultivated similar studies, has written a most elaborate life. From the Bishop's ample details, and other sources of information, we shall endeavour to give a condensed and accurate view of Bentley's personal and literary history.

Richard Bentley was born at Oulton, a village near Leeds, in Yorkshire, on the 27th of January, 1662. His lineage was neither so high nor so low as it has sometimes been represented. His progenitors were of that respectable class which has supplied every profession with many of its brightest ornaments—the higher description of English yeomen. They had been settled for some generations at Heptonstall, a village about eight miles from Halifax, where they possessed property. During the civil wars, his grandfather, James Bentley, a captain in the Royal army, was taken by the enemy, and died a prisoner in Pontefract Castle. His father, Thomas Bentley, possessed a small estate at Woodlesford, in the parish of Rothwell. In the year 1661, he married Sarah, daughter of Richard Willie, a stone-mason, at Oulton, and the first offspring of their union was the subject of this memoir.

For the first elements of classical learning, he is said to have been indebted to his *mother*, who is represented to have been a woman of an excellent understanding. He was then sent to a day-school in the neighbouring hamlet of Methley, and afterwards to the grammar-school at Wakefield. Cumberland says, that "he went through the school with singular reputation." It appears that Mr. Jeremiah Boulton was the master of Wakefield school until April, 1672, when a Mr. John Baskerville succeeded him. Of this gentleman, to whom the principal credit of Bentley's education must belong, nothing is known but that he was of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and presided in the school at Wakefield till his death, in 1681. Not to name the school, or the masters of men illustrious for literature, has been justly called by Dr. Johnson "a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished." For the place of his education, Bentley testified throughout life the greatest attachment, and extended to persons coming from that seminary his encouragement and patronage.

At the time of Bentley's birth, his father was considerably advanced in life, but his mother was only nineteen. They had four children younger than himself, of whom only two, Ann and Joseph, survived their infancy. When he was thirteen years old his father died, leaving his property at Woodlesford to his eldest son, James, the offspring, as it appears, of a former marriage. Richard was committed to the care of his grandfather Willie, who determined upon sending him to the University. He was admitted at Cambridge, a subsizar of St. John's College, under the tuition of the Rev. Joseph Johnston. The master of the college was Dr. Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely. Of the peculiar direction of Bentley's

academical studies, no record has been preserved. That he then laid the foundation of his accurate and extensive knowledge of the classics, and attained that nice perception of their poetical measures, for which he stands unrivalled, cannot be doubted.

The academical prizes which now serve to stimulate the exertions of students, had, at that period, no existence; but it is necessary to recollect, that a mind constituted like that of Bentley's required no stimulus of this nature. Youthful genius, when it enters upon its proper career, proceeds with an impulse that seems to be instinctive; and not unfrequently nourishes a secret contempt for all those objects which are most attractive to minds of a *secondary* mould. Bentley, who was never oppressed with a distrust of his own powers or attainments, must speedily have felt a consciousness of superiority over all his classical instructors; and, like every other scholar who makes any bold excursions beyond the common limits, he must, to a great extent, have been his own preceptor.

Having continued at college for upwards of two years, he became a scholar on the foundation of Dr. Downman, and at the expiration of the third year, he succeeded to one of the Yorkshire scholarships, founded by Sir Marmaduke Constable. At the regular period he commenced Bachelor of Arts, in company with a greater number of students than have ever taken their degree at the same time, till the last two or three years. In the list of honours, his place corresponds with that of third wrangler, according to the present distribution. From a fellowship of his college he was excluded by a provision in the statutes, which prohibits more than *two* fellows being chosen from the same county. He was, however, appointed head master of the grammar-school

at Spalding, in Lincolnshire. The commission of so important a trust to a youth, who had only completed the twentieth year of his age, is not merely a testimony of his scholarship, but implies an opinion favourable to his general character. On attaining the age of majority, he disposed of his interest in the Oulton property to his brother James, and the money thus procured he devoted to the purchase of books, which are not less necessary to a scholar, than tools to a carpenter.*

The office of a country schoolmaster generally fixes the destiny of its possessor for life, and forces him to be contented with the humble, but honourable fame to be acquired in the discharge of its duties. But Bentley was designed for a different sphere: he did not preside over the school more than a twelvemonth,—too short a period to afford means of estimating his merits as an instructor, and scarcely sufficient to place his name upon record in that capacity.

He next accepted the office of domestic tutor to the son of Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's. For this appointment he was indebted to St. John's College, of which the Dean had been a Fellow. To a young man of talents and merit, hardly any situation could have been more advantageous. It was not only favourable to the cultivation of his talents, but to his views of advancement in the clerical profession.

Bentley took his degree of Master of Arts in July, 1683, after which his personal connection with

* For particulars relative to the Oulton property, Bentley's ancestors, and other matters connected with the place of his nativity, Dr. Monk acknowledges himself indebted to his friend John Blayds, Esq., jun., whose father is possessed of the property in question.

Cambridge was discontinued for the space of seventeen years. In the meantime, prosecuting his studies with all the advantages of books and literary society, he amassed and digested that *prodigious* fund of knowledge, which displays itself in his earliest publications.

The Revolution of eighty-eight, among various greater and lesser consequences, produced a new batch of bishops to supply the sees vacated by the scrupulous *non-jurors*, who, though of stout spirits, were of timid consciences, and, after braving the wrath of a bigot in prosperity, preserved unbroken allegiance to a monarch in exile, spite of the metaphysical figment of the original contract, and the audacious falsehood about the warming pan. Many may doubt whether they acted wisely;—none will deny that they thought nobly. Well had it been had this secession or deprivation produced no worse effects than the promotion of Stillingfleet to the diocese of Worcester; for he was a man whose massive erudition, and sound book-mindedness, were edified by piety, and illumined by good sense. About the same time, Bentley, with his pupil, the younger Stillingfleet, removed to Oxford, and was incorporated Master of Arts, July 4th, 1689, being admitted of Wadham College. Whatever of living learning Oxford had then to boast, was doubtless assiduously sought out by Bentley; but his favourite companions were the MSS. of the Bodleian and its weighty volumes,—the silent language of the dead.

In the ardour of youthful ambition, Bentley projected editions of the Greek grammarians and Latin poets. The project which he contemplated as the foundation of his fame, was a complete collection of the fragments of the Greek poets; "an undertaking," as Dr. Monk remarks, "the magnitude and difficulty

of which those only can appreciate who have endeavoured to collect the quotations of any *one* poet, scattered through the whole range of classical authors, as well as of grammarians, scholiasts, and lexicographers." This work, however, he never executed, but of his competency for such a task he has left sufficient evidence in his collection of the fragments of Callimachus, afterwards communicated to Grævius. At the suggestion, as it is supposed, of the very learned Bishop Lloyd, he undertook the stupendous task of publishing a complete edition of the Greek lexicographers; but where so much is attempted, little is often accomplished. The general design, which was too vast to be properly executed by *one* individual, appears to have been abandoned after a short interval; but it is much to be regretted that he did not publish an edition of Hesychius, an author in whom he professes to have made upwards of *five thousand* corrections. Of his familiarity with this lexicographer, he exhibited a sufficient specimen in his earliest publication, subjoined to Dr. Hody's edition of the chronicle of Joannes Malela Antiochenus, which was printed at Oxford in the year 1691. "The various and accurate learning, and the astonishing sagacity displayed in his epistle to Mill," says Dr. Monk, "attracted the attention of every person capable of judging upon such subjects. The originality of Bentley's style, the boldness of his opinions, and his secure reliance upon unfailing stores of learning, all marked him out as a scholar to be ranked with Scaliger, Casaubon, and Gataker." Such was the production which established the fame of Bentley, at the age of *twenty-nine*, in the highest rank of literary eminence; and from that moment the eyes of every scholar in Europe were fixed upon his operations. "Great as is the number of persons

who have since appeared with success in this department," continues Dr. Monk, "it would not be easy to name a critical essay, which, for accuracy, ingenuity, and original learning, can take place of the Appendix to Malelas."

Bentley's next appearance before the public was in the character of a *divine*. He had received deacon's orders from Compton, Bishop of London, in the year 1690, and soon afterwards was appointed one of the Bishop of Worcester's chaplains.

The Honourable Robert Boyle died on the 30th of December, 1691. Wishing that at his death he might promote the same cause to which he had devoted his life, he bequeathed by his will a salary of fifty pounds a-year, to found a lectureship for the defence of religion against *infidels*. The lecturer was to be chosen annually, and to deliver *eight* discourses in the year in one of the churches of the metropolis. The care of the trust was bequeathed to four trustees, who forthwith nominated Mr. Bentley lecturer for the first year. We can hardly conceive a greater compliment to the merits of a young man, only in deacon's orders, than the selection of him from the whole clerical profession as the champion of the faith delivered down by the Apostles. He mentions this distinction at different periods of his life in such terms, as to show that he considered it the greatest honour with which he was ever invested. The eight discourses which he preached in consequence of this appointment are, in a great degree, directed against the principles of Hobbes and Spinoza. According to Dr. Monk, "Bentley claims the undoubted merit of having in these sermons been the first to display the discoveries of Newton, in a popular form, and to explain their irresistible force in the proof of a Deity." Before

he ventured to print his lectures, he consulted that great philosopher respecting some of the arguments he had founded upon those discoveries, and his different queries were answered in four letters. Newton's Letters on this occasion have been long before the public; they commence with two remarkable declarations, the object of which he had in view while writing his immortal work, and a disavowal of that *intuitive genius* for which the world gave him credit; he says, "when I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose. But if I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but *industry* and *patient* thought."

Bentley's reputation for talent and learning was greatly augmented by the publication of his lectures; of which the *sixth* edition, including other three discourses, was printed at Cambridge in the year 1735. The lectures were translated into Latin by Jablouski, who was himself a writer of distinguished learning. Nor did the merit of the author remain without its reward: in the year 1692, soon after he had taken orders, he obtained a prebend in the cathedral of Worcester; and in the course of the following year he succeeded Henry de Justel as keeper of the King's Library. Such was the auspicious commencement of Boyle's Lectures, an institution to which we owe some of the ablest theological pieces in our language; among which we may mention "Clarke's Discourses on the Being and Attributes of God," and "Newton's Dissertations on the Prophecies."

The reputation which Bentley had now acquired was not unattended with its usual consequences,

envy and detraction. The envy produced by Bentley's endowments was increased by a certain haughtiness discoverable in his conversation and demeanour. There was a traditional anecdote current during his life, which shows the opinions prevalent upon this subject. It is, that "a nobleman dining at his patron's, and happening to sit next to Bentley, was so much struck with his information and powers of argument, that he remarked to the bishop, after dinner, 'My lord, that chaplain of yours is certainly a very extraordinary man.' 'Yes,' said Stillingfleet; had he but the gift of *humility*, he would be the most extraordinary man in Europe.'"*

In 1694 he was appointed to preach Boyle's Lectures; but this series of discourses his friends could never prevail upon him to publish, nor has it been ascertained that the manuscript is preserved. He had now made great progress in preparing editions of Manilius and Philostratus. He appeared to have been chiefly deterred from sending them to press by the increased expense of paper and printing in England. He was induced, by the cheapness of German typography, to adopt the plan of printing his edition of the Greek sophist at Leipzig, and there one sheet was actually printed as a specimen;

* Very likely:—the gift of humility would make any man *extraordinary*, though he should possess "small Latin, and less Greek." The modesty to decline, the pride to disdain an invidious display of talents or acquirements—the good sense that soberly appreciates the abilities of self—the candour and generosity that does willing justice to the merits of others—are frequent, though not constant, accompaniments of true genius, and of genuine learning. But true humility is something very different from all these; it is not a gift, but a *grace*,—only bestowed on such as have made the soul a temple for the Father of light and love.—*C.*

but he was so disgusted with the meanness of its appearance, that he resolved his learned animadversions should not be exhibited in so unsuitable a dress. "It may be remarked," says Dr. Monk, "that Bentley always placed a high value upon typographical elegance, and was more fastidious upon this head than might have been expected from one who so well understood the *intrinsic* merits of a book." In this respect we are, however, more inclined to commend, than to censure his taste; the elegance of typography is, in most cases, a harmless luxury; nor do we perceive any difficulty in supposing that a competent judge of good printing may also be a competent judge of good writing.

It was in a great measure owing to his zeal and perseverance that the Cambridge University Press, which had never recovered the shock of the civil wars, was restored to respectability. A sufficient sum having been raised for defraying the necessary expenses, the charge of providing types was solely entrusted to Bentley. We are expressly informed, that the subscriptions were principally procured by his exertions. The types were cast in Holland; and some well-known books which afterwards issued from that press, particularly Taylor's Demosthenes, Kuster's Suidas, and Talbot's Horace, afford sufficient evidence of the commission having been placed in proper hands.

In the year 1695, his patron, the Bishop of Worcester, gave him the rectory of Hartlebury, to be held till his pupil should arrive at the canonical age. This preferment he retained for the space of three years: the interest of the same prelate had, about that period, procured him the nomination of chaplain in ordinary to the King. It was also about this period that he was elected a Fellow of the

Royal Society. We must here record it as an instance of scandalous ingratitude, that when the bishop's grandson, Benjamin Stillingfleet, was left an *orphan*, and was sent, in the humble capacity of sizar, to Trinity College, Bentley refused to give him a fellowship, and preferred several competitors of inferior attainments.

At the commencement of the year 1696, he ceased to reside in the bishop's house in Park-street, Westminster, and took possession of the librarian's apartments in St. James's Palace; and in the month of July he was created Doctor of Divinity, at Cambridge. He was appointed to preach the commencement sermon, and the subject which he selected was that of "Revelation and the Messias;" a subject which he treated in a manner not unworthy of his reputation.

Dr. Bentley was now making a rapid approach to the full height of his literary fame, and his principal efforts were more the results of accidental excitements, than of his own deliberate plans. In the year 1692, Sir William Temple, one of the most fashionable writers of the age, had published "An Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning," in which he strenuously opposed the opinions of Fontenelle and Perrault, who had given a very decided preference to the *moderns*. Sir William had caught the contagion of the then prevalent literary controversy, in which the first scholars in Europe were engaged, and he was of opinion that the *ancients* possessed a greater force of genius, with some peculiar advantages; that the human mind was in a state of decay; and that our knowledge was nothing more than scattered fragments saved out of the general ship wreck. But Temple's learning was of that gentleman-like quality, which fitted him rather to admire

than to judge; and his preference of the ancients probably arose more from long familiarity and pleasant associations, than from a fair estimate of comparative value. Had he advanced the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, he would have furnished his French antagonists with powers they knew not of. The fables of Æsop, and the epistles of Phalaris, which he believed to be the most ancient pieces of prose written by profane authors, doubtless appeared much more to the purpose.

Dr. Aldrich, the learned dean of Christ Church, was accustomed to employ some of his best scholars in preparing editions of classical works; and of these publications, which were generally of a moderate compass, it was his practice to present a copy to every young man in his college. The task of editing the epistles of Phalaris was committed to the Hon. Charles Boyle, a young gentleman of pleasing manners, and of a relish for learning, creditable to his age and rank. He had profited by the tuition of Dr. Gale, the Dean of York, who had long cultivated Grecian literature; and on his admission at Christ Church, he was under the tuition of Atterbury, who, if not a profound, was at least an elegant scholar. In his editorial labours he was aided by his private tutor, John Freind, then one of the junior students, and afterwards a physician of no small celebrity. The editor of Phalaris wished to procure the collation of a manuscript belonging to the Royal library; but, instead of making any direct application to the librarian, he had recourse to the agency of Thomas Bennett, a bookseller, in St. Paul's churchyard, who appears to have executed his commission with no ordinary degree of zeal, or despatch. In order to conceal his own negligence, he is supposed to have misrepresented the entire transaction to his employers

at Oxford; and the preface to Mr. Boyle's edition of Phalaris, published in the year 1695, contains a sarcastic reflection on Bentley for his want of civility. To the editor he immediately addressed a letter, explaining the real circumstances of the case; but, instead of receiving an answer in the spirit of conciliation, he was given to understand that he might seek his redress in any way he pleased. It is, however, dangerous to take a lion by the beard.

Dr. Wotton had recently engaged in a controversy respecting the comparative excellence of the ancients and moderns, and after he had sent to the press his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," Bentley happened to state, in a conversation, that the epistles of Phalaris were spurious, and that we have nothing now extant of Æsop's *own composing*. This casual remark led to a promise that he would furnish a written statement of his opinions, to be added to the second edition of the Reflections.

A new edition of the "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning" being called for, Wotton claimed his friend's promise, that he would demonstrate Phalaris's epistles and Æsop's fables to be forgeries. Bentley desired to excuse himself, alleging that circumstances were altered since the promise was made, as the treatment which he had received in the preface to the Oxford Phalaris, would make it impossible for him to write its dissertation, without noticing the calumny propagated against him in that work. This excuse not appearing sufficient, his friend exacted the performance of the engagement. This is his own account, which we find unequivocally corroborated by Wotton. Accordingly, he undertook a dissertation, in the form of letters, to Wotton, in which the main object was to demonstrate that the author of "Phalaris' Epistles" was

not the Sicilian tyrant, but some sophist of a more recent age; reserving to the conclusion his remarks on Boyle's edition, and the personal reflection upon himself.

There still remained the Æsopian fables, the other great object of Sir William Temple's admiration; and to dispossess the old Phrygian fabulist of the credit, or rather the discredit, of having written the collection, was no difficult task. "This section of Bentley's performance," says Dr. Monk, "exhibits little novelty or research, and bears greater marks of haste than any other part of the dissertation. It is probable that the printer was too urgent, or his friend Wotton too impatient, for the publication of the book, to allow more time for the Appendix. The history of the fables, though not generally known, had, in fact, been told before, and Bentley only contributed greater precision and accuracy, together with a few additional circumstances."

On the publication of this joint work, the sensation in the literary and academical circles was without parallel. In the large and distinguished society of Christ Church, it produced a perfect ferment. The attack upon the Phalaris was considered an affront to the dean, under whose auspices it was published, and the college, for whose use it was designed. It was, therefore, resolved, that the audacious offender should experience the full resentment of the body whom he had provoked; and the task of inflicting this public chastisement devolved upon the ablest scholars and wits of the college. The leaders of the confederacy were Francis Atterbury and George Smalridge, both of them, in process of time, members of the episcopal bench. Each was nearly of the same age as Bentley, and they were regarded as the rising lights of the University. Mr.

Boyle, in whose name and behalf the controversy was carried on, seems to have had but a small share of the actual operation, having then quitted academical pursuits, and entered upon the theatre of active life. But as Bentley's opponents were likely to obtain little triumph in matters of erudition, they determined to hold up his character to ridicule and odium; to dispute his honesty and veracity; and, by representing him as a model of pedantry, conceit, and ill manners, to raise such an outcry as should drive him off the literary stage for ever. Accordingly, every circumstance which could be discovered respecting his life and conversation, every trivial anecdote, however unconnected with the controversy, was caught up, and made a topic either of censure or ridicule.

Rumours and conjectures are the lot of contemporaries. Truth seems reserved for posterity, and, like the fabled Minerva, is born at once. The secret history of this volume has been partly opened in one of Warburton's letters. Pope, it appears, was "let into the secret." The principal share of the undertaking fell to the lot of Atterbury. This was suspected at the time, and has since been placed beyond all doubt, by the publication of a letter of his to Boyle, in which he mentions that "in writing more than half the book, in reviewing a good part of the rest, and in transcribing the whole, half a year of his life had passed away." The main part of the discussion upon Phalaris was from his pen. That upon Æsop was believed to be written by John Freind, and he was probably assisted in it by Alsop, who at that time was engaged on an edition of the fables. But the respective shares cannot now be fixed with certainty. In point of classical learning, the joint stock of the confederacy bore no proportion

to that of Bentley; "their acquaintance with several of the books upon which they comment," observes Dr. Monk, "appears only to have begun upon this occasion; and sometimes they are indebted to their knowledge of them from their adversary; compared with his boundless erudition, their learning was that of schoolboys, and not always sufficient to preserve them from distressing mistakes. But profound literature was at that time confined to few; while wit and raillery found numerous and eager readers.* It may be doubted whether Busby himself, by whom every one of the confederate band had been educated, possessed knowledge which would have qualified him to enter the lists in such a controversy."

There was another individual in whom Bentley's dissertation excited a still deeper feeling of resentment. Sir William Temple had already been chagrined at the favourable reception of Wotton's reflections, the work of a young and unknown author, but his mortification was increased tenfold by Bentley's appendix, which, it must be confessed, placed him in an uncomfortable predicament. He now saw it demonstrated by arguments, not one of which he could refute, that the two productions believed by him to be the oldest, and pronounced to be the finest in existence, were the fabrications of some comparatively recent hand.

It was at this time that Jonathan Swift made his first attack upon Bentley, in the "Tale of a Tub."

* Wit and invective obtained an apparent triumph. "The bees of Christ Church," as the confederacy was called, rushed in a dark swarm upon Bentley, but only left their stings in the flesh they could not wound. He merely put out his hand in contempt, not in rage. Doubtful whether *wit* could prevail against *learning*, they had recourse to *personal* satire.

The greater part of this celebrated piece of humour had been composed, as the author informs us, in the preceding year. The first design of the tale was only to ridicule the corruptions and extravagances of certain religious sects. The sections containing his ridicule of criticism, and of whatever else he disapproved in literature, were written upon the appearance of Wotton's and Bentley's joint publication. Swift was at that time living under the protection of Sir William Temple, at Moor Park, and regarded his patron with the utmost attachment and veneration. Perceiving the uneasiness of the Baronet at the awkward situation in which this controversy had placed him, he determined to avenge his cause by those weapons, against which no learning, and no genius, is entirely proof. This celebrated piece succeeded at the time in obliging and gratifying Sir William Temple, and in exciting a high opinion of Swift's talents among private friends, to whom the manuscript was shown; but, for some reason, several years passed before it was given to the public.

About this time Bentley formed a club, or evening meeting, of a few friends, who were amongst the greatest intellectual characters that the history of mankind can produce: this society, which met once or twice a week, in the librarian's apartment at St. James's, consisted at its foundation of Sir Christopher Wren, John Evelyn, Isaac Newton, and John Locke.

The attack from Christ Church commenced with the new year. The honour of leading on the assault was given to Alsop, who published a selection of Æsop's fables, as the dean's present to his students. At length appeared the performance of the confederate wits, which was to extinguish for ever the fame and pretensions of Bentley: it was a book of about

three hundred pages, with a motto sufficiently menacing:—

> "Remember Milo's end,
> Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend."

This work, which once enjoyed an extravagant popularity, is now little known, except through the fame of him whom it was intended to crush.

John Milner, a veteran schoolmaster at Leeds, engaged in the dispute on Phalaris, and took part against Bentley. Dr. Garth, his contemporary at Cambridge, who was related to the Boyles, published about this time his well-known poem, "The Dispensary," and pronounced his judgment upon the merits of the two combatants in this simile:—

> "So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
> And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle."

A couplet which is, perhaps, more frequently quoted than any other in the poem, and always to the disparagement of the author's judgment. At Cambridge a caricature was exhibited of Phalaris putting the unfortunate critic into his brazen bull; and, as it was thought that a member of St. John's College could not properly make his exit without a pun, he was represented saying, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*."

Of the attacks upon Bentley written at this period, the only one which continues to be known by its own merits, is Swift's "Battle of the Books," a piece exhibiting, perhaps, more than any of his writings, the original vein of humour which distinguishes its author. Like its predecessor, the "Tale of a Tub," it was composed to soothe the mortified feelings of his patron, Sir William Temple. This work con-

tinues to be read and laughed over by thousands, who would have turned a deaf ear to the eloquence of the English *Memmius*, and all the combined wit and learning of Christ Church.

The facetious Dr. King, also, seems to have been one of those rabid wits, who fastens on his prey, and does not hastily draw his fangs from the noble animal. At one of those conferences which passed between Bentley and the bookseller, King was present, and being called upon by Boyle to bear part in the drama, performed it quite to the taste of "the bees." He addressed a letter to Dean Aldrich, in which he gave one particular; and to make up a sufficient dose, dropped some corrosives. He closed his letter thus: "that scorn and contempt which I have naturally for *pride* and *insolence*, makes me remember what otherwise I might have forgotten." Nothing touched Bentley more than reflections on his "pride and insolence." Our defects seem to lose much of their character, in reference to ourselves, by habit and natural disposition; yet we have always a painful suspicion of their existence, and he who touches them without tenderness is never pardoned. The invective of King had all the bitterness of *truth*.

Bentley nicknames King, *Humpty Dumpty*, through the progress of the controversy, for his tavern pleasures, and accuses him of writing more in taverns than in his study. He little knew the injustice of the charge against a student who had written notes to 22,000 books and MSS. But this was not done with impunity. An irritated wit only finds his adversary cutting out work for him. A second letter more abundant with the same pungent qualities, fell on the head of Bentley. King says of the arch-critic,—"he thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; yet for all that, I dare say I have read more than any man

in England, besides him and me, for I have read *his book all through.*" A keen repartee this!

Men of genius are more subject to "unnatural civil war," than even the blockheads whom Pope sarcastically reproaches with it. Bentley's opinion of his own volume seems equally modest and just. "To undervalue this dispute about Phalaris, because it does not suit one's own studies, is to quarrel with a *circle* because it is not a *square*. If the same question be not of vulgar use, it was writ therefore for a few; for even the greatest performances, upon the most important subjects, are no entertainment at all to *the many of the world.*"

Bentley, although the solid force of his mind was not favourable to the lighter sports of WIT, yet was it not quite destitute of those airy qualities; nor does he seem insensible to the literary merits of "that odd work," as he calls Boyle's volume; and conveys a good notion of it, when he says, "it may be very useful as a common-place book, for ridicule, banter, and all the topics of calumny." With equal dignity and sense, he observes, on the ridicule so freely used in that work,—"I am content, that what is the greatest virtue of his book, should be counted the greatest fault in mine."

His reply to "Milo's End," and the torture he was supposed to pass through, when thrown into Phalaris's bull, is a piece of sarcastic humour, which will not suffer by comparison with the volume more celebrated for its wit. "The facetious 'Examiner' seems resolved to vie with Phalaris himself in the science of PHALARISM; for his revenge is not satisfied with one single death of his adversary, but he will kill me over and over again. He has slain me twice, by two several deaths! one in the first page of his book, and another in the last. In the title-page I

die the death of Milo, the Crotonian; the application of which must be this:—that as Milo, after his victories at six several Olympiads, was at last conquered and destroyed in wrestling with a tree; so I, after I had attained to some small reputation in letters, am to be quite baffled and run down by *wooden antagonists*. But, in the end of his book, he has got me into Phalaris's bull, and he has the pleasure of fancying that he hears me begin *to bellow*. Well, since it is that I am in the bull, I have performed the part of a sufferer. For as the cries of the tormented in old Phalaris's bull, being conveyed through pipes lodged in the machine, were turned into music for the entertainment of the tyrant; so the complaints which my torments express from me, being conveyed to Mr. Boyle by this answer, are all dedicated to his pleasure and diversion. But yet, methinks, when he was setting up to be *Phalaris junior*, the very omen of it might have deterred him. As the old tyrant himself at last bellowed in his own bull, his imitators ought to consider that, at long run, their own actions may chance to overtake them."

Bentley, meanwhile, remained calm under this merciless storm, relying upon the goodness of his cause, and a conviction that the public judgment, however strangely it may be perverted for a time, will at length come to a just decision upon every question. Warburton tells an anecdote upon the authority of Dr. S. (whom we apprehend to be Smallbroke, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry,) who meeting Bentley at this period, and telling him not to be discouraged at the run made against him, was answered, "indeed I am in no pain about the matter, for it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself." He had now, however, to experience the most painful of all

circumstances attending popular outcry; the desertion, or coldness of some friends, whose regards were influenced by fashion. That he felt uneasiness at this situation may well be believed; indeed he confesses as much in one of his letters to *Grævius;* but instead of expressing this to the world, he applied himself to write such an answer as should effectually turn the tide of popular opinion, and make the weapons of his enemies recoil upon their own heads. His sentiments at this time are expressed in a letter to his unshaken friend Evelyn, who appears to have stood up alone as his defender, and to have recommended the public to wait and hear the other side, before they pronounced his condemnation. He feels gratefully this proof of Evelyn's friendship; and assures him that he shall very shortly be able to refute all the charges, and all the cavils of his enemies, so fully "both in points of learning, and of fact, that they themselves would feel ashamed."

That Bentley did not immediately reply to his adversaries must be regarded as fortunate, not only for himself, but for the whole learned world. "Although there is no doubt," says Dr. Monk, "but that such a publication, as he meditated, would have put him in possession of the victory, and settled the whole controversy, so perfectly was he master of all parts of the question, yet a hasty performance could not have supplied us with so valuable a treasure of wit and learning, as appeared at the beginning of the following year; a piece which by the concurring testimony of all scholars has never been rivalled. The Boyleans had pursued a course calculated to display their adversary to the greatest advantage, and to raise to the highest pinnacle the reputation which they designed to overthrow. In their efforts to confute his reasonings about Phalaris, they had

introduced a variety of new topics, which the writers, from whence they drew their knowledge, had treated either erroneously, or slightly. This imposed upon Bentley the necessity of explaining and elucidating them; in doing which he was able to develope stores of learning, more than either his friends hoped, or his enemies apprehended. It was fully believed that his first dissertation had been the elaborate result of more than *two years'* attention to the subject; that his bolt was now shot, and that his learning and objections were exhausted. So far was this from being the case, that it was in fact a hasty sketch, the sheets of which were sent to the press as fast as they were written. When the famous reply appeared, the public found to their astonishment, that the former piece had consisted only of the *sprinklings* of immense stores of learning, which might also be said, like his talents, to expand with the occasion that called them forth. Before he submitted his case to the world, Bentley was careful to arm himself with a full refutation of those charges upon his personal behaviour.

This work was given to the public in the beginning of the year 1699; the appearance of which is to be considered as an epoch, not only in the life of Bentley, but in the history of literature. The victory obtained over his opponents, although the most complete that can be imagined, constitutes but a small part of the merit of this performance. Such is the author's address, that while every page is professedly controversial, there is embodied in the work a quantity of accurate information relative to history, chronology, antiquities, philology, and criticism, which it will be difficult to match in any other volume. The cavils of the Boyleans had fortunately touched upon so many topics, as to draw from their adversary a mass of learning, none of which is misplaced or super-

fluous: he contrives with admirable judgment to give the reader all the information that can be desired upon each question, while he never loses sight of his main object. Profound and various as are the sources of his learning, every thing is so well arranged, and placed in so clear a view, that the mere novice in classical literature may peruse the book with profit and pleasure, while the most accomplished scholar cannot fail to find his knowledge enlarged. Nor is this merely the language of those who are partial to the author: the learned Dodwell, who had no peculiar motive to be pleased with a work, in which he was a considerable sufferer, and who, as a *Non-juror*, was prejudiced against Bentley's party, is recorded to have avowed, "that he had never learned so much from a book in his life." This learned volume owed much of its attraction to the strain of humour which makes the perusal highly entertaining. The advocates of Phalaris having chosen to rely upon wit and raillery, were now made to feel in their turn the consequences of the warfare which they had adopted. Even Bishop Warburton, who was not well disposed to Bentley's reputation, admits, that "he beat the Oxford men at their own weapons."

Sir William Temple was spared the mortification of beholding the result of a controversy, upon which he had so imprudently staked his credit for taste and discernment. He died a few weeks before the appearance of the dissertation, which was to annihilate for ever the pretensions of this Sicilian hero to the fame of authorship. His Christ Church allies did not feel easy under the report that a reply from Dr. Bentley was in preparation, and they seemed to have thought in earnest of executing the threat denounced in the gaiety of their hearts, that if the Doctor was not quiet, "they would put forth a

book against him every month as long as he lived."

Bentley, who was now only in the 38th year of his age, was left to enjoy the triumph of his great learning and sagacity, to which even the most averse were compelled to pay homage: and what was a still more important result of his book, he had silenced, and put to shame, the slanderous attacks made upon his character. Upon the various matters of this celebrated controversy, his victory was complete and final, and he was left in undisputed possession of the field. A declaration was indeed made by his adversaries of their intention to publish a complete reply to his book; but this was all an empty vaunt; they felt their inability to renew the conflict upon questions of learning, and it was the course of prudence, not to recal public attention to the dispute. It may be remarked that not one of the Boylean confederacy ever again appeared before the world as a critic. Atterbury, their leader, immediately found business of a different character.

We now enter upon difficult ground. Hitherto we have contemplated Bentley as a scholar, disputing with would-be-scholars, in a field, where his scholarship gained a dear, a difficult, and a glorious victory. In the Phalaris controversy he was a knight, clad in impenetrable mail, condescending to defeat a conspiracy of fencing-masters at their favourite '*tierce and carte*,' and then crushing them, all and several, by the blows of his invincible mace. Standing on the vantage ground of truth, he despised their pitiful cries of "foul play," and demonstrated himself as stainless in honour, as he was redoubtable in prowess. It is really mortifying to see the armed champion sinking into a petty litigant, and to find him contending, not for the unstained virginity of antique

learning, but for miserable quibbles of college etiquette, and yet meaner matters connected with "the three denominations" of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Posterity, (who and what is it?) have been constituted a court from which there is no appeal. Before this imaginary tribunal every great man is called to account for his deeds committed in the flesh. His biographer is presumed to be at once advocate and judge, while in fact he should be no more than witness. Dr. Monk, the only authentic biographer of Bentley, is doubtless an admirable witness, but as an advocate, he lays himself open to the charge alleged against a certain great jurist, in the case of poor Peltier, of sacrificing his client to his own reputation for impartiality; and as a judge, he takes especial care not to prejudice the jury in favour of the *panel*. He has elaborately stated all that Bentley did to offend the college, and as little about what the college did to offend Bentley. He has given the original Latin, (and what Latin!!) of the statutes which Bentley was accused of violating; but he has not impressed, by any pains-taking of his own, the good and sufficient reasons for which Bentley disregarded the letter of the law, in order to vitalise its spirit.

People at this time of day will not care much whether the statutable *onus* of a few hundreds lay upon the master of Trinity College, or upon the fellows. Be it recollected, that we are not speaking of sums drawn from the people; but of an estate, entrusted to certain hands for certain purposes. Bentley conceived that the trustees were diverting too large a portion of this estate to their personal uses; that the fellows of Trinity had a strong inclination to turn the college funds into a snug sinecure.

To correct this growing evil he resorted to his magisterial prerogative. He found himself at the head of a royal foundation, and took upon him the authority of a king, perhaps unconstitutionally, but still for the benefit of the whole, of a permanent body, as contradistinguished from individual interests.

The foundation of Trinity College, Cambridge, is said to have been "the first-fruit of the Reformation." Henry VIII., about a month before his death, appropriated to the establishment of that college a part of the revenues of the spoliated monasteries. "The price of a dog, and the hire of a harlot," say the Rabbins, "shall not be put to any holy purpose," and even the Jewish priests, who murdered the Lord of life, refused to put the price of blood into their treasury. But the price of much blood, the hire of much spiritual prostitution, constituted the original treasury of that corporation, whose *name* now being utterly disconnected with all religious associations, and giving rise to innumerable irreverend puns, might very fitly be changed. Its first days were dark and turbid, no wonder, yet it received a body of statutes from Edward VI., that blossom of royalty, whose beautiful youth, and timely death, preserved the house of Tudor from utter execration, who, happily for himself, if not for England, was called away before his mother's milk was well out of his veins, and before any of his father's venom was ripened. Queen Elizabeth, who united the best and worst of both sexes, her grandfather's craft and frugality, her father's courage and cruelty, and her poor mother's vanity, gave another set of statutes, and from the apparent discrepancy of these codes, much of the long enigma of Bentley's litigations was compounded. The college flourished mightily. At one time, the two archbishops and seven bishops were

its *alumni*. It could boast of Coke, and Bacon; of Barrow, and Newton. Nor ever, till this time, has it lacked pupils who glory in its name, and in whose names it well may glory.

Contrary to the constitution of most colleges, Trinity is obliged to accept a master at the appointment of the crown. William III., during the life of his queen, devolved all literary and religious patronage upon her, who was regarded, even by the conforming clergy, as the true sovereign, while her consort was considered as little more than commander-in-chief. Even the royal library was called the Queen's library. After Mary's death, William, displaying herein the rare knowledge of his own ignorance, committed to six prelates the responsible task of recommending fit persons for all vacant bishoprics, deaneries, and other ecclesiastical preferments, as well as headships and professorships in the royal patronage. It was a wise act, and had it been followed in spirit by his successors, the church had never been, as now, a loose card in the hands of state gamblers. The original members of this commission were Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sharp, of York; Lloyd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; Burnet, of Sarum; Stillingfleet, of Worcester, and Patrick, of Ely. On the death of Stillingfleet, in 1699, Moore, Bishop of Norwich, was advanced to his place; and Dr. Montague being promoted to the deanery of Durham, Bentley was recommended by them to the vacant headship of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The result of Bentley's appointment proves the inexpediency of giving an office to a man, simply because he deserves it, without considering whether it is fit for him, or he fit for it. It has been said of Charles I., that had he been an absolute king, he

would have been the best of absolute kings. So of Bentley, we may assert, that he was the fittest of all men to be the autocrat of a college, for of all men he best understood, and best loved, the ends for which colleges were founded. Being put over a venal, turbulent aristocracy, he pursued his end, regardless of the means, and hence only derived the credit of profiting as adroitly by the ambiguities and corruptions of law, as he had done, and continued to do, by the subtleties of verbal criticism. Tradition says, that being congratulated upon a promotion so little to have been expected, by a member of St. John's, he replied in the words of the Psalmist, "by the help of my God, I have leaped over the wall." Another anecdote, preserved in Dr. Bentley's family, relates that Bishop Stillingfleet said, "we must send Bentley to rule the turbulent fellows of Trinity College; if any body can do it, he is the person: for I am sure he has ruled my family ever since he entered it."

On the first of February, 1700, Bentley was installed Master of Trinity College,—looked upon by Europe as her first scholar, and by England as the tutor of her future sovereign. But the hand of Providence was heavy on the house of Stuart. William, Duke of Gloucester, died July 29, 1700, and so prevented Bentley from sharing the honours of Fénélon, as the preceptor of a possible good king, or the disgrace of Seneca, as the instructor of an actual Nero.

His first step on entering into the office was of a very inauspicious description. A dividend from the surplus money had been fixed in December, 1699, to be paid, agreeably to the custom of the college, to the Masters and Fellows for the year ending at Michaelmas. The Master's share, amounting to

170*l.*, was clearly due to Dr. Montague, whose resignation took place in November, but by some accident it had not been disbursed to him. Bentley, immediately upon his admission, claimed this sum, as being profits accruing during the vacancy, and therefore payable to the new master, and by terrifying the treasurer, who declined paying it, with a threat of bringing him before the Archbishop of Canterbury, he actually obtained the money.*

It so happened, that, at Bentley's accession, the Master's lodge at Trinity was very much in want of repair. He, who was a member of the same club with Sir Christopher Wren, and whose spirit was a sojourner in Athens, must needs have had magnificent ideas of architecture; and if he had very inadequate calculations of the expense attending the realisation of such ideas, the errors of his arithmetic ought not to impugn the integrity of his principles. Yet the expensiveness of these improvements,—the long bills

* With all our admiration of Bentley, we are constrained to admit that, in money matters, he displayed neither the indifference of a scholar, the liberality of a gentleman, nor the exactness of an honest man. Very possibly he had suffered in his youth from inattention to these things; and there are never wanting prudent friends to persuade a man that, because he is a genius, or learned, all the world are in a conspiracy to rob him. No man was ever long honest who habitually distrusted the honesty of others; for who will labour to attain or preserve a virtue which he does not believe to exist? Money squabbles, however, are a most unfortunate commencement of any connection between individuals or societies. The civil list is *a wet blanket* on a young king's popularity; and a contested point in the marriage articles, though quite forgotten in the ardour of the *honey moon*, often proves a rankling thorn in the side of matrimonial felicity.—*C.*

he ran up with masons, carpenters, *glaziers*,* &c., and the violent means whereby he enforced payment at the college expense, were the chief ostensible pretexts of the quarrel between Bentley and his college! Its real causes, however, we believe to have lain much deeper.

In the first year of his mastership, Bentley became Vice-Chancellor, being chosen agreeably to the custom of the University, as a senior in degree among the Heads of houses, who had not already served in that office. Owing, probably, to his inexperience in University business, very few matters of importance were transacted during the year of Bentley's vice-chancellorship. One of its duties seems to consist in giving of dinners, which, owing perhaps to the unfinished state of his lodge, he did not fulfil to general satisfaction. Yet, considering that he was then engaged in the important business of winning and marrying a wife, he might fairly have been exempted from the charge of inhospitality. He had long cherished an attachment to Mrs. Joanna Bernard, a lady who had been a visitor in Bishop Stillingfleet's family. She was daughter of Sir John Bernard, in Huntingdonshire. Being now raised to a station of dignity and competence, he succeeded in obtaining the object of his affections, and was united to her at Windsor, having previously obtained a royal dispensation, under the Great Seal, for deviating from Queen Elizabeth's statutes, which enjoined celibacy to the master as well as to the fellows of Trinity College. This marriage appears to have been eminently happy. The lady, who

* Glaziers. This respectable trade is not rashly called in question. The insertion of *sash windows* in the lodge was one of the grounds upon which Bentley was prosecuted.—*C.*

continued the partaker of his joys and sorrows for nearly forty years, is described as possessing the most amiable and valuable qualities. She had a cultivated mind, and was sincerely benevolent and religious. Whiston relates, that Bentley was in danger of losing her during his courtship, from insinuating doubts of the authority of the book of Daniel; a story exceedingly improbable, which, if it ever had any foundation, has been distorted from the truth, according to the practice of that hearsay narrator.* The alliance with Mrs. Bentley, whose family connections were numerous and distinguished, was the means of securing him powerful protection at critical periods of his life; while the excellence of her disposition tended to soften the animosity of his opponents. We find her mentioned with applause and sympathy, in publications written for the purpose of injuring the character and fortune of her husband.

In the course of Bentley's year of office, he had an opportunity of displaying his spirit and decision, in upholding the rights of the University against the mayor and corporation of Cambridge, who had given

* The truth may be, that Bentley stated that such doubt might have existed,—an admission quite enough to alarm a lady's orthodoxy; for a good simple-hearted woman cannot conceive the possibility of any one denying what to her is "stuff of the conscience." Bentley might be disposed to take up the question as a point of criticism rather than as a point of faith, but he was not the man to commit himself, his love, and his preferment, for any heresy, new or old. Such heterodox Quixotism he left to Whiston, who forfeited brilliant prospects in the Church to scruples which he deemed conscientious, though the orthodox believers account them damnable, and the no-believers ridicule them as insane. He was an honest wrong-headed Arian, far too credulous of tales that told ill for his opponents, but, I believe, incapable of intentional falsehood.—*C.*

permission and encouragement to players to perform at Sturbridge fair, without the sanction of the Vice-Chancellor, and in defiance of his authority. His vindication of these privileges, granted by charters and acts of parliament, was essential to the discipline of the place, and we may judge from the practice of subsequent times, that the prompt interference of Dr. Bentley on this occasion was productive of good and permanent effects.

A Greek prelate, Neophytos, Archbishop of Philippopoli, visiting England at this time, came to Cambridge, and was admitted doctor of divinity by the University. On this occasion, the Vice-Chancellor, with great good nature, directed that he should be presented by the Greek Professor, Joshua Barnes,* who was thus gratified with the opportunity of delivering a Greek oration, a copy of which is still preserved.

Before the end of his year of office, Bentley had the gratification of declaring his political sentiments, and those of the University, in an address presented to King William, upon Louis XIV. acknowledging the son of James II. as King of England. The address was undoubtedly composed by the Vice-Chancellor, who expressed his opinion on public affairs in clear and uncompromising terms.

On the death of Dr. Saywell, Bentley was collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, a dignity which, besides his rank in the church, was endowed with the two

* Of Joshua Barnes, who wrote a tract to prove that the real author of the *Iliad* was no other than Solomon, Bentley declared, "that he understood Greek as well as an Athenian cobbler." We are inclined to believe that an Athenian cobbler would have puzzled Bentley himself. Yet the observation is witty, and well expresses the distinction between extensive learning and critical scholarship.—*C.*

livings of Haddenham and Wilburton. He had the honour of receiving this preferment from Bishop Patrick, one of the most learned and exemplary prelates that ever graced the bench. As the Archdeaconry conferred a seat in the lower House of Convocation, then at high discord with the Bishops, it seems probable that a wish to call into action, on the other side, such talents and spirits as Bentley's, might have occasioned this appointment. He was regular in his attendance at the synod as long as it was permitted to meet and deliberate, and he took a share in the debates.

It has already been stated, that the Master of Trinity is a nominee of the crown. The heads of almost every other college are elected by the Fellows. Hence it is likely that the appointment of every head-master will much resemble the placing of a Scottish minister in those days, when the Covenanters had not fully submitted to the yoke of patronage. Whatever his personal merits may be, he wants the sanction of an harmonious call. Were he even the very person whom they would have elected, they will not immediately forget that they did not elect him, and if, instead of the longest approved member of their own society, an alien and a junior is set over their heads, the implied declaration of their insufficiency to the purpose of self-government will strengthen shyness into antipathy; an antipathy easily enough overcome if the stranger take pains to make himself, as the phrase is, "one of us;" but sure to ferment into deadly hatred, if he assume the port and authority of a conqueror. Bentley seems to have behaved towards his fellows as a Norman lord to Saxon boors; to have treated their perquisites and privileges, as if they were mere conditional concessions, voluntary and temporary abatements of his

prerogative, dependent upon good behaviour. But, worse than all, he did not associate with them, he would not be "one of us" among them, and of all crimes which any man can commit against mess, common-room, corporation, or coterie, of which he is an enrolled member, this is the most grievous, and the more grievous in proportion to his admitted superiority.

Bentley, however, when at Cambridge, chose to live with a small party of friends, among whom, Davis, whose classical pursuits resembled his own, was the most respectable; and Ashenhurst, a young physician, who practised in the University, the most devoted. Yet was the critic always accessible to scholars, and alert in promoting the interests of literature, of which he gave an instance in his patronage of Kuster,* a learned German whose edition of

* Ludolf Kuster, an erudite Westphalian, whose treatise on the Greek Middle Verb has made his name familiar even in grammar schools, was appointed by Frederic, first king of Prussia, professor of an academy at Berlin, and obtained leave to visit foreign Universities. In his youth, forbearing to insult the ear of antiquity by clapping an *us* to the end of his Teutonic surname, he followed the practice of Erasmus, Melancthon, Scapula, and other early scholars, publishing under the signature Neocorus, the nearest Greek translation of Kuster, which in German signifies a *sexton*. He was, by the veteran Grævius, introduced to the notice of Bentley, and having, while at Paris, collated three MSS. of Suidas, he undertook an edition of that lexicographer, which, as related in the text, was printed at Cambridge. It was a hurried, and therefore ill-digested work, which did not escape severe animadversions. Suidas was a compiler of the tenth century, whose whole or chief value arises from the fragments of ancient authors embedded in him, like grains of porphyry in sand; a weak and credulous man, to whom we owe many of the scandalous tales which libel the old

Suidas he procured to be printed at the Cambridge press.

At the general election, in November, 1701, Cambridge returned to parliament Mr. Isaac Newton. Never can she hope again to be so represented. Yet

philosophers and poets; in the amendment of whose corruptions, and in the confutation of whose errors, Bentley himself would have been usefully employed, albeit that Pope obliquely reproaches him with "poaching in Suidas for unlicensed Greek." Anno 1706, Kuster's three folios of the lexicon being completed, the editor returned to Berlin, and, by the management of Bentley, his introduction to his royal master was particularly auspicious. The University of Frankfort, on the Oder, having resolved to celebrate the centenary anniversary of its foundation with secular solemnities, invited various other Universities to assist by their deputies at this ceremony. The invitation sent to Cambridge was courteously accepted, and a deputation was nominated by the senate, consisting of representatives in the different faculties. The King of Prussia presided at the solemnities, and Kuster being attached to the delegation, was presented to him attired in the scarlet robes of a Cambridge doctor, and received in the gracious manner which his merits and character demanded. There exists a curious letter from him to Bentley, in English, giving a detailed account of this academical jubilee. See Monk's Life, p. 149. Here permit me to remark a peculiar use and beauty of classical literature, in giving a common language, a common interest, a co-patriotism to the scholars of different countries, and thereby promoting a free intercourse, which, breaking down the barriers of national prejudice, confers a real benefit on those that have no tongue but that their mothers taught them, softening the horrors of war, and preparing the earth for universal peace. Perhaps it is a further advantage, that the common language is no longer that of any existing nation, it puts all upon an equality.

Kuster was too eminent not to be envied,—too proud, or too petulant, to be a court professor; so he left Berlin

the philosopher must have felt rather out of his element among the squires and courtiers in St. Stephen's. It is needless to say that Bentley voted for his illustrious friend.

Returning with ardour to his interrupted studies,

hastily, either oppressed by his rivals, or disgusted with his livery. With the king's permission he returned to Utrecht, resigned his situation, and proposed an edition of Hesychius, the most important of the Greek lexicographers, relying on the assistance of Bentley, who was known to have turned his attention particularly to that author. Bentley made a liberal offer of his emendations, but saddled with a condition, that the work should be printed at Cambridge. We cannot help wishing that our English Aristarch had not insisted on this proviso, whereby much delay was interposed, and the Hesychius finally postponed till too late, for Kuster never lived to complete it. Methinks the shade of the lexicographer might arise and say, with the Miltonic Satan :—

> "What matter where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be?"

Kuster engaged in an edition of Jamblichus's life of Pythagoras; one of the attempts of declining paganism to produce miracles and revelations, in opposition to those of Christianity. He afterwards put forth an Aristophanes, which met with success, but all these labours did not preserve their author from restlessness and poverty, which compelled him to hurry his works into the world scarcely half made up. It was his object, as soon as he could scrape together 600*l.*, to purchase a life annuity. For this he toiled, and dedicated, and besought the interest of Bentley; and, by his advice, offered his Aristophanes to Montague, Lord Halifax, who had succeeded to the office of Dorset and Somers, as receiver-general of dedicatory adulation. Kuster is said to have painfully earned the 60*l.* which was then thought a sufficient remuneration for such addresses. It must be conceded, that they read rather better in Latin than in English; but we may rejoice that literature is no longer disgraced by such hyper-

in the following summer, the great critic announced his intention of publishing an edition of *Horace*, the most popular (if the term may be allowed) of all the Latin poets, and the only one of which nine tenths of those who enjoy a classical education have any remembrance.

For Bentley's purpose, however, Horace was not, perhaps, the best book to be chosen; for Bentley, with erudition unbounded, and understanding strong

bolical sycophancy. The annuity was purchased, but the poor scholar had no luck with it. His banker failed, and threw him once more on his resources. He revisited England, for the double purpose of engaging with booksellers for the publication of Hesychius, and of obtaining a loan from his friends. This was in 1712. Bishop Moore and others gave him promises: Bentley, under the delicate form of lending, gave him money, with little chance of repayment. Shortly after, he received a tempting offer from the Abbé Bignon, librarian to the King of France. He was invited to reside at Paris, with a pension of 2000 livres, a further appointment as a Member of the Académie des Inscriptions, and all the consideration which his learning was sure to command among the French savans; and for this it was required that he should renounce heresy, or, as the French Abbé probably termed it, Hugonotism. Let not protestant indignation outrun christian charity, if we relate that a poor book-worm shrunk from the slow martyrdom of starvation, or that an English divine continued to correspond with him after his apostacy. Whatever he gained by his change of religion, or rather say, of communion, he did not long enjoy it; dying suddenly, in 1716, of a strange disorder, which modern physicians attributed to intense application, in an unhealthy attitude. Time was when it would have been ascribed to supernatural vengeance. A cake of sand was found in his lower abdominal region. His apostacy, however, can scarce have exposed him to the wrath of Pope, who nevertheless has insulted his memory in the Dunciad. Pope found it easier to translate Greek than to construe it.

as subtle, had not a spark of poetry in his nature, and seems to have allowed the poet no privilege above the proseman, except the burdensome distinction of verse. Metre was the only peculiar quality of poetry of which he had any feeling; nor was he aware, that to criticise a poet, something more is necessary, besides a general mastery of the language in which he writes. Moreover, Horace was not corrupt enough to furnish employment for Bentley's powers. With him,—

> Greek and Latin were intended
> For nothing else but to be mended,—

as Butler says of puritanic religion.

His critical skill was like those detergent acids which are excellent for removing stains, when such exist, but if applied needlessly, are apt to eat holes. It was not his humour to let well alone.

Dr. Monk regrets that his hero did not devote himself to Greek rather than to Latin editorship; but may we not ask, were there no objects to which such powers and such acquirements might have been applied, more important than disputed readings, dislocated sentences, points misplaced, and accents turned the wrong way? Might not the knowledge which convicted Phalaris of forgery, by such extensive collection, and skilful collation, of evidence, have thrown clear daylight on the obscure of ancient history—have elucidated the origin, the genealogy, and the kindred of nations—have shown how the growth and revolutions of language illustrate the growth and changes of society? Or, could he not have expounded the principles of Greek and of Roman speech by the laws of universal logic, and raised Philology to Philosophy?—But let us return to our narrative.

The year 1702 was marked by the death o Grævius, a venerable scholar, whose admiration o Bentley was almost idolatrous.

During the first five years of his mastership, the Doctor made several innovations in college discipline, some of which, though reluctantly received at first, are still maintained with advantage. He improved the system of examinations for fellowships and scholarships, and abolished the truly electioneering custom which obliged the candidates to keep open hospitality at a tavern during the four days. He extended the penalty of three-halfpence for absence from chapel, which had been exacted from under-graduates only, to the lower half of the sixty fellows. He altered the hour of the Saturday evening Latin declamations, much to the scandal of some of the seniors, and decreed that the head lecturer, and four sub-lecturers, should be fined eightpence and fourpence respectively, according to the statute, if they neglected to lecture and examine daily in the hall. Another, and very unpopular exertion of his authority, certainly, seemed to reflect on the fellows in a very tender concern. A pecuniary mulct was appointed by statute on any person leaving table before grace. Now the fellows, not relishing the surveillance of a number of impatient youths upon the protraction of their repast, were in the habit of permitting the younger students to leave hall at pleasure, and laying a fine of twopence weekly on all, whether present or absent. This imposition, the master, by his sole prerogative, annulled, and gave free permission to depart before grace, without punishment; alleging, as his ground, "the unreasonable delays at meals, at some of the fellows' tables."—After a feast comes a fast. There had been no supper allowed in hall on Friday. Bentley, overruling the scruples of the superstitious,

ordered that there should be a flesh-supper in hall on that day, in order to prevent the youths from satisfying their appetites in more exceptionable places. He also obliged the noblemen and fellow-commoners to attend chapel, and perform college exercises, as well as the other students. In all this, there was nothing objectionable; but Bentley carried all with a high hand, scarcely deigning to consult the eight seniors, his statutable advisers.

He also took upon himself to expel a member of the college, who had been twice detected by the proctor at a house of ill-fame, and sundry times at a dissenting meeting-house. In dismissing a profligate hypocrite, the master would surely have met with the support of his fellows; but there was an informality in the manner of doing it, which hereafter furnished matter of complaint.

Meanwhile, a question was discussing, which, though of little public interest, concerned the college deeply. It was disputed, whether absolute seniority could take place of seniority of degree;—whether, for instance, a Master of Arts, ranking fifty in the list of fellows, should have preoption of chambers or livings over a Doctor of Divinity ranking only forty-nine. Bentley generally contended for priority of degree; alleging, that the disuse of divinity degrees had caused a neglect of study in the college. And most true it is, that when a man is once fellow, though he has all the opportunities in the world for acquiring learning, he has no further incentive. As far as the University is concerned, he has attained his *ultimatum;* no subsequent examination displays his maturer acquirements—elicits how much he may have acquired, or exposes how much he may have forgotten. In Bentley's reign, the preparatory exercises for a Doctor's degree were not absolutely formal. They

showed at least that the candidate could still speak Latin. As to the matter of the theses and disputations, as orthodoxy only allowed one conclusion, and one decision, it never could be much varied. The battle was sold, and who cares how scientific the sparring might be? But Bentley wished that the fellows of Trinity should graduate in the higher faculties, *i. e.* law, physic, and divinity; and certainly, the words of the statute do, in our disinterested opinion, clearly define the highest graduate, not the senior member, as having the right of preoption. It is a pity that college statutes are not written in English or Latin, or some other intelligible language. At present, they are in a *lingo* that never was spoken on earth, and which can only be justified on the principles of those enthusiasts, who think a language clearly divine, because it was never human.

Bentley seems to have entered on his government with the worst of all possible disqualifications—a contempt for those whom he was called to govern. Not content with a lawless sway, he accompanied every exertion of his prerogative with wanton insult, and made the college books the standing records of his overbearing antipathy. Bishop Hacket, a confessor of episcopacy during the Commonwealth, retaining in his honoured age an honourable affection for the place of his youthful studies, had, in 1667, given twelve hundred pounds to rebuild that ruinous fabric entitled Garret's Hostel, with a proviso, that the rents of the chambers therein should for ever be appropriated to the improvement of the library. The new library being completed at an expense of eighteen thousand pounds, something was still requisite, to furnish it with desks, book-cases, and other appurtenances, and the college resolved that the money advanced for this purpose should be repaid out of the

rents of the Bishop's chambers. This arrangement, though not inconsistent with the statutes, and approved by the bishop's executor, did not please the master. He insisted that all the sums so applied, amounting to about 50*l.* a-year, had been "intervented;" insisted that they should be restored, and devoted to the purchase of books; with an assertion, "that the college had been robbing the library, and putting the money in their own pockets." Truly, he treated his subjects like worms, and forgot that a worm will turn if you tread upon it. This is said to have given cause to the first misunderstanding between Bentley and the seniority. In demanding the restitution, he might be self-justified, but the reproach was gratuitous. Whenever a head is to be appointed to a society of Christian gentlemen, the first question to be asked should be,—is he a Christian? the second,—is he a gentleman? A spontaneous insulter is neither.

So passed the first five years of Bentley's mastership. Meanwhile, King William, whose merits as a deliverer were soon forgotten when it was found that a parliamentary king was rather more expensive than a *jure divino* monarch, had died, and Queen Anne, deservedly the favourite of the clergy and of the Universities, succeeded to the undivided allegiance of a then loyal people. She had already gladdened Oxford with her presence, and in 1705, she conceded to Cambridge the costly honour of a royal visitation. A royal visit to a University is, or might be called, *dunce's holiday*, for then degrees are conferred on all whom royalty appoints, without the statutable qualifications and exercises. Upon this occasion Newton knelt down, plain mister, and arose Sir Isaac. It is the glory of knighthood that such a man deigned to accept it, but it must have been a whimsical spectacle to see a woman holding a sword in an assembly of

parsons, to bestow upon a man of peace an order essentially military.

About this time Parliament purchased the library of Sir Robert Cotton, a useful collector, whose name is connected with some of the rarest treasures of literature. Bentley, as royal librarian, was entrusted with this welcome charge. Apartments were fitted up for him in Cotton House. He spent a considerable part of every year in town, where his talents obtained admission to the highest circles, and his advancement to the bench was regarded as certain; and certain it might have been, had he possessed the requisite pliancy of temper, for in no age was mere talent, of whatever kind, at so high a premium. When we recollect that nothing but the conscientious scruples of Queen Anne herself (and blessed be her memory, therefore) prevented Swift from being a bishop, we might almost wonder that the first scholar in Europe, a chosen and successful champion of religion, and a peculiar favourite of the pious queen, was not, while his laurels were yet unmildewed, advanced to the top of his profession. Perhaps the richer sees were all bespoken two or three deep, and Bentley preferred a wealthy certainty, which incurred little expense, to the higher dignity of a poor bishopric, entailing an enlarged expenditure, and the misery of hope deferred. At a later period, 1709, he was a candidate for the see of Chichester, but the change of ministry gave it to Dr. John Robinson, who afterwards figured as plenipotentiary at the treaty of Utrecht. Perhaps the odium, justly or unjustly, attached to that negotiation, made him the last ecclesiastic whom the English government have employed in diplomacy. Yet later, Bentley refused the poor bishopric of Bristol, and on being asked "What sort of preferment he would desire?"

answered, "that which could leave me no wish to change."

That the character of our subject was still accounted stainless in the great world is evinced by the fact that persons of rank and reputation were anxious to place their children under his immediate care. During the year 1707, Edward Viscount Hinchinbrooke, Lord Kingston and his brother, and Sir Charles Kemys, were his private pupils, and inmates of the lodge. For the head of a college to take pupils is a thing now scarcely known, and perhaps never usual. Probably the fellows felt quite as much aggrieved at the injury done to themselves, as at the degradation of the Master's dignity. The tutorship of a noble youth is generally the first step in the ladder of preferment; a good thing in hand, (for such as possess the necessary assiduity and suppleness) and a bill upon the future, which seldom fails to be honoured. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the fellows of Trinity murmured at the expense incurred on account of the Master's pupils. What they had to pay was probably a trifle, but what they lost in expectation (and every college tutor would set down to his own creditor account the whole possible gain of each titled or honourable pupil, even to the contingency of a mitre, as sure and personal loss) was as large as their hopes or their wishes. At all events, this measure of Bentley's excited much clamour. It would shock a mother of the present water-drinking day, to be informed that the residence of those young gentlemen in the lodge occasioned an alarming increase in the consumption of college ale.*

* This jest is extracted with some violence from Dr. Monk's statement. "The spirit and liberality of the Fellows of Trinity had always supplied their Master's lodge with various articles of housekeeping, as bread, *beer*, oil, fuel, &c.,

That it interrupted the progress of Bentley's Horace was not half so annoying to the seniority. To be serious,—the money part of this business strongly illustrates the absurdity of adhering to ancient usages, when the circumstances that gave rise to them are changed. When colleges were first founded, the master of each was presumed, indeed necessitated, to be a bachelor. Provisions were cheap, money was scarce. It was, therefore, an obvious convenience to supply him with necessaries from the college stock in kind, especially as his attendants were supposed to be poor scholars, who might almost literally subsist on the crumbs that fell from his table. A married master, with hungry children, and a train of beer-bibbing hirelings, was not even contemplated in hope, as a single seed of time. Every thing about a college savours of celibacy. For the accidents of married life there is no provision. There are college libraries, kitchens (noble ones), cellars (ample and well-stocked), gardens, bowling-greens—even in some instances private theatres (for the fellows of Trinity were obligated, by statute, to present *Comedies* at certain stated feasts), but who ever heard of a college nursery? when was there a degree taken in midwifery?

From these and other causes, complaints against Bentley became louder and louder, and he was openly taxed with greediness and meanness, in saddling the college with the support of his own

out of the common purse of the college, and that too without limitation; reliance being placed upon the delicacy and good feeling of their Head that this indulgence would never be abused. But when they found *the expense of these articles increased by the consumption of the pupils*, for whose board no payment was made to the College, they began to grumble and to tax the Master with greediness and meanness."—*D. C.*

boarders, with whom he received not less than 200*l.* a-year. He attempted to silence all murmurs by extolling the honour done to the society by these young patricians (which honour, by the way, he pretty well monopolised himself), and by referring to three sash windows which he had put into their apartments at his own expense! Verily, it is heart-sickening to find a man, whom one would fain venerate, engaged in such squabbles, and worse still, to find him so often in the wrong.

Still, however, the feuds of Trinity College were confined within its own walls; and Bentley was known to the world only as a scholar, and a patron of scholars. His fame was European. Veteran plodders either veiled their eyes in adoration, or confessed, by impotent detraction, their sense of his superiority. It can hardly be said that he bore his faculties meekly; yet, in the literary world, if he used his giant's strength like a giant, it was like a good-natured giant. To the weak he was merciful; and to the young, as one that chasteneth whom he loveth. He was rude, not malicious: he growled, and shook his mane, but he never stung. He left his enemy crest-fallen, but not heart-broken. An instance of his rough way of doing a good turn occurred in his correspondence with Tiberius Hemsterhuis, or Hemsterhuisius, as he Latinised his name, making thereby as near an approach to the sonorous majesty of Roman nomenclature, as his tatooed highness of the Sandwich Islands, in a naval uniform coat, and no breeches, doth to the English court dress. This young Dutchman, in his eighteenth year, was engaged to complete an edition of the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, a curious work, from which almost all our direct information on the in-door arrangements of the ancients is derived. Of course it is the production

of a comparatively recent age, for books are seldom written about common matters till they begin to grow obsolete; whence it arises, that the very things which everybody knows in one generation, are those which nobody knows a few generations after. Julius Pollux, therefore, may take rank somewhere between Captain Grose and Dr. Kitchener. His principal value depends on the illustration which he affords to the comic writers; and with fragments of the comic writers his text abounds, and on the correction and explanation of these fragments young Tiberius particularly prided himself. Before the work was out of the press, he ventured to write to Bentley, as the highest living authority, for his opinion and assistance respecting certain passages; a mark of deference from a rising genius, which must have highly delighted our Aristarchus, and deserved, what it obtained, a prompt and satisfactory reply. Hemsterhuis's thanks for this condescension, though dispatched immediately, were never delivered till the spring of 1708, nearly three years after his original communication, and when the Julius Pollux had been some time before the public. The gratitude of the youthful editor, and his fears lest the involuntary delay of his acknowledgments should be ascribed to disrespect, were very affecting. Bentley, who saw immediately the strength and the weakness of his disciple, promptly relieved him from his apprehension of having offended, and fairly complimented his diligence and learning, but at the same time made him so keenly sensible of his deficiency in the *res metrica* (where, after all, the youth only partook of the general ignorance of continental scholars), and so completely upset his supposed emendations of the fragments, that the aspirant was absolutely disheartened, and thought for a time of relinquishing classical pursuits

altogether. But he thought better of it, and lived to acquire a rank in criticism, second only to Bentley's own; and, what was far more to his honour, remembered the exposure of his youthful errors with gratitude, and often related the anecdote to his pupils, when he would impress upon them *how much they had to learn.* Hemsterhuis kept Bentley's two epistles till his death, when they were published by David Ruhnken, his pupil and admirer. There have been men who would have burned them.

Bentley, at this period, corresponded with many of the most learned men in Europe, and received from them all that homage which his wide-spreading reputation demanded. From one of these letters it appears, that in 1708 his candlelight studies had injured his sight, which was restored by an application of the insects called multipedæ. To this benefit he pleasantly alludes, in two Latin elegiac couplets:—

> Quod liceat Veli doctas mihi volvere chartas
> Ponitur hæc vobis gratia, Multipedæ;
> At vobis maneat crebris, precor, imbribus uda,
> Subque cavo quercus cortice tuta domus.

> That learn'd Deveil's deep page I may peruse,
> Ye things of many feet, to you I owe,
> Moist be your darkling cells with frequent dews,
> And safely snug, the rough oak's rind below.

The cure of which the things of many feet obtained the credit was so effectual, that, to his remotest old age, Bentley's sight remained unimpaired, notwithstanding the intense exertion of his eyes in reading small type, and deciphering scarce legible manuscripts.

However regardless of the feelings and purses of the then population of Trinity, Bentley was indefatigable in promoting the glory and welfare of the

college as a state. In one year (1706) he laid the foundation of an observatory, and of a chemical laboratory. The first was destined to assist the observations of Roger Cotes, first Plumian Professor of Astronomy, of whom, after his early decease, Newton said, "If Cotes had lived, we should have had something." The laboratory was devoted to the researches of the Veronese Vigani, an ingenious foreigner, who cultivated a science but just beginning to deliver itself from the avaricious quackery of the alchemists. Vigani may be called the first Cambridge Lecturer on Chemistry; and no successor was appointed for some years after his death. It was Bentley's design to make his college the focus of all the science and information in the kingdom, and to make it an edifice worthy of the learning he wished it to contain. But even the most obvious improvements were regarded with an eye of suspicion; and his taste for architecture, which he gratified unscrupulously at the college expense, incurred great, and not altogether unfounded odium. His own lodge he had repaired, or rather re-edified, at a cost originally calculated at 200*l.*, but which amounted to somewhere about 1000*l.*, exclusive of a new staircase, which he erected in defiance of the direct refusal of the Bursar (the academic chancellor of the exchequer), and unsanctioned by the Seniors. For this staircase the Fellows absolutely denied payment. But Bentley had, as he expressed it, "a rusty sword, wherewith he subdued all opposition." This was an obsolete statute, compelling the whole body of fellows to almost perpetual residence. Were all corporations invested with a power to accommodate their institutes to ever-changing circumstances, and did they make a wise and provident use of that power, law would not so often be the

power of iniquity. By the terrors of the "rusty sword," and other threats of a like nature, the autocrat of Trinity at length enforced the discharge of a debt of 350*l.*, incurred against the consent of those who had to pay it. Nor were the stretches of his authority confined to matters of finance. In the distribution of honours, offices, and preferments; in the infliction of penalties, even to confiscation and exile (so far as he could inflict them), he was equally arbitrary. Whoever opposed him was certain to be excluded from every reward of merit, and to receive something more than justice for the first alleged offence. That his severer measures were absolutely and substantially unjust is by no means clear; but he proceeded to extremities without either consulting his legal assessors, or even waiting for legally convicting evidence. Of two fellows, whom he expelled in 1708, the guilt admits of little doubt, for one of them, John Wyvil, confessed to the act of purloining and melting down the college plate; the other, John Durant Brevel, hereafter designed to figure along with Bentley himself in the Dunciad, was more than suspected of what (Christian) men call adultery, and (heathen) gods, a platonic friendship for a married lady. But they were both punished unconstitutionally by the Master's sole prerogative, and their offences were forgotten in the danger of liberty.

We cannot, therefore, be surprised, that Bentley met with opposition, or faint support, even when he stepped forward as the enlightened patron of learning, and of learned men; that schemes really magnificent, such as his renovation of the chapel, were cited as fresh instances of rapacity,—that innovations, which might be improvements, were only regarded as precedents of oppression,—and that the fellows of Trinity only waited for a tangible pretext, and a bold

leader, to throw off that allegiance which they conceived to be forfeited by lawless tyranny. The pretext occurred, in Bentley's project for a new division of the college funds. The leader appeared in the person of Miller, a lay fellow, and a rising barrister, who was accustomed to visit his University friends at the Christmas vacation, and chanced to come just when this revolutionary proposal of the Master's had struck "a panic of property."

In order to comprehend the nature and extent of the change contemplated, it is necessary to state that the original endowment allotted to each fellow, free chambers and commons, with stipends varying according to their degrees, viz.:—for a Doctor of Divinity, 5*l.*; a Bachelor of Divinity, 4*l.*; a Master of Arts, 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* These, with a small sum for dress, were the whole emoluments for fellowship. As these sums became insufficient, through the depreciation of money, and as the college funds increased, several alterations had taken place in the distribution, not necessary to be here recounted; in particular, the advance in the value of a fellowship was made to depend upon standing solely, without any regard to superiority of degree, which removed one great incentive to graduate in the higher faculties. Now it was Bentley's plan to restore the original ratio, by multiplying the sum mentioned in the statutes by ten, so as to give 50*l.* to a Doctor, 40*l.* to a Bachelor of Divinity, and 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to a Master of Arts:—but of course the Master's own stipend was to be settled according to the same proportion. Now the original foundation allotted the Master 100*l.* for stipend and commons together, without specifying how much should be reckoned for stipend alone. Bentley chose to state it as 85*l.*; but as a demand for 850*l.* "at one fell swoop" was

rather too alarming, he offered to content himself with 800*l.* This being resisted, he lowered his claims to 400*l.*, and then to 200*l.*, which, of itself, was not unreasonable; and had it covered the whole of his estimates, it is probable that the measure might have been carried, and peace restored to the society. But the worst was behind.—By regular custom, the master was supplied with certain articles, as bread, beer, coals, candles, oil, linen, &c., from the public stock, and no definite limit had been set to his consumption. Bentley's enormous demands in these particulars, which really seem incredible, had given rise to much clamour, and must have been intended to reconcile the college to any mode he might suggest of getting rid of a burden at once exorbitant and uncertain. He offered, therefore, to accept 700*l.* a year in lieu of all allowances. The mere amount of the demand was not the only objection. It tended to make him altogether independent of the seniority. The *budget*, therefore, when first introduced, in 1708, had a very cold reception. He had recourse to various methods to procure its adoption; altered several details, but always came to the same conclusion as to the sum total. The fellows continued to demur. He endeavoured to promote a petition in favour of his budget among the junior fellows—a measure not likely to conciliate the seniority. At length he had recourse to the violent expedient of stopping the supplies, and was just proceeding to extremities when Miller arrived, at the conclusion of 1709, to raise the standard of open revolt. He declared the Master's demands to be altogether unreasonable, and suggested the possibility of obtaining redress, by appealing to a higher authority. Bentley was not the man to yield to menace.—Conference followed conference. Ill blood

and ill language ensued. The Master denounced lawyers as the most ignominious people in the universe—told one senior fellow that he would die in his shoes, and called another "the college dog;" and finally pronounced his fatal malediction—"From henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College." So saying, he set off for London.

No sooner was he gone than Miller, conceiving that the Master intended to petition the queen in council, advised his comrades to have the first word, and lay their complaints before a competent authority. He drew up a statement of grievances, which was subscribed by the sixteen senior fellows present in college, and by eight of the juniors; notwithstanding some objection from Dr. Colbatch, Professor of Casuistry, who, as he was the slowest to enter into the quarrel, was the most perseverant in prosecuting it. No sooner was Bentley informed of this unexpected step, than he hastened back from town "with the speed of a general who hears of a mutiny among his troops during his absence, and resolves to arrest its progress by making a summary example of the ringleaders." On the 18th of January he caused Miller's name to be struck off the college boards. On the 19th it was restored by the vice-master and eight seniors: and on the 24th it was again struck off by Bentley. Compromise became hopeless, and both parties flew to arms.

For all important disputes which can arise in the different colleges, about forty-five in number, which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the visitor. In the present case a difficulty arose as to who was visitor. The statutes of Edward VI. appoint the Bishop of Ely to that function. Those of Elizabeth are silent as to the general right of visitation, which might therefore be presumed to

abide in the crown as representative of the founder; but by the fortieth article the Bishop of Ely is appointed visitor in case of misconduct on the part of the master. To this prelate, then Bishop Moore, an early friend of Bentley, and munificent patron of literature, a petition was addressed, containing a summary in fifty-four articles, in the form of interrogatory, of Bentley's real and supposed misdemeanors, signed by the Vice-master and twenty-nine fellows. Many of the counts may be fairly pronounced frivolous and vexatious. We should scarce have expected to find marriage alleged as a crime against a Protestant dignitary, or that the fellows of the richest college in Europe should have complained of their Master's wife keeping a coach. But if many of the articles were not worth answering, there were those which Bentley could never satisfactorily answer, especially his tyrannical interference with all college appointments and elections, and his reckless expenditure of the college funds. Prudence and delicacy would have recommended a private reference to the visitor as arbitrator; but the passions of the parties were too much excited for prudence, and to delicacy none of them seem to have had the slightest claim. The articles were published under the form of a pamphlet, and Bentley replied in a printed address to the bishop, whose jurisdiction he nevertheless denied, a composition of more acerbity than elegance, containing more recrimination than explanation, and throwing the onus of the quarrel on the sottish habits and Jacobite politics of his oppugners.

In his political allusions, Bentley made what is vulgarly called a bad shot. The people were tired of the Whigs, sick of a war, in which, according to the invariable custom of England, they gained nothing but debt and glory, and perhaps secretly pining for

the restoration of the exiled family, from which the worst men expected the reward of secret adherence, and the best the blessing of God on a fearless act of justice. In this humour of the public, Sacheverel became the idol of the mob for doctrines which, in these days, would have exposed his barns to arson, and his life to violence. He was, like most mob orators, a man of middling character and mediocre talents, thrust forward by the high-church party as a tool, whose proceedings they might acknowledge or deny, according to their success. His sermons, which are utterly worthless, were not supposed to be his own composition, and his defence, which was masterly, is known to have been the production of Atterbury, assisted by Smalridge and other of Bentley's Christ Church adversaries. The popular ferment attending his ill-judged prosecution coincided with the Queen's personal bias towards the Tories, and the machinations of Mrs. Masham, a new favourite, who is said to have resented some personal slight of the haughty Duchess of Marlborough, that great, but unhappy woman, so admirably described by Pope under the name of Atossa, to oust the Whig ministry. But what Bentley lost by the defeat of his nominal party, was more than supplied by the influence of his wife, who was connected both with Mr. Masham, the favourite's husband, and with St. John, the new secretary of state, and afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, no very creditable patron for a divine, but who had talents enough to know that the name of Bentley looked well on the ministerial list. Now it happened that some of Bentley's accusers were fully as much addicted to Venus and Bacchus as to Minerva. The Doctor had not scrupled to assert that the poverty which the fellows of Trinity ascribed to his exactions was wholly owing to the additional tax on claret; and his

lady did not fail to take the advantage which a female reign always affords to scandal in the guise of morality. But the main manager in the matter was Harley, the Lord Treasurer, a circuitous fine gentleman, to whom Bentley addressed a *projet* of a royal letter, in which every point was decided in his own favour, and the Master enjoined "to chastise all licence among the fellows." But such downright dealing did not accord with the views of the wily politician. It is uncertain whether this bold stroke came to the ears of the enemy, but certain it is that, on the twenty-first of November, Bentley received a peremptory summons to answer the articles against him by the eighteenth of December.

Bentley, being thus at bay, at first thought of appealing to Convocation; but, finding that he was likely to be anticipated in that quarter, and perhaps expecting little favour from his brethren of the clergy, he resolved on a petition to the Queen, setting forth that her Majesty, as representative of the royal founder, was the rightful visitor, and that the assumption of the visitatorial functions by a subject was an invasion of her prerogative; finally throwing himself and his cause on her Majesty's protection. This petition met with immediate attention. Mr. Secretary St. John directed the Attorney and Solicitor General to examine the allegations on both sides, and make a report thereon with all convenient speed. At the same time the Attorney General was to signify to the Bishop of Ely her Majesty's pleasure that all proceedings be staid till the question should be decided in whom the right of visitation lay. Bishop Moore, in his reply, expressed a cheerful acquiescence and confidence that her Majesty would never deprive him of any right belonging to his see. The 2nd January, 1710—11, was appointed for hearing the cause. Sir

Peter King, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Miller, appeared as counsel for the fellows. No less than five months elapsed before the law officers could make their report to government. This document, which Dr. Monk has given at length in the Appendix, contains a full and impartial statement of the facts of the case, and delivers a cautious opinion on the point at issue—to wit, that, whether the statutes of Edward the Sixth were or were not virtually abrogated by those of Elizabeth, the *Master is*, by either code, subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Ely; leaving to her Majesty and to Dr. Bentley the course of moving for a prohibition in a court of law, if either thought fit to contest this opinion.

This decision was far from pleasing to Bentley, who wanted not the expensive privilege of litigation, and that, too, in face of the highest legal authority, but a direct interposition of the crown in his own favour. He therefore determined to address the Prime Minister, Harley, who was then just recovering from the wound inflicted on him by the French assassin, Guiscard, and had been created Earl of Oxford, and Lord High Treasurer. This application was severely censured, as a desertion of the Whigs, in whose lists the Doctor's name had hitherto, for fashion's sake, been borne, though he was never a very devoted or factious politician, and seldom alluded to public matters at all, except in order to throw suspicion upon his enemies. As the memorial is artful and characteristic, we shall give a few extracts from it:—

COTTON HOUSE, *July* 12, 1711.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

After my hearty thanks to God for the wonderful preservation of your most valuable life from the stabs of an assassin, and my sincere con-

gratulation for your new station of honour, so long and so well deserved; I humbly crave leave to acquaint your lordship, that at last I have received from Mr. Attorney General the report, sealed up and directed to Mr. Secretary St. John, a copy of which is here enclosed. Your lordship, when you read it, will please to observe that all the facts alleged in my petition are here confirmed:—that the statute of Edward, which once constituted the Bishop of Ely visitor, was rejected and left out in the two later bodies of statutes, those of Philip and Mary, and those of Elizabeth, now only in force;—that the crown has, for a century and a half, been in sole possession of the visitatorial power;—that no Bishop of Ely, all that while, ever heard of his being visitor, or ever once pretended to act as such, till this present Bishop; and as for the fortieth statute of Elizabeth, which *obiter* and incidentally styles the Bishop of Ely *visitator*, my counsel largely proved—first, that it was *ipso facto* void; and secondly, that, supposing it to be now in force, it was in the power of the crown to vacate it at pleasure. It is clear, that if her Majesty will maintain her prerogative, it is but saying the words, and vacating the fortieth statute: on the contrary, if she will abandon it to the Bishop, she may give him a new corroborating statute, if this be too weak. However, to give more satisfaction about both the points in question, I have permission to inclose the opinion of the learned Sir Nathaniel Lloyd, her Majesty's Advocate General and Vice Chancellor of Cambridge; which he is ready, if occasion were, to maintain in a public manner, by report or by pleading. He, indeed, humbly conceives that even Mr. Attorney's present report is sufficient for her Majesty's prerogative, though the former point be waived; and it is so much the more so, by what I have heard last

post, that those fellows—the minor part of the whole society—that are complainers against me, have subscribed a petition to her Majesty, that she will please to take this matter into her own hands. My lord, I very readily close with this, and desire nothing more than that her Majesty would send down Commissioners with full power to set every thing right, and to punish where fault may be found. I only beg, and most humbly hope, that such persons may be nominated as are lovers of learning, and men of conscience and integrity, above the influence of party, and then I fear not but that I shall be both honourably acquitted, and merit the public approbation. I am easy under every thing but loss of time by detainment here in town, which hinders me from putting the last hand to my edition of Horace, and from doing myself the honour to inscribe it to your Lordship's great name; which permission is most humbly asked and entreated by

Your Lordship's most obedient
and obliged Servant,
RICHARD BENTLEY.

The result of this communication was an order from the Minister, that the report of the Attorney and Solicitor General be laid before the Lord Keeper, Sir Simon Harcourt, and all the crown lawyers; and a letter from Secretary St. John to Bishop Moore, signifying her Majesty's desire that all proceedings should be staid. Thus the leaning of government was sufficiently obvious, and Bentley secured sufficient respite to set the last hand to his Horace.—We hear no more of the college quarrels during the remainder of 1711; nor did the prosecution advance much more rapidly in the course of 1712. The crown lawyers, after more than seven months' deli-

beration, decided, January 9, that the crown was Visitor General of the College, but that the Bishop of Ely possessed, under the 40th statute, the power of hearing and deciding upon the charges against the Master; adding, that it was in the power of the crown, with consent of the college, to alter the visitatorial authority. This opinion, subscribed with many eminent legal names, was opposed by the plain common sense of Sir Joseph Jekyl, a worthy man, whose old-fashioned consistency gained a witty panegyric from Pope:—

> "A horse laugh, if you please, at honesty;
> A sneer at Jekyl, or some queer old Whig
> Who never changed his principle or wig."

To honest Jekyl, lawyer as he was, it appeared, as it must do to every honest man who is not a lawyer, that, if the 40th statute of Elizabeth were valid at all, it clearly recognised the Bishop of Ely as visitor once for all, to all intents and purposes; especially as the same statutes make no mention of any other visitatorial authority. Indeed, Bentley's own assertion, that the 40th statute was *ipso facto* void, as contradicting the general drift and spirit of the code, and probably proceeding from a mere inadvertence in the reviser, is, in reason, much more tenable than the distinction which his adversaries attempted to draw. The absence of any express appointment of a general visitor, and the circumstance that this particular regulation *De Magistri amotione* * is

* Cap. 40: *De Magistri, si res exigat, amotione.*

Quoniam capite gravi aliquo morbo laborante, cætera corporis membra vehementer quoque vexari solent, idcirco statuimus et ordinamus, ut si Magister Coll. in suo officio obeundo admodum negligens et dissolutus repertus fuerit, aut de inhonesta vitæ ratione aut incontinentia suspectus

conveyed in the very words of the earlier statutes, favours the idea that the visitatorial power was meant to be resumed by the crown: and that the words casually referring to the Bishop of Ely, were carelessly transcribed from King Edward's cartularies.

fuerit, per Vice Magistrum et reliquos septem seniores, aut per majorem partem eorum, quorum conscientiam in hac re quantum possumus oneramus, sicut Domino Jesu rationem reddituri sunt, cum omni modestia et lenitate admoneatur; quod si hoc modo admonitus non se emendaverit, secundo similiter admoneatur; sin autem neque tum quidem resipuerit, Vice Magister et reliqui seniores, vel major pars eorum, rem omnem Visitatori Episcopo Eliensi, qui pro tempore fuerit, aperiant, qui et eam diligenter cognoscat et cum equitate definiat. Cujus sententiæ Magistrum sine *ullâ appellatione* omnino parere volumus; sub pœnâ loci sui in perpetuum amittendi.

Porro si dictus Magister coram dicto Visitatore aliquando examinatus, et vel hæreseos, vel Læsæ Majestatis crimine, vel de Simonia, usura, perjurio coram Judice commisso, furto notabili, homicidio voluntario, incestu, adulterio, fornicatione, dilapidatione bonorum Collegii vel de violatione Statutorum ejusdem vel denique de alio quovis consimili crimine notabili, coram prædicto Visitatore legitime convictus fuerit sine morâ per eundem Vice Magistrum Officio Magistri privetur; neque ullam ei Appellationem aut ullum aliud Juris remedium permittimus: sed quæcunque in hâc causâ tentaverit irrita esse volumus, et decernimus ipso facto.

(TRANSLATION.)

Chap. 40.—*Of the removal of the Master, if need require.*

Whereas, if the head be disordered, the whole body and its members must be afflicted together; therefore we order and appoint, that if the Master be found very negligent or remiss in the discharge of his office, or be suspected of ill-life, or incontinency, let him be rebuked with all moderation and gentleness, by the Vice Master and seven seniors, on whose conscience we charge this matter, as they shall answer

But that Queen Elizabeth meant herself and her successors to visit the college at large, and to devolve upon his reverend lordship of Ely the task of castigating the Master, is a supposition which neither good sense nor the plain laws of interpretation can admit. Still, there the statute was, and the easiest way would appear to have been, either to confirm or abrogate, by order in council, or (if needful) by act of Parliament, according to Bentley's suggestion.

As, however, the Bishop was acknowledged by the legal authorities on all hands to have jurisdiction in the present question, it was generally believed that the prohibition would be taken off, and that the long suspended cause would proceed. Still the interdict continued, and it was long supposed that

the same before the Lord Jesus; and if, being thus admonished, he amend not, let him be rebuked a second time in the same manner: but if neither then he be brought to consideration, the Vice Chancellor and senior Fellows, or the majority thereof, shall lay the whole matter before the Visitor, the Bishop of Ely, for the time being; who shall diligently examine and equitably decide the same. By whose sentence it is our will that the Master do abide absolutely, and without any appeal, under penalty of perpetual forfeiture of his office.

Furthermore, if the Master aforesaid, being at any time examined before the aforesaid Visitor, and by the aforesaid Visitor lawfully convicted of heresy, high treason, simony, usury, perjury in the presence of a judge, notorious theft, wilful murder, incest, fornication, adultery, dilapidation of the college estate, or violation of its statutes, or, in fine, of any other the like notorious crime—let him be, without delay, by the aforesaid Vice Master, deprived of his office: nor do we permit him any appeal, or other remedy at law; and whatsoever he may essay in this sort, we will to be null and void, and so we do, *ipso facto*, declare it to be.

the Master owed this respite to the good offices of his wife with Lady Masham and St. John. But certain letters of Lord Oxford's collection give a different colour to the affair.

The Treasurer had, in fact, been holding communications with both parties, had given to each a hope of his countenance. Whether straightforward measures were so alien to his habits, that he was necessitated to play false, even when he had no personal stake in the game, or whether he was really well disposed towards Bentley, and wished to keep his alleged misdemeanors from public exposure, till an opportunity should occur of removing him to some less obnoxious station of dignity; certainly it was his advice, perhaps his sincere and judicious advice, that both parties should submit their differences to the arbitration of the crown. Probably he suffered the fellows to conclude that they would speedily be delivered from the burden of an unpopular head. Reports were circulated that Bentley was actually appointed to the Deanery of Lichfield.*

* The rumour of this appointment had reached the ears of Kuster, who mentions it in two letters to his true brother in the muses, with no small exultation. We subjoin the following extract, both to show how a German scholar can write English, and to prove that Greek does not absolutely annihilate the grateful affections:—

"Aug. 5, 1712. P.S. After I had written this letter, which I kept from one post-day to another, waiting for Mr. Hemsterhuis's letter to be inclosed in myne, there came to see me some English gentlemen, and amongst them one of your college, Nomine Town, a physician, (qui magni te facit,) who brought me the good news that you were made Dean of Litchfield. Ego plane erectus fui hoc nuncio; and afterwards I drank first your health, and afterwards upon the confirmation of this news. I *can* assure you, sir, that I shall long heartily to have the confirmation of this from you, because

This, however, proved unfounded. It might have been a hazardous experiment to bestow conspicuous favour on a man against whom such discreditable charges were pending. Conciliation and procrastination were the ruling principles of Harley, and doubtless he wished Bentley at least to make a show of concession. But this was what the Doctor would not do. The only approach he ever made to pacification was, by detaching some few of his adversaries from the common cause. *Divide et impera*, a politic maxim, of which even the worldly expediency is very doubtful when applied to large communities, is an effectual rule for maintaining supremacy in small factious republics, as the history of the Italian cities too often evinces, and Bentley made the most of it in Trinity College.

But finding this method too slow for his impatience, he determined to starve the combinators to a surrender, and to show the fellows that, if they were not content to receive what he chose, in such proportion as he chose, and allow him to appropriate as much as he chose, they should have nothing at all. Having manœuvred poor old Stubbe, the senior of his opponents, out of the Vice-mastership, and put a more manageable person in his place, he proceeded, at the winter audit, 1712—13, to interdict a dividend, unless his plan of distribution was accepted. Thus writes the aged Ex-Vice-master to the Earl of Oxford:—"Dr. Bentley, I hear, at the

nobody of your friends can take more part in your prosperity than I do, having found that I have no truer friend than you. Mr. Hemsterhuis desseins to write this same day, Vale." Again, in a Latin epistle, "gratulor tibi ex animo de nova hac dignitate, et gaudeo eo magis, quo magis id inimicis tuis doliturum esse *novi*." This shows that Bentley's litigations were heard of over the channel.

auditing of our college accounts, refused to vote a dividend of the remaining money, in order to starve the poor members into an acquiescence under his base and unworthy measures. Our college, my lord, though it be dutiful and silent, is in a very wretched condition; and if your lordship please to look upon it with compassion, you will be a second founder to us. My lord, I cannot ask pardon for this without remembering my former offences of this nature; but I cannot doubt either of your lordship's pardon, or of the success of my petition, when I consider that I speak for a nursery of learning to my Lord of Oxford." Whether Harley, who prided himself in the reputation of a Mecænas, was touched with compassion, or cajoled by flattery, to interest himself for the starving fellows, or whether he only prescribed patience, a cruel prescription to the hungry, we know not. Certainly Bentley's expectations of submission from his opponents, and of protracted interposition from the minister, were disappointed. Miller would be put off no longer, and resolved to bring the matter before the Court of Queen's Bench. Stubbe* apprised the Treasurer

* Stubbe must at one time have stood high in Bentley's good graces, for his nephew had, through the Master's influence, been pre-elected to a fellowship, contrary to custom, and without the claim of merit, being a worthless and profligate young man, whom Bentley himself afterwards declared "the worst man that ever entered a college." Whiston, who antedates the preceding three years, alludes to this as Bentley's first deviation from rectitude, and asserts that the Master himself allowed that in this case he departed from the rule—Detur Digniori. It is also said that this Edmund Stubbe was to marry a niece of Bentley's, in which case his uncle's fortune, not less than 10,000*l.*, was to have been settled on the young couple. We can scarce suppose, if this be true, that young Stubbe's vices were then notorious,

that all endeavours to prevent the cause coming to a hearing would probably be vain, as the court would not allow the validity of the royal, or, in good sooth, ministerial prohibition, while the discussion of a point of prerogative could do little good to a tottering administration; which argument, whether urged by the Ex-Vice-master or not, determined the ministry to take off the embargo, and Secretary St. John, now Lord Bolingbroke, wrote to Bishop Moore, "giving him the Queen's permission to proceed as far as by law he was empowered." Before the end of the Easter Term, 1713, the affair of Trinity College was first brought into court by Mr. Page * obtaining a

though it will sometimes happen that those who have the disposal of young ladies are as blind to the faults of a wealthy suitor as the young ladies themselves to the defects of a handsome lover. This is not the only occasion on which Bentley has been accused of match-making. He was said to have bestowed some small preferment on a young B.A. on condition that he should marry Mrs. Bentley's maid. This was probably an unfounded surmise; but the condition of the working clergy was then so depressed, and attendance on the higher classes so much esteemed, that the marriage of a small vicar with a lady's maid would not be accounted a misalliance, and happy was the poor curate who could obtain for his daughter the enviable situation of Mrs. Honour. For some curious particulars on this head consult "Echard on the Contempt of the Clergy and of Religion, 1670." Parson Adams is no exaggeration.

* This Page was afterwards a Judge of "hanging" notoriety, whom Pope has "damn'd to everlasting fame."

> "Poison, or slander dread, from Delia's rage,
> Hard words, or hanging, if your Judge be Page."
>
> IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

> "And dies if Dulness gives her Page the word."
>
> DUNCIAD.

In Johnson's Life of Savage, some specimens of this man's eloquence are preserved. Let us rejoice that the dynasty of the Pages is at an end.

rule for the bishop to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions. After a full year's delay, arising partly from forms of law, of which delay appears to be the only assignable object, and partly from the avocations of the Judges, and the disturbed state of the nation, in the month of May, 1714, the trial of Bentley actually commenced. The large hall of Ely House was converted into a court of justice, where written evidence was produced in support and refutation of the fifty-four articles against the Master of Trinity College. The counsel for the prosecution were Sir Peter King (is opposition to church dignitaries hereditary in his family ?), Sir John Cheshyre, Mr. Serjeant Page, Dr. Paul, the civilian, and Edmund Miller, who probably pleaded with more sincerity on this occasion than advocates generally obtain credit for, and a mastery of the facts and bearings of the case, which few advocates have the means of acquiring. Bentley's * counsel were the Hon. Spencer Compton (afterwards Speaker, and Earl of Wilmington), Mr. Lutwych, and Dr Andrews, the civilian. Bishop Moore had chosen as his assessors Lord Cowper, the Ex-Chancellor, and Dr. Newton, an eminent civilian.

* "In a loose paper, which I found in the treasury of Trinity College, there is the following account of the performances of four of these gentlemen. The writer seems to be some Fellow who was present at the trial :

"Spencer Compton. He hath been heard to say afterwards that he never was so ashamed of any cause in his life.

"Sir J. Cheshyre. He used Dr. B. very much in his own way.

"Serj. Page. He hummed and haw'd, and stumbled, so his clients were very much ashamed of him.

"Mr. Miller. Was very exact as to dates and quotations, but otherwise very dull and heavy."—*Dr. Monk.*

Though the principal grounds of complaint have been already related in the order of their occurrence, it may promote perspicuity if the important heads of the fifty-four articles be gone over, premising that being in an interrogatory form, they read sometimes rather ludicrously. As *e. g.* conceive the following questions put by a learned Judge, or Reverend Bishop, to a Doctor of Divinity, a public guardian of the morals, manners, and orthodoxy of ingenuous youth? 32. "Why did you use scurrilous words and language to several of the Fellows, particularly by calling Mr. Eden an ass, and Mr. Rashleigh the college dog; by telling Mr. Cock he *would die in his shoes*, and calling many others *fools* and *sots*, and other scurrilous names?" Or, 33, "Why did you profanely and blasphemously use and apply several expressions in the Scripture? As 'he that honours me, him will I honour.' 'I set life or death before you, choose you whether,' or to that effect." Or, 12, "When by false and base practices, as by threatening to bring letters from court, visitations, and the like, and at other times by boasting of your great interest and acquaintance, and that you were the genius of the age . . . why, &c?" Or, 10, "Why have you, for many years past, wasted the college bread, ale, beer, coals, wood, turf, sedge, charcoal, linen, pewter, corn, flour, brawn, and bran, viz., 40,000 penny loaves, 60,000 halfpenny loaves, 14,000 gallons of ale, 20,000 gallons of beer, 600 chaldron of coals, 60,000 billets of wood, 1000 hundreds of turf, 100 load of sedge, 500 bushel of charcoal, 100 ells of Holland, 400 ells of diaper and other linen, 5,000 ounces of pewter, 200 bushels of corn. 400 bushels of flour, 300 bushels of bran, and other goods to the value of 3000*l.* or other great sum, in expending the same, not only on yourself, but

upon your wife, children, and boarders, and that in a very extravagant manner, by causing your servants to make whole meals upon the said college bread and beer only, (you not allowing them either flesh, cheese, or butter, with the same) and by many other ways?" We presume that these counts were not read aloud in Ely House in the presence of the accused, as the whole business was conducted by written affidavits, whereof no less than twenty-seven were sworn against the Master, nor does it appear that any one of the complainants relented, and declined to support his signature upon oath.

The first and second articles refer to the Master's appropriation of certain sums, which of right belonged to his predecessor, and to the misapplication of the said sums. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, to the expenditure in rebuilding and fitting-up the Lodge—which is roundly stated at 1500*l.*—and to the unwarrantable means taken to enforce payment of the same. The seventh goes so far as to charge Bentley with obtaining money under pretence of paying workmen, and diverting it to other purposes.

The ninth, absurdly enough, asks Dr. Bentley why he married; and why, having married, he brought his wife into college.—It is wonderful that some of his prosecutors should hazard a question which might have been retorted with such bitter effect upon themselves; and somewhat remarkable how unwillingly Queen Elizabeth permitted the marriage of the clergy.

The tenth, thirtieth, thirty-first and forty-fourth, relate to waste of the college goods, and exorbitant demands upon its funds. The twelfth and thirteenth, to the staircase business (a discreditable job altogether). The fourteenth, to the allotment of college

chambers—(*seems* frivolous at this distance of time, but might be very serious at the commencement of the last century). The fifteenth, to unlawful interference with the appointment of officers, in which the Master appears to have been culpable and inconsistent. The seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh, to punishments inflicted without due conviction, or the consent of the seniority. The twenty-second regards the expulsion of Miller. The twenty-third, fortieth, and fifty-second, allege certain irregularities and omissions in the chapel service (which, for any spiritual benefit derived from it, might as well be omitted altogether).* As for the

* So Wordsworth—

> If these thoughts
> Are a gratuitous emblazonry
> That mocks the recreant age we live in, then
> Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
> Whatever formal gait of discipline
> Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—
> Let them parade among the Schools at will,
> But spare the House of God. Was ever known
> The witless shepherd who persists to drive
> A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
> A weight must surely hang on days begun
> And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
> Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
> Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
> At home in pious service, to your bells
> Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
> Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
> And your officious doings bring disgrace
> On the plain steeples of our English Church,
> Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
> Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand
> In daily sight of this irreverence,
> Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
> Loses her just authority, falls beneath
> Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
>
> *Prelude*, Book iii.

Let us hope that the conditions under which the philosophic poet would have deemed the ancient use edifying are not now altogether absent.—*D. C.*

"founder's prayers," Bentley was quite right in letting them alone; for they are a mere apology for masses, and where the belief of purgatory does not obtain, have no meaning whatever. The forty-third and forty-fourth articles relate to the new scheme of dividends. The thirty-seventh and forty-seventh, to the bowling-green, and another plot of ground, which Bentley had used according to his pleasure, asserting himself "to be Lord of the soil." The fifty-third complains of the observatory;—one or two others, of the expense incurred in renovating the chapel, and purchasing an organ; and the rest relate either to mere repetitions of former offences, or to matters of college regulation—such as the Friday's supper, the declamations in chapel, the permission to quit table before grace, and the like.

On a dispassionate review of these articles, it appears that they amount to a sort of accumulative treason against the state and liberties of Trinity College. By far the greater part of them are trifling, —yet, altogether, they prove, beyond contradiction, that Bentley's views extended to absolute sovereignty —that he deemed himself irresponsible—treated the college estate as if no individual but himself had a freehold therein—and did not condescend to observe those formalities which, by a true college man, are regarded as essential to academic existence.

At the commencement of the trial, public opinion was strong in his favour. Admitted on all hands to be the first scholar in his country, a gifted champion of Christianity, connected by friendship or alliance with some of the highest characters of the nation, the man to whom Stillingfleet had committed the care of his son, whom Locke, and Evelyn, and Wren, and Newton had called friend, whom Samuel Clarke addressed in terms of veneration, and whom the most

erudite foreigners regarded as first among the first, he stood opposed to a knot of comparatively obscure men, to answer upon points in which the great world took little interest, before a judge devoted to literature, who had once been his companion. He had also the reputation of court favour; he had befriended the existing government in an anxious crisis;* he

* In June, 1712, a furious attack was made upon the Tory ministry, respecting the pending negotiations at Utrecht—the Whigs denouncing them as traitors, who were intriguing with the common enemy to betray the allies, either in the hope of restoring the Stuarts, or from mere spite and envy at Marlborough's glory. The House of Lords was the scene of contest, and so high did whiggish expectation soar, that, according to Swift (Journal to Stella), the opposition desired their friends to bespeak places to see the Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower. Though the Ministers obtained a majority, yet it was especially desirable that every possible expression of national confidence should be tendered, to embolden their supporters. Bentley managed an address from the University of Cambridge to the Queen, declaring the fullest reliance on the wisdom of her councils, and thanking her for the prospect of a speedy pacification. With that well-weighed caution which appears in all his political conduct, he made the University express their attachment to the Hanoverian succession, terming that house "her Majesty's relations," a phrase not very consonant to Queen Anne's personal predilections, as there can be small doubt that she would willingly have bequeathed her crown to nearer relations; but it neither committed himself nor the Ministry. He had the honour of presenting it to her Majesty with his own hands.

Nothing could be more *politic* than the whole course of Bentley's politics. He was the supporter of government—not of government by one party, or the other—and never fairly laid himself open to the charge of tergiversation. To be sure, he dedicated his Horace to Harley, and reminds him that Horace was not the less acceptable to Mecænas because

had adorned his *alma mater*, not only by his own learning, but by that which he imported; even his expensive architecture was, at worst, a magnificent offence, which the public might enjoy without paying for it; and, what was no small prepossession with the many, he had always maintained the port of an innocent man. But, as the cause opened, public opinion took alarm, and the Bishop's own sentiments were altered. So little had Bentley anticipated this—so great was his contempt of his opposers, or his confidence in himself—that, on one hearing, when the Bishop ex-

he had borne arms with Brutus and Cassius :—but who ever looked at a dedication for any thing but neat flattery? His moderation in this respect contrasts strangely with his imprudent violence as Master of Trinity. Perhaps there was no situation in the world for which he was so unfitted as the headship of a college. Even his learning was not of that quality which is required in a preceptor, or guide of juvenile studies; for his mind was too rapid to wait upon the slow development of ordinary comprehensions. He had an exquisite tact, an intuitive perception of the possibilities of language, but he had little feeling for the beauties of thought and imagery, and still less sympathy for the minds of others. He had probably quite forgotten what it was to be a learner, and could not sympathetically discover the cause of a difficulty arising from the intellectual constitution of an individual, though, as in the case of Hemsterhuis, he would infallibly indicate a deficiency of positive knowledge on any given topic. In a word, he could point out what was to be learned, but he could not teach.

How different a being was Aldritch, the very ideal of a college head, who made those who would not have loved learning for its own sake love it for his, who was better pleased to elicit the talents of others than to display his own —who made even logic amiable, by proving that it was no foe to good fellowship—who regulated conviviality by making himself its moving principle—planned the Peck-water, loved his pipe, and composed "the bonny Christ-Church bells."

pressed an opinion favourable to his accusers, his nerves were unable to stand the unexpected shock, and he actually fainted away. The trial continued six weeks, and would doubtless have ended in convicting the Master of violating the statutes, and wasting the goods of the college. The Visitor, having consulted his assessors, who are said to have dissented, prepared a sentence of ejectment, which it was not decreed that he should pronounce: for before the day of passing judgment arrived, he was himself called to the last assize, just one day before his sovereign lady—that truest friend of the English Church, who has given name to Queen Anne's Charity; a charity, indeed, which, if there were merit in human works, might partly atone for the unprofitable bloodshed of Marlborough's victories. Bishop Moore died July 31st; Queen Anne, August 1st, 1714.

That the Bishop had decided against Bentley, is proved by a sentence, or decretum, in anti-ciceronian Latin, found among his papers after his death. But Dr. Monk believes that this was only provisional, and not intended to have been put in force, till all milder measures had failed. Moore was a munificent prelate, and deserved a better end than to die of a cold, caught while listening to heart-breaking allegations against one whom he had long esteemed, and never could cease to admire.

As the decease of the Visitor rendered all previous proceedings null and void, the case of Trinity College might either die a natural death, or had to be commenced *de novo*. Having arrived at the end of the first stage of this protracted contest, let us take a rapid retrospect of Bentley's literary life during the period of these turmoils. It has been noted by his enemies, and lauded by his eulogists, that whenever the tide of accusation was strongest against him, he

was sure to come out with some book which turned the public attention from his delinquencies to his abilities, and indisposed the world to believe that so much learning could lack honesty. But it is by no means evident that this coincidence of his classical publications with the climacterical æras of his fortune was the result of design. Strife and trouble seem to have been congenial to his faculties: controversy was a stimulus without which he would have slumbered. He was naturally a bird of tempest. But as almost all his works were occasional—called forth by the publications of others, we can hardly suppose that all the half-learned of Europe delayed their lucubrations till the precise moment when Bentley was to make a diversion, by holding them up to scorn; or that the evil genius of Le Clerc and Collins were in collusion with the good genius of the Master of Trinity College. Yet the coincidence, which certainly did exist, furnished Arbuthnot with a good hit, in a squib published long after the period we speak of—a palpable and professed imitation of Swift's manner—which Dr. Johnson would have called "the echo of an unnatural fiction."*

* "An Account of the State of Learning in the Empire of Lilliput, together with the History and Character of Bullum, the Emperor's Library Keeper." The passage alluded to is as follows:—

"Bullum is a tall raw-boned man, I believe near six inches and a half high. From his infancy he applied himself with great industry to the old Blefuscudian language, in which he made such a progress, that he almost forgot his native Lilliputian; and at this time he can neither write nor speak two sentences without a mixture of old Blefuscudian. These qualifications, joined to an undaunted forward spirit, and a few good friends, prevailed with the Emperor's grandfather to make him keeper of his library, and a Mulro in the Gomflastru, though most men thought him fitter to be one of the

The commencement of the Horace has been already mentioned. This seems to have been his professed engagement from August 1702, to December 1711; but in that interval he found several opportunities of displaying his acquirements, either in assisting friends or provoking enemies. He

Royal Guards. These places soon helped him to riches, and upon the strength of them he soon began to despise every body, and to be despised by every body. This engaged him in many quarrels, which he managed in a very odd manner: whenever he thought himself affronted, he immediately *flung a great book at his adversary*, and, if he could, felled him to the earth; but if his adversary stood his ground, and flung another book at him, which was sometimes done with great violence, then he complained to the Grand Justiciary, that these affronts were designed to the Emperor, and that he was singled out only as being the Emperor's servant. By this trick he got that great officer to his side, which made his enemies cautious, and him insolent.

"Bullum attended the court some years, but could not get into a higher post; for though he constantly wore the heels of his shoes high or low, as the fashion was, yet having a long back and a stiff neck, he never could, with any dexterity, creep under the stick which the Emperor or the chief minister held. As to his dancing on a rope, I shall speak of it presently; but the greatest skill in that art will not procure a man a place at court without some agility at the stick."

Swift never renewed the attack upon Bentley, after the "Tale of a Tub," and "The Battle of the Books." Perhaps he was ashamed of having, in the Phalaris' Controversy, taken the wrong, that is to say, the losing side. Perhaps he abstained cautiously from whatever might connect him with the "Tale of a Tub," under the impression that but for that offspring of youthful imprudence, (which, like most of the *Disowned*, is as like its father as his worst enemies could desire,) he might have been an English Bishop instead of an Irish Dean. Those who love not the church, and, alas! they

contributed some highly esteemed emendations to Davies's "Tusculan Questions," supported by able notes, and a body of conjectural alterations to Needham's edition of Hierocles on the golden verses of Pythagoras. It is to be wished that Bentley had given a critical opinion upon the date and real author of the Golden Verses themselves. If they could be proved to be of high antiquity, they would form a most valuable document of heathen, we had almost said, patriarchal morality. In 1709, he succeeded in procuring a reprint of the Principia of his illustrious friend, by engaging Cotes, his own protégé, to superintend the publication at the University press. Nearly three hundred letters between Newton and

are too many, and those who amuse themselves with experiments upon human nature, may possibly wish that Gulliver had attained a mitre. It would be curious to see what sort of a Bishop a high-churchman, whose Christianity was contempt for Infidels, and whose orthodoxy was hatred of Dissenters, would have made. Yet the Dean had many worse things to answer for than writing the "Tale of a Tub."

What, however, he would not do himself, he found others to do for him. Never was literary band so closely united by harmonious dissimilitude as that which comprised Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Parnell: they were a perfect co-operative society, and might be said, almost without a metaphor, to feel for each other. But Swift *thought* for them all:—his was the informing mind, and exercised over his associates that supremacy which philosophic power, however perverted, will always maintain over mere genius, though elegant as Pope's—over simple erudition, though extensive as Arbuthnot's. Moreover, whenever a limited number of men form a league or union, it is ten to one that the least amiable will be the most influential. When, therefore, Pope or Arbuthnot attack Bentley, we may suspect that they were little more than Swift's doubles, if they did not actually father what he writ.

Cotes are preserved in Trinity College. Well may we ask, with Dr. Monk, why are they not given to the world? In this letter-publishing age, when something is really wanting to preserve epistolary composition from the anathema of disgusted common sense, that these treasures should be withheld, is shameful. Sir Isaac was then detained in town by his office as Master of the Mint. It is infinitely to Bentley's honour that he used his influence to promote learning, in branches other than his own; but in Newton's Principia he had a sort of personal interest, as having been the first to employ their discoveries in the popular defence of religion.

In 1710, just after the college quarrel had come to an open rupture, and while disputing the visitatorial rights of the Bishop of Ely, he seemingly volunteered a literary rencounter with a *universal genius*, who had impudently ventured on his peculiar ground. The celebrated John Le Clerc, having written and reviewed himself into a reputation for all sorts of knowledge, except Greek criticism, in an evil hour thought he could "play the lion too," and ventured forth as editor of the Fragments of Menander and Philemon, though his knowledge of Greek is said to have been acquired at a late age, and never to have exceeded the modicum of a "high-school" boy. What could have tempted him to make this display of his insufficiency is hard to guess; as Greek editorship is not the stage for versatile audacity to play on. Cleverness, eloquence, variety of attainment, will do nothing. The defect of scholarship cannot be hid. But in Le Clerc's youth, *critical* scholarship can scarce be said to have existed, and perhaps, like other great men, he was ignorant of the change of times. That precise determination of the rules and licenses of the ancient dramatic measures which has

guided conjecture to certainty, and enabled the commentator to discern the just outline of an original picture through successive coatings of false colour, was, in the days of Grotius, as little anticipated by the great readers, as a law to regulate the occultations of Jupiter's Satellites was expected by those antique rustics, who assembled with clang of pots and clash of platters to drive away the monster that was smothering the eclipsed moon. Whatever is known on this subject, is owing to Bentley, for he first pointed to what was wanted, and showed how it was to be obtained.

When Hemsterhuis exposed his lack of metrical experience, Bentley was content to make him sensible of his deficiency, by encouraging him to supply it, and even this kind severity was inflicted in the privacy of a post letter. When Barnes, by an edition of Homer, in which he had embarked his little all, proved that his Greek was more in bulk than value, Bentley, through a private communication to a common friend, let the veteran understand that he could have demolished him, and then dismissed him as loth to spoil his fortune. "There is room enough in the world for thee and me."

To Le Clerc he was not equally merciful, and several anecdotes have been circulated to account for his severity to the Swiss littérateur. Perhaps he thought that a reviewer wants the condition of obtaining mercy. With his usual extemporaneous rapidity, of which he never forgot to boast, he struck off his Emendations in *Menandri et Philemonis reliquias ex nupera editione Johannis Clerici*, under the name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, a work of high reputation, in the sending forth of which he affected a mystery for which it is difficult to assign a reason. The MS. was committed with a charge of secrecy to

Burman, the bitterest enemy that Le Clerc's review had made, and printed in Holland. But the purpose of concealment, if it really existed, was defeated by the indiscretion of Dr. Hare, then chaplain-general to the army in the Netherlands, to whom the conveyance of the pacquet was intrusted. While the sheets were yet in the press, the report that Burman was about to launch the thunderbolts of Bentley against the editor of the Fragments reached the ears of Le Clerc himself; who forthwith despatched a menacing epistle to the English Aristarch, calling upon him to disown, by the next post, the authorship of the forthcoming attack, and denouncing his personal hostility if the work were avowed or an answer refused. Bentley, without either owning or denying the performance, responded in a cool caustic epistle, exhibiting that perfect self-possession which naturally attended him when he was in the right, and did not always forsake him when he was in the wrong. With the most provoking civility, he exposed the ignorance of his antagonist as a Grecian editor, and the still more egregious folly of supposing his blunders sacred, and of expecting to silence criticism by bullying. As soon as the "Emendations" appeared, the author was immediately detected amid the small band of Greek scholars. Most likely he only disguised his name for the pleasure of hearing it guessed. It was agreeable to be told that he must have written the book because nobody else *could* have written it. In three weeks not a copy remained unsold, a proof of popularity almost unparalleled in the annals of classic lore; which arose less from the merit of the work itself, great as it may be, than from the delight which the literati experienced in the humiliation of one whose critical censures they had long dreaded. Yet if Le Clerc had few friends, Bentley had many enemies.

Old Gronovius, who impartially hated both, issued a diatribe, entitled "Infamia Emendationum in Menandrum nuper editarum." Bergler, whose Greek learning was really considerable, reviewed the controversy in the Leipsic Acta Eruditorum, in a mild conciliatory spirit, and John Cornelius de Pauw, of Utrecht, an unfortunate scholar, whose name we have never seen, in Latin or English, uncoupled with terms of vituperation, reviled Phileleutherus in a production to which, in allusion to the grasping disposition of his adversary, he subscribes the soubriquet of Philargyrius Cantabrigiensis,—Love-Gold, of Cambridge. To this composition, which is said to be abusive even beyond the usual measure of scholastic virulence, Le Clerc, who would have acted wisely to withdraw from a contest in which he could never recover his laurels, added a preface, and Salvini, the Florentine, appended some feeble notes. To none of these retorts did Bentley deign a reply.

At length, on the 8th of December, the great critic put the last hand to his Horace, just in time to lay it at the feet of Lord Oxford, in a dedication, which formed the first public proof of his adherence to the victorious tories. It was originally intended for Lord Halifax, but before the time of publication, Halifax had ceased to be a minister, and Harley had succeeded to the vacant place of patron, which then seemed essential to the formation of a cabinet.

To Harley, then, was Horace given, with an address, not much more adulatory than custom authorised. In one respect, the topic of compliment was well chosen. Harley, not content to owe his earldom of Oxford to his political service, claimed descent from the Veres and Mortimers, the feudal possessors of that peerage, and Bentley took care to humour him in this vanity. Whether the genealogical

pretensions of the Lord Treasurer were just or not, is of little consequence: certainly, Bolingbroke, the colleague of his triumph, and partaker of his subsequent persecutions, treated them with ridicule —"as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret;" but perhaps Harley was rather the honester man of the two. This change in Bentley's political connexions did not escape chastisement from Pope, or his understrapper, the annotator of the Dunciad, who makes it the ground of a most unprovoked attack on his nephew Thomas, who is thus mentioned in the remark on verse 205, Book ii.:—

> "Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
> And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

"Not spoken of the famous Doctor Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to Lord Halifax, but the ministry changing, it was given to Lord Oxford. So the little Horace was dedicated to his son, the Lord Harley." It may be added, that this sarcasm probably asserts an untruth; ten to one, it was Richard Bentley whom Pope intended all the while.

The appearance of Horace was the signal for a fresh list of animadverters to direct their shafts against the editor. Among these, the most humorous was his old adversary, Dr. King, a very small poet, whose vulgar trash still occupies a place in collections from which Sidney, Marvell, and a hundred worthier names are excluded. His tirade on this occasion is not void of drollery. It describes Horace as visiting England according to his own prophecy, and taking up his abode in Trinity College, where he puts all to confusion,—consumes immoderate quantities of college bread and ale, and grows immensely fat.

Epicuri de grege porcus. But Bentley had more formidable antagonists.—John Ker, and Johnson of Nottingham, two school-masters, attacked his Latinity, which, though vigorous and Roman in the mould of the sentences and cast of thought, sometimes admitted words and expressions of doubtful purity. Alexander Cunningham, a learned Scotchman, resident at the Hague, at a later period, directed his attacks, which were not to be despised, against the temerity of Bentley's Emendations. Few persons will be much interested in the origin, the ins and outs, or even the right and wrong of these paper wars. For poor schoolmasters, like Ker and Johnson, it was a good mode of advertising their academies, to appear before the world as adversaries of Bentley. Ker, moreover, was a dissenter, and, as such, apprehensive of the high church party, to which Bentley had just proclaimed his adhesion.

If, however, the publication of the Horace exposed the editor to much ridicule and some just criticism, it procured him the most flattering testimonials from the learned both at home and abroad. Among others, Atterbury, the old antagonist of our critic, then Dean of Christ Church, was among the first to offer his congratulations in a neat and brief epistle, in which, after thanking Bentley for his "noble present," and expressing his obligations for the great pleasure and instruction he had received from that excellent performance, he confesses "the uneasiness he felt when he found how many things in Horace there were, which after thirty years acquaintance with him, he did not understand." Atterbury was a courtier, and knew well how much flattery man will bear. It is pleasant to remark that the Phalaris controversy, so profitable to literature, left no rankling stings in the minds of those by whom it was conducted. Among

all the pamphlets, which for more than twenty years were levelled at Bentley's fortune and reputation, not one can be ascribed to a member of the Christ Church league. The battle had been honourably fought and fairly won: the prowess of the knights was proved, and thenceforth they lived on terms of courtesy, if not of friendship.

On the merits and defects of Bentley's Horace, none but the accomplished scholar can expatiate, and none but professional scholars could feel much interest in the discussion. The intrusion of the conjectural readings into the text has been censured as altogether unwarrantable. Many of them go to crop the most delicate flowers of Horatian fancy, and sheer away the love-locks which the world has doated on. The value of the work consists in the extraordinary display of learning and ingenuity which the defence of these innovations called forth, in the skilful allegation of parallel passages; in the wonderful adroitness with which every line and every letter that supports the proposed change is hunted out from the obscurest corners of Roman literature, and made to bear on the case in point, and in the logical dexterity with which apparent objections are turned into confirmations. Vast as was Bentley's reading, none of it was superfluous, for he turns it all to account; his felicity in fixing his eye at once on what he needed, in always finding the evidence that he wanted, often where no one else would have thought of looking for it, is almost preternatural. His learning suggested all the phrases that might be admitted in any given passage: but his taste did not always lead him to select the best.

Shortly after the completion of the Horace, the Doctor's erudition was employed in a service of more general interest, and more intimately connected with

his sacred profession. A certain small party were industriously conspiring to bring out infidelity in a more pleasing and popular form than it had hitherto assumed. The reveries of the Italian platonists, and the metaphysical subtleties of Bruno and Spinoza, were too refined and learned to be widely mischievous; the slavish politics of Hobbes made his hard-headed materialism unfashionable after the revolution, and the obscene, blaspheming Atheism of Charles the Second's revellers condemned itself to execration. Still Deism, which even under the reign of the Puritans had secretly leagued itself with republicanism, found too many advocates; some hovered on the confines of latitudinarianism and unbelief, and others, seduced perhaps by excessive admiration of heathen writers and heathen institutions, persuaded themselves that Christianity, whether true or false, was not necessary either to the perfection of the individual, or the welfare of society. Well knowing that if the conscience were once relieved from the obligation of believing, no proof nor evidence would long constrain the understanding to assent, the revolters against revelation took upon themselves the title of Free-thinkers, and wrote and spoke to set forth the duty and expediency of liberating the thinking faculty from the tyranny of creeds and dogmata. They also dwelt much upon the intrinsic excellence, the bliss and loveliness of virtue, and its fitness to the nature of man, the *necessary* benevolence of the Deity, and the like topics, which do not *read* so very unlike Christianity, as to alarm the simple pious, though they do implicitly destroy the foundations, by disowning the necessity of the Christian scheme. Such at least were the doctrines of Shaftesbury, the most elegant writer, and the most philosophic mind of the whole fraternity: whose

opinions, on subjects purely philosophic, are worthy of respect. Others there doubtless were, who addressed themselves to a lower rank of intellect, and maintained the natural indifference, or the irresponsible fatality of actions. Among those *free-thinkers*, who prided themselves on keeping terms with morality, was Anthony Collins, a man of fortune and fashion; and unlike the herd of modern infidels, a gentleman altogether presentable; whose plausible address and ready talents had formerly gained the confidence of Locke. He had also a showy second-hand acquaintance with the ancient writers, which made him the oracle of a small society which met at the Grecian Coffee-house, near Temple-bar. Early in 1713, appeared Mr. Collins's "Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the Rise and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers." The book created a great sensation. It was, of course, extolled by such as openly professed, or covertly inclined to the opinions of the author, and was probably even more admired by the cowardly and unwilling believers; for there is nothing so great as an infidel in the eyes of those that would be infidels if they dare. Even sound Christians are apt to exaggerate the talents of their opponents; and moreover there is always a strong prejudice in favour of audacity; and ever will be, as long as fear—not love,—slavish acquiescence, not rational conviction (which pre-supposes *true* free-thinking),—are made the basis of moral and religious education. Collins's book is said, by those who have read it, to be discreditable in a literary point of view; composed of rash assertions and flimsy sophisms, thickly fenced with garbled quotations and misinterpretations of Plato, Cicero, and other ancient writers, whom by a most absurd anachronism, or yet absurder equivoque, he would

prove to have been *free-thinkers.* It was this affectation of reading and scholarship that called Bentley into the field.* Under his old signature of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, he encountered and demolished the infidels, and made the Christian alarmists ashamed of their fears.

Bentley had in fact but little to do. For a scholar, to whom every relic of antiquity was familiar as *Propria quæ Maribus* to a master of the lower form, to convict a half learned and dishonest smatterer of false citation and misapplication, was child's play. But, in the course of his examinations, he had an opportunity of doing Christianity a real service. The recent labours of Dr. Mill to rectify the text of the Greek Testament had brought to light a body of thirty thousand various readings; a discovery by which many of the weak brethren were frightened, as if a fatal flaw had been detected in the title deeds

* Besides Bentley, Collins was answered by Hoadley, and by Whiston; the pretence of free-thinking was exposed by Berkeley, (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,) in the third number of the Guardian; and Ibbot, a chaplain to Archbishop Tenison, made the confutation of his discourse the subject of his Boylean Lectures. Swift, who probably despised Antony's shallowness more than he abhorred his irreligion, gave an "Abstract," in which the arguments of Collins, and his invectives against the high-church clergy, are exhibited in an improved style, and without the pedantic quotations which fill more than half of the original work. This plain statement, which displays the tenets of the free-thinkers in their true and naked proportions, he delivers in the character of a Whig, thus identifying Whiggism with Infidelity, in order to cast odium on his political opponents: a most unfair manœuvre, though executed with the Dean's accustomed success.

A full examination and exposure of Collins's book may be found in Leland's "Deistical Writers."

of their everlasting inheritance. It is easy to conceive what use a Collins would make of these discrepancies; and Protestantism would not submit to an authority like that of the Council of Trent, which gave an *ex-post-facto* sanctity to the Vulgate, with all its errors on its head. But Bentley re-assured the faith of the fearful, by showing that an immense majority of these variations did not affect the sense at all, and that none disturbed any cardinal doctrine. Collins was not even an honest man, for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley, and then circulating this expurgate edition (which he had taken care to mask by a false title page) in England, he persuaded his party that the passages in question were forgeries of Bentley's. On such an offender, what severity could be too severe? Of the temper in which Bentley executed vengeance however, we may judge from the fact, that he afterwards refused to continue his Reply, when requested by Caroline, Princess of Wales: conceiving himself discountenanced by the Court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who had behaved no better than his declared enemies. But sound arguments in behalf of Christianity are not the worse because the man who urges them may be but an indifferent Christian. Even in the primitive church, St. Paul bears testimony that "Some preached Christ even of envy and strife;" but notwithstanding every way, he rejoices, that "Christ was preached."

The reply to Collins was the last published work of Bentley, previous to the trial at Ely-house, so unexpectedly terminated by the death of Bishop Moore, and brings the literary annals of our subject to a chronological accordance with his civil—we might almost say—his militant history. To Trinity

College we must now return. As all proceedings were by the decease of the Visitor rendered null and void, the parties now stood *in statu quo ante bellum;* and a fair opportunity offered to conclude a lasting peace on the basis of mutual concession. No less than six of the original prosecutors had died during the progress of the suit, and of those that remained, few possessed vigour, talent, funds, or influence, to contend against the Master. Middleton, the ablest subscriber of the original petition, had ceased to be a fellow, and was yet unknown beyond the circle of his acquaintance, who, perhaps, little expected that "Fiddling Conyers," as Bentley contemptuously called him, would achieve a high name in English literature. A temporary pacification was concluded. The scheme of dividends and compensation was allowed to drop, but for all besides, Bentley was as despotic as ever. All offices were bestowed at his discretion: to oppose him was to forswear promotion. After the death of Dr. Smith, Modd, a convenient nonentity, who had not taken the statutable degrees, was made Vice-Master; Bathurst, who was almost blind, Bursar; and Hanbury, whom the Doctor himself had charged with drunkenness, was appointed to superintend the morals of the students, in the quality of senior Dean. In thus advancing notoriously incompetent persons to posts of responsibility, he not only excluded such as he could less easily manage, but in effect, got the whole college administration into his own hands. Modd had nothing to do but respond Amen to *his* master's propositions, and as Bathurst *could* not see the accounts, and nobody else was allowed to look at them, it followed that the whole power of the purse, without check or limit, was in the Doctor's hands.

As, however, he could not think his reign secure

while Miller remained a member of the college, he sought a fresh pretext to oust the lawyer. On a former occasion, he had cut his name out of the buttery-boards, because, not being a physician, he held a medical fellowship. Now he urged, with more show of justice, that Miller, possessing a pretty estate, fell under the statute which excludes all persons holding any ecclesiastical preferment whatever, college preacherships excepted, or any property to the amount of 10*l.* a year, from the benefit of the college. But unluckily it happened that Bentley, not long before, had refused to accept the resignation of a gentleman of 10,000*l.* a year, saying, that people of property were very useful members of the society. Miller met this attempt with a petition, and a new set of articles, differing little from the former; but the new Bishop of Ely, Fleetwood, refused to take cognizance of the case, unless his right to be general Visitor was ascertained. He would not visit the Master, unless he might visit the fellows also, and so for a time the matter rested. A little while before this, Bentley had delivered a visitation charge, in his capacity of Archdeacon of Ely, in which he did not quite satisfy the passionate admirers of the new dynasty; for though he called King George Antoninus, he admitted that it was impossible for a foreign prince, newly imported, not to commit *some* errors. Miller, who was an intolerant Whig, represented this as sedition, and a sufficient ground of expulsion; but there was no getting Bishop Fleetwood to stir. The expression, however, did the Archdeacon no good at court, where his enemies made the most of his dedication to Harley, now in the Tower on a charge of high treason. But Bentley managed his political relations with great skill, and availed himself of every feasible opportunity to express his loyalty to

the Government *de facto*, whether it were Whig or Tory. His archdeaconry had, about two years before, exposed him to the wrath of the University, whose privileges and perquisites, with regard to the probate of wills, were conceived to be infringed by his officer, Dr. Brookbank, in consequence of which misunderstanding, a decree was passed, by acclamation, that no Archdeacon of Ely, or his official, should be eligible to the office of Vice-Chancellor. (Oct. 10, 1712.) At the close of 1714, this slur was removed by the mediation of Sherlock,* afterwards the most eminent of Bentley's enemies, the decree rescinded, and the thanks of the University voted to Dr. Bentley for his able defence of the Christian religion against the Free-thinkers, with a request that what remained of the work might be speedily finished, with which Bentley never thought fit to comply. At this period the disposition of the academical public seems to have been favourable to the Great Critic; and had he possessed a more complying temper, and a nicer sense of integrity in pecuniary dealings, he might have lived in peace and honour, and risen to the highest dignities of his profession. The political contingencies of the times furnished him with frequent occasions of serving the government, which was looking at the Universities with an ominous eye of suspicion. Oxford, retaining a traditionary affection for the grandson of Charles I., almost approved the conduct of her Chancellor, the Duke of Ormond, who had joined the *Pretender*, by electing his brother,

* Sherlock and Waterland were both elected Heads of Houses in the course of 1714, the former of Catherine Hall, the latter of Magdalen College. They are among the greatest ornaments of the Church of England. Waterland continued friendly to Bentley. Sherlock soon took an active part against him.

the Earl of Arran, in his room. Cambridge, less devoted to the exiles, was yet coldly affected towards the Whig domination, and reinstated her Tory representatives at the general election of 1715. Riots took place on the *Pretender's* birth-day, and again on that of King George, and some young gownsmen broke windows, and cried "No Hanover." This the Vice-Chancellor prudently considered merely as a breach of discipline; but it was judged expedient that the Senatus Academicus should express their attachment to constitutional monarchy, in the Protestant line, by a formal act. An address was got up, declaring that they had ever acknowledged King George as their rightful sovereign, reminding him of his promises, and engaging in turn to train up the youth in the way they should go, "that they might show in their conduct an example of that loyalty and obedience which this University, *pursuing the doctrines of our Church*, has ever maintained." This testimonial seems to have been well timed, for it gained from the king a present of Bishop Moore's magnificent library, consisting of 30,000 volumes, which, at Lord Townsend's suggestion, had been purchased by the crown for 6,000*l.*, while the sister University was insulted by being placed under military surveillance. On this occasion appeared the well known epigram by an unknown hand:

> "King George, observing with judicious eyes
> The state of both his Universities,
> To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?—
> That learned body wanted loyalty:
> To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
> How much that loyal body wanted learning."

Retaliated by Sir W. Browne, founder of the prizes for odes and epigrams:—

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument."

Bentley seems at this time to have been considered as a Whig luminary; for a tract, inordinately whiggish (that is, Hanoverian), called "*University Loyalty Considered*," is subscribed Philo-Bentleius, and Philo-Georgius. We hope the Doctor was not at the bottom of this.

When the heir of Stuart made his first effort to recover the throne which his father could not keep, Bentley, on the 5th of November, preached before the University against Popery, in a style of tremendous eloquence, which proves what he might have done, had he chosen to cultivate his native language.*

* Sterne, who availed himself unscrupulously of whatever suited his purpose, has borrowed—or, as some would say, stolen—a striking passage of this discourse, and inserted it into the sermon read by Corporal Trim—(see "Tristram Shandy"). We cannot resist inserting it, along with the preceding paragraphs.

After speaking of the various corruptions introduced into Christianity by the Romish clergy with a view to make their trade profitable—as purgatory, pardons, relics, &c., he proceeds:—"I might now go on to show you a more dismal scene of impostures—judicia Dei—the judgments of God, as they blasphemously called them, when no human evidence could be found—their trials by ordeal—by taking a red hot iron in the hand—by putting the naked arm into hot boiling water—by sinking or swimming in pools and rivers, when bound fast hand and foot—all of them borrowed or copied from pagan knavery and superstition; and so manageable, by arts and sleights, that the party could be found guilty or innocent, just as the priests pleased, who were always the tryers. What bribes were hereby procured? What false legacies

About the same time, while the Jacobites were regarded with more than usual alarm, and many of the parochial clergy—the poor and discontented ones especially,—were more than suspected of a leaning towards the proscribed House,— the decease of

extorted? What malice and revenge executed? On all which, if we should fully dilate and expatiate, the intended tragedy of this day, which now calls for our consideration, would scarce appear extraordinary. Dreadful indeed it was,—astonishing to the imagination: all the ideas assemble in it of terror and horror. Yet, when I look on it with a philosophical eye, I am apt to felicitate those appointed for that sudden blast of rapid destruction, and to pity those miserables that were out of it, the designed victims to slow cruelty, the intended objects of lingering persecution. For, since the whole plot (which will ever be the plot of popery) was to subdue and enslave the nation, who would not choose and prefer a short and despatching death, quick as that by thunder and lightning, which prevents pain and perception, before the anguish of mock trials—before the legal accommodations of gaols and dungeons—before the peaceful executions by fire and fagot? Who would not rather be placed direct above the infernal mine, than pass through the pitiless mercies, the salutary torments, of a popish inquisition—that last contrivance of atheistical and devilish politic? If the other schemes have appeared to be the shop, the warehouse of Popery, this may be justly called its slaughter-house and its shambles. Hither are haled poor creatures (I should rather have said *rich*, for that gives the most frequent suspicion of heresy), without any accuser—without allegation of any fault. They must inform against themselves, and make confession of something heretical, or else undergo the discipline of the various tortures;—a regular system of ingenious cruelty, composed by the united skill and long successive experience of the best engineers and artificers of torment. That savage saying of Caligula's, horrible to speak or hear, and fit only to be writ in blood—"*Ita feri, ut se mori sentiat,*" is here heightened and improved. "*Ita se mori sentiat, ut*

Dr. George Hickes, the Saxon scholar, an honest Yorkshireman, who had been deprived of the Deanery of Worcester, as a Non-juror, led to the discovery of certain papers in his hand-writing, of so very High-Church a tendency, as not only to unsettle the foundations of the Hanoverian government, but to exclude a great majority of the people from the Christian covenant. According to this relic, all the conforming clergy were schismatic: orders conferred by bishops under the new régime were invalid, and consequently baptism, performed by the schismatic divines, illegal, and of no saving efficacy. Of course, it was the understood purpose of the Jacobites, on their expected return to power, to eject the usurping clergy from their benefices, and to debar the laity from the sacred ordinance, till the priest should be re-ordained, the layman re-baptized, by hands of unpolluted orthodoxy. Nothing could be more opportune for the government than the publication of these papers; for they helped to undeceive some

ne moriatur," say these merciful inquisitors. The force, the effect of every rack, every agony, are exactly understood. This stretch, that strangulation is the utmost nature can bear; the least addition will overpower it: this posture keeps the weak soul hanging on the lip; ready to leave the carcase, and yet not suffered to take its wing: this extends and prolongs the very moment of expiration; continues the pangs of dying without the ease and benefit of death. O pious and proper methods for the propagation of faith! O true and genuine Vicar of Christ, the God of mercy, and the Lord of peace!"—*Bentley's Sermons, 6th edition, page* 364.

Well might the Corporal express his feeling of the tremendous energy of this passage, by saying "he would not read another word of it for all the world." It is a wonder that Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who took so much pains in detecting the plagiarisms of Sterne, should have overlooked this.

well disposed persons, who thought that civil obedience would be assured by restoring the *jure divino* succession, and religion less imperilled by Catholic power than by Low-Church politics. But when it appeared that the designs of the plotters would unsettle all ecclesiastical property, interfere with the rights of patronage, dissolve the bands of matrimony, make the child of holy vows at once unregenerate and illegitimate, and brand the chastest matron as neither maid, wife, nor widow (for the marriages performed by schismatics would be as voidable as the baptisms), all the moderate church party were panic-struck, and many an honest vicar began to pray sincerely for King George. Bentley neglected not to improve this juncture of affairs. As Archdeacon of Ely, he summoned the clergy of that diocese (among whom were some suspicious characters) to a visitation, regardless of the foul roads and interrupted festivities of December, and in a clear, forcible, and argumentative charge, insisted upon the necessity of giving support to the established government; exposed the folly of expecting security for a Protestant church under a Catholic head; and, availing himself of poor Hickes's projected purgation of the Temple, set forth how absolutely the preferments and spiritual character of the majority among them would lie at the mercy of a triumphant and exasperated party, should the Stuarts be allowed to reascend the throne. This, it has been observed, is the only composition of the Doctor's that can be strictly called political (though, in the various pamphlets of business which his litigations called forth, he did not omit to impute disaffection to his adversaries, or to ascribe his own unpopularity to his zeal for the powers which be). It seems to have been couched in temperate and respectful terms, avoiding personal reflections on

those whose opinions he condemned. It is probable that it answered its purpose. As might be expected, it was highly lauded by the adherents of his own side, and not much relished by the devotees of the other; among whom was Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, who probably regarded divine right and indefeasible succession as venerable *antiquities;* though the antiquity of these, like that of Phalaris' Epistles, is shrewdly suspected of being spurious. But the Bentley of political criticism has not yet arisen. Both sides content themselves with blank assertion, vague deductions of possible consequences, and mutual recrimination. Be it as it may, most antiquaries are Ultra-Tories, but very harmless and useful in their way. Bentley was perhaps as little the better for the extravagant praise of Oldmixon, the Whig historian, of Dunciad notoriety, as the worse for the notice in Hearne's MS. Diary, purporting, that the charge "*proves Dr. Bentley to be (as he is) a rascal, and an enemy to the King, and to all the King's friends.*" It was obvious enough whom Tom Hearne held to be King. He partook the political sentiments of his Alma Mater, where it was customary (within the memory of persons not long deceased) to drink to the *King over the water.*

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, first broached his famous scheme for restoring the text of the Greek Testament "exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice," without the difference of "twenty words," or even "twenty particles." This magnificent promise, the apparent presumptuousness of which exposed him to much obloquy, he never lived to execute, though he lived more than six and twenty years after its first promulgation. Yet he certainly did make it in earnest, and never abandoned his

purpose till old age overtook him. We cannot better convey a notion of the method which he proposed to adopt, than in the words of the erudite reviewer of Dr. Monk's Life, in Blackwood's Magazine.—"Compressed within a few words, his plan was this:—Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute difference in the *words*, never of mere variations in their order and arrangement; these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed, that, whenever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorised Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly corresponded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St. Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that if by any means he could retrieve the true text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St. Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of varieties in the present Greek, that one which St. Jerome had authenticated, as the reading authorised long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate, Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of 900 years. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but for the principle itself, we take upon ourselves to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the annals of inventive criticism. It is not a single act of conjectural sagacity, but a consequential train of such acts."

The passage of St. Jerome to which Bentley owed the suggestion above mentioned, is to this effect,—that in translations from one language into another, it is sufficient if the sense be preserved, except in the

case of the Sacred Scriptures, "*ubi et verborum ordo mysterium est*," where the very order of the words is a mystery. But it is very doubtful whether this single expression of a very florid and vehement writer, is sufficient basis for so important a superstructure of hypothesis, or whether the discovery of the Vulgate, were it possible, in Jerome's Autograph, would contribute much to the purity of the holy writings; for Jerome was deeply tainted with the monastic superstition, then in the fervour of pristine mania; and as he is known to be a very licentious and mystical expositor, it is not likely that he was a very faithful translator. There is nothing, however, in Bentley's scheme, that need have excited the angry passions to such a pitch, as the pamphlets on this occasion betray. It is fearful to think that a proposal to cast new light on the books, which are the written bond of peace, should on any man living have operated as a summons to malignant warfare.

As whatever illustrates the history of the Sacred Writings possesses a lasting interest, superior to any curiosity which can attach to the squabbles of Trinity College, we will here pursue the project of Bentley's New Testament, free as he boasted even from literal errors, from its rise to its final disappearance. As early as 1713, Dr. Hare, in his "Clergyman's Thanks to Phileleutherus Lipsiensis," a work seemingly intended to give Bentley a lift on to the bench, suggested a revision of the divine text, a task to which he asserted no man but Bentley to be equal. James Wetstein, a Swiss scholar, then chaplain in the Dutch army, and afterwards destined to perform the work which Bentley's feuds, and growing years, intercepted, urged the same undertaking. In 1716, appeared the letter to Wake above mentioned; from that time to 1720, the public heard little of the new

edition, and our critic's enemies did not omit to insinuate, that the proposition was a mere artifice to curry favour with the Primate, who had himself laboured honourably in the field of biblical criticism. Nevertheless, Bentley found time, amid all his turmoils, to collate and to promote collations. His assistants, James Wetstein, and John Walker, obtained access to several valuable MSS., both of the Greek and Latin text, and the Benedictines of St. Maur, among whom were ranked the distinguished names of Montfaucon and Sabatier, though catholics, did every thing in their power to forward a work, which Protestantism constrains us to confess, tended to the overthrow of the monastic system. For the collation of a single MS. at Heidelburg, Wetstein was paid 50*l.*, which no one who ever underwent the toil of reading, even a printed sheet, with a view to literal accuracy, will think too much. That indefatigable scholar, who really seems to have read his Bible with no other purpose but to discover Variæ Lectiones, found in the King's library at Paris, a MS. of the whole Scriptures in Greek capitals, written on vellum, and *superscribbled* with certain writings either of, or about, St. Ephraim the Syrian.

Here we may incidentally mention that the high price or scarcity of writing materials contributed full as much to the destruction of ancient books, as either "Christian bigotry," or "Gothic fire." That either the Goths or the Saracens destroyed books *wilfully*, is uncertain. That the Christian Bishops, in the age when the incestuous alliance of Church and State was first contracted, exerted their influence to annihilate the monuments of Heathen genius, and the records of Heathen history, is indubitable, because the perpetrators of this worse than robbery, have boasted of their conscientious crime. Pagan

literature was the Venus to whom the world had assigned the prize of beauty, and whom that jealous Juno, the State, and the new Goddess of new wisdom, that leaped, equipped in murderous panoply, from the brain of Constantine (the state religion to wit), in pure spite vainly endeavoured to despoil of immortality. Yet it is fearful to think how much priests and barbarians have destroyed: and when we recollect that, but for the PRESS, the Puritans might have annihilated Shakspere, and the High-Church-men certainly would have extinguished Paradise Lost,* we cannot but think that a yearly

* That this is not an idle surmise is demonstrated by the fact, that an epitaph, written by Atterbury upon Cyder Philips, in which the said blank verse costermonger Philips is impiously designated "Uni Miltono secundus," second to Milton alone, (Oh merciful fishes ! ! !) was, by a Bishop of London, forbidden to be inscribed in Westminster Abbey, not for the abominable falsehood which it contains, but because, forsooth, the name of Milton, which is written in characters of everlasting light in the Heaven of Heavens, was unfit to appear in an Episcopal Church. Verily, if we had not somewhat more than a Bishop's confidence in the divine goodness, which can and will transform all things to its own likeness, we would say with a slight alteration of Shakspeare's words:—

> I tell thee, churlish Priest,
> That my sweet *Poet* shall a ministering angel be,
> When thou liest howling.

Cyder is pleasant cool tipple, but far too thin a potation to furnish out any poem beyond the dimension of a sonnet, and Philips's cyder dissolved a portion of lead in the process of pressing, and might bring on the Devonshire cholic. Because Paradise was lost by an apple, Philips, writing about apples, thought he was writing another Paradise Lost. Philips was one of the cockney sparrows that exhibited their poetic parts to Bentley. Mallet was another. Poor creatures !—At tune homo audes occidere Caium Marium?

thanksgiving for the invention of printing might be very advantageously substituted for certain courtly services in the Liturgy, which were always base and blasphemous, and now are utterly unmeaning.

But perhaps this vice-society sort of conduct eventually saved more than it caused to perish; manuscripts were hidden under the earth, in holes and corners, in chinks and crannies, in all manner of places where no one but a rat or an inquisitor would think of looking for them; from whence they came forth, at the revival of literature, like flies on a warm winter day, or words released from congelation in the arctic air. But there can be no doubt that many and many a good author was obliterated by the monks for the sake of the parchment on which he was written. Had the pictures of Raphael then existed, they would have been daubed over with apocryphal saints, hideous allegories, and ghastly topographies of damnation. A manuscript thus abused, is technically called a Palimpsest; and by the unconquerable industry of classic scholars, many portions of ancient literature have been detected beneath monkish manuals and legends; even as Alpine flowers preserve their vegetable vitality beneath a nine months' covering of snow. So precious were books esteemed in the long winter of their scarcity, that the donation of a pious volume to a convent was thought a good bid for salvation; and (what is more extraordinary) the monks of some monasteries, as early as Charlemagne, were allowed to kill deer, on condition that they used the hides for book covers.

In 1720, he issued his proposals in form, in a paper which only enlarges a little on his letter to the Archbishop, and was accompanied by the twenty-second chapter of the Apocalypse, as a specimen, not of the type, or paper, which were to be the best that

Europe afforded, but of the method and arrangement. Nothing was to be altered, either in the Greek or Latin text, from mere conjecture; the common readings were to be noted in the margin, and, whatever criticism might suggest as an improvement, was to be mentioned in the Prolegomena. The subscription for the two folio volumes was three guineas, small paper copies, five for the large; no great sum, if the work had really proved, as he designated it, a κειμήλιον, *an everlasting possession, a charter, a Magna Charta,* to the whole Christian Church: a true restoration of the famous exemplar of Origen, which was the standard of orthodox faith in the fourth century, and of Jerome's refined Vulgate, the rule of the Western Churches, purified from 2000 errors of the Popes, Clement VIII. and Sixtus V., and as many of the *Protestant Pope*, Robert Stephens.*

The boastful, and almost irreverend tone, of these proposals, which were, by his own confession, drawn up in one evening by candlelight, and the peculiar crisis at which they were published, excited a prejudice against the author, of which his enemies were not backward in availing themselves. Middleton, who seems to have personally hated Bentley, and had then (in 1720) peculiar motives of resentment, attacked the proposals in a pamphlet of extreme virulence. Not content to expose the uncertainty of Bentley's hypothesis, or to argue a case of learning upon learned grounds, he accuses him in plain terms

* So Bentley called the worthy printer, in allusion to the deference paid by Protestants to his Testament, printed in 1550, from which all subsequent texts have been taken. The Professor once said, to his sometime friend Hare, "I am your Pope. Your only Greek Testament is with me." Which ridiculous escape of vanity was afterwards reported much to his disadvantage.

of dishonourable dealing towards his assistant, John Walker ("to whom he allotted half the profit, and almost all the trouble of this work, yet reserved all the reputation of it to himself"), of ingratitude to Dr. Mill, and inconsistency with his own opinions expressed in the reply to Collins, and the Sermon on Popery. Most unfairly, he imputes meanness to Bentley's mode of publishing by subscription (of which Dr. Middleton did not scruple to avail himself in his life of Cicero). "We find,'" says he, "in these two paragraphs, such paltry insinuations, such low and paltry higgling to squeeze our money out of us, &c., that it puts me in mind of those mendicants in the streets, who beg our charity with a half sheet of proposals pinned to their breasts." In allusion to the South Sea mania, then at its height, he says, "But, indeed, most people are agreed in opinion that he has borrowed his scheme from Change Alley, and in this age of bubbles took the hint to set up one of his own, for having invented a sure secret to make paper more durable than parchment, and a printed book, however used and tumbled about, to outlast any manuscript preserved with the greatest care, he instantly takes in a partner, opens books for subscriptions, and does not in the least question but that Bentley's bubble will be as famous and profitable as the best of them." With all this vituperation, Middleton did not make out a single case against the veteran critic; he must have been hard run when a verbal misquotation of a single word (ubi *ipse* verborum ordo, for ubi *et* verborum ordo), which makes not the least alteration in the sense, furnishes occasion for three pages of bitterness. But the most discreditable feature of the attack is, Middleton's appealing to religious prejudices, of which he did not partake, and which he knew to be founded in

ignorance. He could not but know that the Textus Receptus, which had become a sort of conscience with Protestant Christians, was only that which Stephens, the printer, had selected out of a number of MSS., some of them of late date, and little authority, and that many helps and much material, and far superior critical skill, had been brought to light since the first printed editions of the Scriptures appeared. The tendency of Conyers' mind was not to implicit faith, but he knew that to meddle with a settled standard is always to excite the fears of many, and to these fears, weak and superstitious as in this instance they were, he appealed against the authority of Bentley.

This brochure being published without a name, was not immediately laid at the right door, and succeeded, not so much by exposing Bentley's scheme, as by inciting him to expose the defects of his temper, which he did most woefully in his reply. Though he well knew the book to be the composition of Middleton, he unjustly suspected that the first mover of it was Colbatch, now leader of the college opposition, and on this groundless surmise directed such a torrent of abuse against the supposed aggressor, whom, though he does not name, he sufficiently indicates, as was never uttered by a critic in his vernacular tongue. "Cabbage-head, insect, worm, maggot, vermin, gnawing rat, snarling dog, ignorant thief," are the epithets applied by one Doctor of Divinity to another. To this most disgraceful production we shall have occasion to revert when we proceed with the belligerent part of Bentley's history. It should be reprinted by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the instruction of such as imagine that the licence and *personalities* of the press are a *peculiar* disgrace

of the nineteenth century. Let it be recollected, that all this evil speaking was introduced into a work, of which the ostensible purpose was to illustrate and restore the New Testament, being entitled, "*Doctor Bentley's proposals for printing a new edition of the New Testament, and St. Hierom's Latin Version.*" As usual, in his later controversial writings, the Doctor speaks of himself in the third person.

The proposed *New* Testament gave rise to several other pieces, one or two of which it may not be amiss to mention. Zachary Pearce, a young fellow of Trinity, then chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and of Bangor, and editor of Longinus, in two elegant Latin epistles, signed Phileleutherus Londinensis, took a fair view of the question, and made an estimate of Bentley's qualifications and disqualifications. This tract is chiefly memorable as recording the unfavourable effect of the South Sea speculation upon literature, and the universal thirst for sudden wealth then pervading all classes of society. Another "Letter" appeared in vindication of the disputed verse, 1 John, v. 7, which it was apprehended that Bentley would condemn, and probably exclude from his edition. It was erroneously attributed to Middleton, and is printed as his in Sir Walter Scott's republication of Lord Somers' Tracts. The real author was Smalbroke, afterwards Bishop of St. David's. These flying papers at this age would have appeared as articles in the periodical reviews; but a second assault from Middleton, called "Further Remarks on the proposals," &c., was so superior to his former publication in learning, style, and argument, and found the public mind so ill-disposed towards his adversary, that a notion long prevailed that it actually forced Bentley to abandon his project by putting a stop

to the subscription. But this opinion, which contradicts all that is known of the great critic's character, is sufficiently confuted by facts. The subscriptions amounted to 2,000*l.*; and the business of collating was carried on wherever the learning of Bentley had interest among scholars. As late as 1725 and 1726, his nephew, Thomas Bentley, was examining manuscripts at Paris, Rome, Naples, and Florence. Through the agency of Philip de Stosch, a learned German baron, well known to virtuosos for his splendid publication of antiques, and secretly employed by the British government as a spy on the exiled family then resident at Rome, access was procured to that famous MS. called, *par excellence*, the Vatican, which had never before been used, for the purpose of correcting and fixing the sacred text.*

Another report states, that Bentley gave up his scheme because the Treasury refused to permit the paper for its publication to be imported duty free. That this penny wisdom of the government excited his indignation there can be no doubt; but that indignation would operate upon him as a stimulus, not as a sedative. His first determination would be, "to shame the rogues, and print it;" and accordingly, we find him borrowing a valuable manuscript of the ex-minister, the Earl of Oxford, a few

* It was a long-prevalent opinion among biblical scholars, that the Vatican MS. was among those sent from Italy to Alcala, in 1514, to aid in forming that famous Polyglot Bible, edited under the auspices of Cardinal Ximenes, the earliest impression of the sacred writings in their original languages, commonly known as the Complutensian Bible. But the learned Bishop has proved satisfactorily, from the great variations between the MSS. and the Complutensian text, that the editors had never had recourse to it.—"*Notes on Michaelis*," vol. 3.

days after the alleged repulse, and employing David Casley, his deputy in the King's and Cottonian libraries, to examine the various important MSS. in the Bodleian and other collections at Oxford. Fairly, therefore, we may conclude, that neither direct opposition, nor want of public encouragement, rendered this great design abortive. But the continual turmoil in which he lived till protracted age, his unquiet secular engagements, and the number of literary undertakings into which he was provoked by competition, so interrupted his *opus magnum*, of which he once spoke as if he considered it a solemn duty imposed on him by divine authority, and so diverted and divaricated his mind, that at length the labour lost its charm, and no longer supplied that excitement which was necessary to set the wheels of his mind a going. With all his energy, with activities that brooked not rest, with spirits nothing could unnerve, he was not the man to execute great works of patient toil and long delay. The revision of the Greek Scriptures upon the plan which he so ingeniously conceived, would, if pursued uninterruptedly, have been too long and too slow for his impatience. The money advanced upon the subscription was ultimately returned.

We left Trinity College in the year 1714 still divided against itself; but the determined refusal of Bishop Fleetwood to act as Visitor cut off the discontented party from all hope of redress, and Bentley's main endeavours were directed to the exclusion of Miller whom he regarded as the ringleader of the malcontents, who would do every thing in his power to keep alive the spirit of resistance. But absolute as he was, he could not forcibly expel the obnoxious serjeant, though he withheld all the emoluments of his fellowship.

Three men, of very different tempers, talents, and principles, seem to have been ordained to oppose the supremacy of Bentley. These were Miller, Middleton, and Colbatch. Of these the first was a lawyer and a politician, with a political conscience, who espoused the cause of his college with an eye to the advantage which an important suit always affords to a rising counsel, and to the éclat which an ambitious man derives from opposition to an unpopular authority. Middleton, who, ceasing to be a fellow in the very earliest stage of the process, had no personal interest in the quarrel, was probably incited to make it his own by some private pique at the Master, who used to call him "Fiddling Conyers," and probably evinced little respect for his talents, great as they afterwards proved. Of all Bentley's literary opponents he was the most formidable, and the least scrupulous; he was a man of the world. Dr. John Colbatch was a dry, grave, honest man, with a *strong*, rather than a *fine* sense of rectitude; an inflexible stickler for right, a strict and literal expounder of the moral law, a zealous advocate for the *letter* as well as the *spirit;* somewhat of a Martinet in matters of discipline, whose resolutions, once taken, became part and parcel of his conscience, and who never forgave an offence against himself, if he deemed it an offence against justice. His naturally saturnine temperament had been darkened by successive disappointments; for after holding the honourable station of chaplain to the British factory at Lisbon, and gaining the approbation of Queen Mary by a work on the religion and literature of Portugal, he became, by especial request, a private tutor, first to the son of Bishop Burnet, and afterwards in the family of the "proud Duke" of Somerset; yet at forty was obliged to return to his college with no other subsistence than his fellow-

ship, and a prebend of Salisbury, of 20*l.* value. If, however, as Middleton asserts, his virtue was deemed "too severe," and had "something disagreeable about it," it was no wonder if he failed to profit by the acquaintance of the great. To make available the patronage of courtly bishops and *proud* dukes, other qualifications are necessary, besides severely disagreeable virtue. He considered himself an injured man, for speaking of the neglect he had experienced, he said, "that the hardships he suffered were aggravated by some circumstances which must lie infinitely heavier, and sink deeper into an ingenuous mind, than any temporal loss or inconvenience whatever." Perhaps he sometimes mistook a personal resentment for righteous indignation. The University made him some amends by appointing him, in 1707, Professor of Casuistry; and had he not come in collision with Bentley, he would probably have grown grey in the study of civil law and ecclesiastical antiquity, his favourite researches, produced profound and unreadable treatises, and died a senior fellow.

In his opposition to the Master, there is every reason to think that he was strictly conscientious. He was slow to enrol himself among the Remonstrants; for his principles, which were High-Church in religion, and Tory in politics, made him averse to appeals against constituted authority. He supported Bentley in some of his strongest reforms during the first years of his Mastership, and though he signed the petition of 1710, it was with an expressed proviso, that his sole object was an amicable arbitration. As he had an ill opinion of Miller, who was a violent Whig and Low-Churchman, he kept much aloof from the prosecutors so long as the counsellor was their main mover, and rather sided with those who thought his fellowship vacated by his unstatutable

income. It was not till 1715 that he entered into the quarrel with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, and with all his strength, and devoted to it a perseverance worthy of a martyr; it became the *primum mobile* of his soul, the spring of his actions, the regulator of his principles: urged, as he thought, doubtless, by "the strong antipathy of good to bad," he would have sacrificed life, as well as health, ease, and fortune, to the cause.

It often happens, that the immediate occasion of a rupture is a comparative trifle, and the world are disposed to wonder that men who have submitted to so much for the sake of peace, should buckle on their armour at last for so little; not remembering, that each successive demand, be it large or small, goes to prove the inutility of concession; that human patience has but a certain capacity; and that the last drop makes the cup overflow. Thus, it was a mere informality in disposing of a piece of college land situate in Kirby Kendal, where no substantial injury was done to any party, that produced the first personal conflict between Colbatch and the Master. Bentley does not appear to have resented this opposition, for shortly after he made Colbatch an offer of the Vice-mastership, which he declined, as not having attained the requisite standing. Perhaps he suspected a sinister purpose in the offer itself; for had he accepted it, in violation of the letter of the law, he would virtually have assented to the dispensing power of the Master, and acknowledged his right in the absolute disposal of offices and emoluments.

It was Bentley's determination to be himself the fountain of honour and profit to all his subjects. He did not even allow a gradation of patronage, but interfered as decidedly in the appointment of college servants, as in the elections to scholarships and

fellowships. He made his own coachman porter, and afterwards bestowed the same office (the importance and pickings of which no one who has not had the benefit of a University education can calculate) on that coachman's son, a lad of fifteen.

Attached to the foundation of Trinity College, are twenty *pauperes*, or beadsmen, endowed with a yearly salary of 6*l.*, and a suit of livery, which was once a respectable competence, and would still be a valuable assistance to a decayed housekeeper of respectable character. Bentley bestowed one of these pensions on an ale-house keeper, who could scarcely be supposed to want it, and another on one Joseph Lindsay, a notorious blackguard, and leader of the Tory mob in the riots on the Pretender's birth-day. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to assign the motive to such a flagrant abuse of a commendable charity. The Doctor said that henceforward the mob would do no harm, a fetch of policy that has been imitated on a larger scale, by statesmen less sagacious than Bentley. Whether he thought that in any conceivable emergence it might be useful to have the mob on his side, we cannot say; but the supposition is not impossible, if it be true that, on a subsequent occasion, he proposed to Zachary Pearce,* then candidate

* This incredible anecdote is related on the credit of Zachary himself, who afterwards became a Bishop, and was an enemy of Bentley. Perhaps the Doctor rather suggested it as what *might* be done, than as what *ought* to be done. Pearce was a Westminster scholar, and the *esprit de corps* was then, and ever continues, remarkably strong in that seminary. If, indeed, the youths of Westminster partook the Tory politics of their Master, Dr. Robert Freind, they would have highly enjoyed an expedition which, to the ordinary attractions of a *row*, united the opportunity of insulting so black and sour a Whig as Serjeant Miller. Though

for a fellowship, to bring down a strong party of Westminster boys, to exclude Miller forcibly from the place of election. We fear that England's greatest scholar was not above *making unto himself friends with the mammon of unrighteousness.* It is, however, most probable that the uproarious champion of High-Church and Hereditary Right was a protégé of Ashenhurst, the most obsequious and unhesitating of Bentley's supporters in and out of college. Ashenhurst was so good a Tory, that he is said to have compounded with his conscience, for taking the oaths to King George, by never taking fees of the Nonjurors. However it might be, there is not a more disgraceful passage in the whole history of Bentley's malversations; for what can be worse, than to turn the provision intended for the virtuous poor into a bounty on outrage and insubordination?* Yet so obstinate was he in his purpose, that he declared he would carry it, though every fellow but Mr. Brabourn

the disciples of our public schools have never yet taken so decided a part in state affairs as those of *L'Ecoles Politechnique, du Droit, du Médicin,* and others in the French metropolis, and though the students of our Universities are not so much addicted to constitution making as the German Burschen, yet in all our great schools and colleges there is a bias, and we are sorry to say it is inordinately aristocratic. At the period of which we write, however, the Whigs were the placemen and pensioners—the court party; and the Tories, or country party, the men of the people.

* It is but fair to suggest a possible motive, which *might* induce Bentley to favour this man. He *might* think Lindsay harshly treated, and refused employment for an ebullition of zeal, and account it better to remove him out of temptation than to let him steal or starve. Dispositions extremely tyrannical when opposed are sometimes even weakly compassionate where power is not at stake, for compassion almost implies a sense of superiority.

were opposed. Mr. Brabourn was a person of deranged intellect, whose vote ought never to have been asked or accepted.

The statutes direct that no lease shall be sealed, nor the presentation to any preferment made out, but in presence of the sixteen senior fellows or their representatives. Two small livings falling vacant about the same time, Bentley disposed of them, not only without observing the above-mentioned form, but contrary to routine, and, it was asserted, for private considerations.

A heavier cause of complaint was, his never submitting the college accounts to the inspection of those whose right and duty it was to overlook and check them; asserting, either that it was too early, or that the time was past—averring statute against custom, or custom against statute, or expediency and his own prerogative against both, as suited his purpose. There was an ancient ordinance, that, if the eight seniors (the legal council of the Master, without whose consent none of his acts were esteemed of more validity than those of the King, apart from his council, in the English constitution) were divided among themselves, (*in plures partes divisi sunt*,) the question should be decided according to the vote of the Master. This could only have been intended to give the Master a casting vote in case of an equal division: but the lax clumsiness of its expression gave Bentley a pretext for asserting that, unless the eight were unanimous against him, his proposal, if singly seconded, must prevail. By this means it became almost morally impossible to oppose him: draught after draught on the college treasury was paid, and yet there was no end of his demands; and as he was not less liberal or able to reward those who aided his purpose, than he was sure and powerful to crush whatever intercepted

his path, the small band of recusants met with few recruits among their immediate juniors, and the new fellows introduced by Bentley had little sympathy with the aggrieved elders. They were, for the most part, either his own connections and dependents, or young men of high classical attainments, whom a community of studies naturally inclined to his interests. Thus the old fellows were somewhat in the situation of an aboriginal people driven from their ancestral possessions by an intruding colony. In vain did Colbatch protest and remonstrate, and call out for a visitation. The *vis inertiæ* of Bishop Fleetwood was not to be overcome.

By a statute of Queen Elizabeth it is ordered, that one third of the college rents shall be reserved in corn or malt, or a sum equivalent to the price current of those articles, in order that the college revenues might in some measure keep pace with the fluctuations in the value of money. Bentley took upon him to grant two leases without any regard to the provisions of that statute, whereby he obtained larger fines for the benefit of the existing society, at the probable expense of their successors. This measure, which he carried with his accustomed despotism, was particularly grievous to Colbatch, whose college was his country and his family, and the fellows of Trinity, for all generations to come, as his own offspring and inheritors. He addressed two letters to the Bishop of Ely, who adhered to the non-interference system.

But at this desperate juncture the state of the foundation attracted the attention of Archbishop Wake, who had just been advanced from the see of Lincoln to the Primacy. This prelate, who had distinguished himself in a controversy with Bossuet, and has been uncharitably censured for a well-meant but impracticable project of union between the English and

Gallican Churches, was in habits of intercourse with Philip Farewell, a junior fellow of Trinity, who corresponded with Colbatch. Through him the primate was informed of the lamentable discord, and consequent relaxation of discipline, in the largest academical institution of Britain, and saw the necessity of bringing the case before some competent authority. He, therefore, by the intermediation of Farewell, suggested the propriety of a petition to the King, to be signed by a respectable number of fellows, simply praying that the visitatorial right might be ascertained, that it might be known of whom redress was to be sought, promising to support such petition in his place at the Council-board. The petition was soon in readiness, subscribed by nineteen fellows. Though specially cautioned to keep their cause separate from that of Miller, which in fact only regarded his own fellowship, yet, in an evil hour, they were persuaded to intrust it to his management.

A few days before this movement, Bentley, who knew well enough what was afloat, addressed to Archbishop Wake his proposals for restoring the New Testament: no wonder, then, if his adversaries called the whole project a *ruse de guerre*. If so, it was an unsuccessful one, for Wake was heard to declare, within three weeks after, that "Dr. Bentley was the greatest instance of human frailty he had ever known, with his parts and learning, to be so insupportable." But Wake's own influence was not great with a government that regarded Mother Church with most unfilial coldness, and knew the worth of Bentley, as head of the ministerial party in Cambridge, and the rate at which he prized his services too well to trouble themselves with troubling him. Accordingly, though the petition did obtain a tardy hearing, being read in council on the 26th of

October, 1716, more than five months after its presentation, nothing more came of it than an offer of Bishop Fleetwood to resign the visitatorial power to the crown, and a reference of the question to Attorney-General Sir Edward Northey, who took time to consider of it. Before he had made up his mind, a change took place in the Cabinet, and Sir Edward went out of office, carrying the papers in his bag. At least for three years they were not forthcoming, and there was no chance of getting another petition so powerfully signed. Thus did the concatenation of events conspire to protect Bentley, who acted as if, like another despot, he deemed the star of his destiny invincible. His great object was still to rid himself of Miller. He had procured the provisional election of David Humphreys, on condition that the proceeds of the fellowship be stayed till the King should decide whether or no Miller was entitled to hold it. The King, however, did not interfere. The fellowship was still in abeyance, and what concerned the Master more, the time was approaching when the useful Ashenhurst, not being in orders, would be superannuated, unless the Physic-Fellowship, held by the obnoxious Serjeant, could be cleared for his reception.

The regular election coming on in September, Miller arrived with the determination to exercise his rights as a fellow. Bentley failing in the notable scheme before-mentioned, of a sortie from Westminster, had recourse to a couple of constables, who forced Miller from the Lodge, and detained him in custody till the election was over. Then, adjourning to the chapel, Bentley and his voters proceeded to fill the five vacancies. In his appointments on this occasion he displayed the opposite points of his character,—his honourable love of learning, and his

reckless partiality and favouritism. Three of his nominees were young scholars, whose riper years fulfilled the promise of their early proficiency, Leonard Thomson, Zachary Pearce, and John Walker, the last of whom had been repeatedly named as Bentley's assistant in the New Testament. The number was filled up with a nephew of Mrs. Bentley's, and a nephew of Dr. Hacket's. The nepotism of the first nomination may easily be forgiven; but the second has very much the air of a job. Dr. Hacket, a senior Fellow, who owed his own election solely to his relationship to the great benefactor Bishop Hacket, was a very serviceable man to the Master, and knowing that the Master could not do without him, raised his price accordingly. It was said that there had been elected three scholars and two nephews.

Colbatch, conceiving all the proceedings to be nullified by the violent exclusion of Miller, withdrew from the chapel while the election went forward, and afterwards returned and protested. This was his regular practice for many years, by which he gained nothing but a salvo for his own conscience, and a fresh article of accusation against the Master. Violent altercations took place in the college chapel, and from that time forth, the common forms of civility ceased to pass between the two Doctors. Colbatch having now arrived at the required standing, laid claim to the Vice-Mastership, for which Modd, being only M.A., was not qualified; but Bentley, in reference to the words of the statute,* reminded him, that after the events of the last week, his appointment would not only be *incommodum*, but *incommodissimum*.

* Si commode fieri possit.

The violence used against Miller had served no useful purpose, and the customary means of annoyance were unavailing against a man who did not reside in the college, and was not dependant upon its favours. Bentley, therefore, took to smoother courses, and while the disappearance of the Fellows' petition, along with Sir Edward Northey, occasioned a suspension of hostilities on that side, he made overtures of peace to the Serjeant, or to speak plainly, attempted to buy him off. It was proposed that Miller should be paid all arrears up to July, 1715, and his law expenses to boot, if he would resign his Fellowship, and withdraw his petition. But he was then sore with the recent insult, and sanguine in his expectations of vengeance, so he refused to make terms with his enemy, and did "just what his enemy might have prayed for—he wrote a book."* Indeed, the Doctor was not more felicitous in timing his own publications, than lucky in the mistiming of what was written against him. By some strange fatality, whoever attacked Bentley was sure to give gratuitous offence to some higher power. Among the measures which the new Ministry were expected to bring forward in the session of 1717, were two Bills, one to ascertain the power of the King over the Church, and the other to regulate the Universities; both expressly levelled at the High-Church party. Elate with expectation of a movement which was to lay the Hierarchy at the feet of the civil power, Serjeant Miller put forth "*A humble and serious Representation of the Present State of the University of Cambridge*," intended, no doubt, to press upon Parliament the necessity of a prompt and decisive interposition; filled with such statements of the abuses, disorders,

* Dr. Monk.

and disaffection of his *Alma Mater*, of course, not overlooking Trinity College, or forgetting to give Dr. Bentley his full share of vituperation, that the whole University was put in commotion, and every dutiful son of Granta felt himself personally insulted. A public censure was passed, and inserted in the newspapers, declaring the "Humble and serious Representation" "to be a false, scandalous, and malicious libel on the good government and flourishing state of the University," and Miller was deprived of the Deputy-high-stewardship.

In the course of the same year (1716), Bentley signalised his attachment to the existing government, and displayed his own influence over the academical public, with singular dexterity. A congratulatory address to the King on the suppression of the rebellion had been proposed, and, on some pretext of informality, rejected. Though there was no really disloyal design in this, it had an ill appearance. Bentley prepared another address, and, by a series of able manœuvres, carried it by surprise, in such a manner as to get the main credit of it himself.

The English have always been famous for improving upon the inventions of others. The series of Latin authors, "in usum Delphini," was a fair challenge to English scholarship. The year 1716 was distinguished by a ministerial project to rival the Delphin Classics. It is said that the judges, Parker and King, suggested to Lord Townshend the propriety of employing Bentley in a similar series, "in usum Principis Frederici." Bentley shrunk not from the labour, though he alone was to be tasked with what the whole learning of France was barely sufficient to perform. But he demanded 1000*l.* a year during the performance of the work, and Lord Townshend would only guarantee for 500*l.*, a very

insufficient remuneration to the first scholar of the world, for what must needs have been the business of his life, when the instruction of a Prince was the object. Some one proposed that the editor should be remunerated per sheet, which proposal Bentley coolly rejected, saying, "that he or any man could fill a sheet fast enough." A schism took place in the ministry: Lord Sunderland supplanted Lord Townshend, and the Frederician Classics were heard of no more. Bentley could have done nothing in his own way without doing good; but it is very doubtful whether he would have succeeded in an edition for the use of schools, and such, of course, the Frederician was intended to be. He would have made difficulties where schoolboys never suspected any, and left all the difficulties that a boy would stumble at, *in statu quo*. He was too learned to teach.

The year 1717 brought, as usual, its triumphs and its turmoils. Bentley had long been looking, with a vulture's eye, at the Regius Professorship of Divinity: for Dr. James, the Regius Professor, was not expected to live—in short, he died. But Bentley was not, according to the intention of the foundation, eligible, for he was himself one of the electors. By the charter of their institution, the three Royal Professors (those of Hebrew, Greek, and Divinity) are to be chosen by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master, and two senior Fellows of Trinity, and the Heads of King's, St. John's, and Christ's. As no substitute was appointed in case of the Master of Trinity being himself a candidate for the office, it may be supposed that the founder meant the situations to be incompatible. But a rule which might exclude the fittest person from the chair was wisely dispensed with, and in fact there were two precedents of the Divinity Professorship having been held by Masters

of Trinity. But a more substantial objection to the union of the functions is, that the Master, conjointly with the other electors, is to take cognizance of the Professor's conduct, and, on just occasion shown, after due admonition, to remove him from the chair. But obstacles of this kind were no obstacles to our hero; for if an invincible will, that decrees its own effect, and makes every faculty subservient to its purpose—a faith in inward power that vanquishes all circumstances, be heroism, Bentley was a hero,*—a term often strangely misapplied to love-sick Narcissus's and pensive students.

Though he knew that six out of the seven electors would oppose him,—that the only vote he could command in the conclave was his own,—though he had seen the routine of succession broken through in order to exclude Dr. Bradford, an eminent man, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol, from the Vice-Chancellorship, simply because suspected of being a Bentleyan, and Dr. Grigg appointed, as it were, purposely to keep him out; though his own name had been proposed for the mere pleasure of rejecting him, "he bated not one jot of heart or hope." His first scheme was to defer the election beyond the statutable period, in order that the appointment might lapse to the crown, in which case he thought himself secure. His Majesty's return from Hanover, and the prevention of the Swedish invasion, carried the Vice-Chancellor to London, with an address, just in time to enable Bentley to assert that the lapse had taken place. This, however, was over-ruled. But his arts were not exhausted. Dr. Grigg was a most obsequious chaplain to the *proud* Duke, who was then

* It is a moot point with the critics whether a hero ought to be an honest man.

Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Bentley contrived that the Duke should send his chaplain a seasonable summons, and that he should be himself appointed *locum tenens*. He insinuated to the government, that the surest way to make the ministerial cause triumphant in the seats of learning—in other words, to get the Church into the power of the cabinet—was to countenance himself and Waterland; and laboured, not wholly in vain, to affix the stigma of disaffection upon all who opposed him; and as it was certain that all Jacobites abhorred Dr. Bentley, a politician's logic would readily infer, that all who did not vote for Dr. Bentley were Jacobites. But still it is probable that the Doctor's ambition would have been balked, but for one lucky article in the foundation statutes, that, if any of the electors were Vice-Chancellor at the time of election, the number should be filled up by the head of Queen's College. Now the head of Queen's was Bentley's idolater, Davies: Bentley himself represented the Vice Chancellor, and was also Master of Trinity; of the two senior Fellows, Mr. Cock (of whom Bentley had prophesied that he would die in his shoes) was bed-ridden, and poor Stubbe had never shown his face in Cambridge since his extrusion from the Vice-Mastership; their places were therefore supplied by Modd and Bathurst, and well supplied as far as the Master's interest was concerned, for thus he could reckon four good votes, his own inclusive. The day was set, the electors were summoned, Bentley and his friends were ready: the heads of King's, St. John's, and Christ's did not choose to be present at what they esteemed a mockery of election, and perhaps thought to invalidate the proceedings by their absence. After waiting an hour, Dr. Bentley offered himself as a candidate: no other appearing, the formalities were gone through, and by

the first of May, 1717, he was Regius Professor of Divinity. Do the annals of electioneering contain anything parallel ?*

For his prælection on this occasion, he chose the disputed text in St. John's epistle,—"For there are three which bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are One." The discourse has never been printed, nor is it known whether it be in existence. His enemies ridiculed it as savouring more of verbal criticism, than of sound theology, but perhaps with little justice. The anthenticity or spuriousness of any passage, appearing in any author, can only be decided in two ways, either critically or historically, by internal or external evidence. Bentley, in his prælection, probably considered the verse *critically*; examined whether it harmonised with the general style of its author, and the manner of speaking in his age; in his projected restoration of the sacred text, he engaged to consider it *historically*, and to admit or exclude it, as the number and weight of manuscript authorities and testimonies of the Fathers should preponderate for or

* Not the least remarkable feature in this strange transaction, is the supineness and infatuation of Bentley's adversaries. Had they possessed the true electioneering spirit, old Cock would have been brought in his bed to the hustings, as we see in Hogarth's admirable print of the Tolbooth. Hearne, whose unfriendly disposition towards the Professor we have more than once had occasion to remark, thus notices the business:—"Dr. Bentley is elected Regius Professor. He was opposed by Dr. Ashton, Master of Jesus, who had got it if Bentley had not used knavery. Ashton was best qualified.—MS. Diary." Why is this Diary of Hearne's a MS.? *Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum.*

Not all mankind, or even all the godly,
Can get at book in library of Bodley.

against. It would certainly argue strongly against the verse, should it appear that it was not cited at the Council of Nice, wherein Arianism was condemned, nor referred to by any Father of the first four centuries. Yet it may be doubted whether Arius, who denied not the Divinity or Filiation, but the Co-eternity and Consubstantiality of the Son, would have thought it conclusive against him. "You endeavour to prove," says Bentley, in reply to a letter of a *layman*, whose name has not transpired, "you endeavour to prove (and that's all you aspire to), that it *may* have been writ by the Apostle, being consonant to his other doctrine. This I concede; and if the fourth century knew that verse, let it come in, in God's name; but if that age did not know it, then Arianism in its height was beat down, without the aid of that verse; and let the fact prove as it will, the doctrine is unshaken." If Arianism had not been beaten down without it, it would not have been beaten down with it. It is just as evasible as twenty others, and twenty others as conclusive as it. The preponderance of outward testimony seems to be against it, but the logic, the connection of thought, the very *architecture* of the passage, speaks strongly for it.* If the seventh verse be rejected, the

* Hartley here dogmatises unthinkingly. The words are not only a palpable intertrusion—not only utterly impertinent to the Apostle's reasoning, but inconsistent with it, yea contradictory. They are, doubtless, a marginal gloss cited from St. Augustine, as a comment upon the passage by some one who did not understand the gist and import of St. John, and afterwards slipped into the text.—*S. T. C.* It may be added, with reference to Dr. Bentley's argument, that supposing the passage not *conclusive* against the Arians, it is still strange that it should not have been referred to in the controversy.—*D. C.*

eighth should be rejected also. But this is no place to discuss the question. Bentley is said to have decidedly condemned the verse in his prælection.*

The duties of the Divinity Professor are important, though from the almost total neglect of the old scholastic theology and logic, many of them, if not altogether discontinued, have become mere matter of routine. He should moderate in the disputations in the schools, lecture twice a week, create Doctors of Divinity, and preach in Latin before the University on certain stated days. The stipend, as fixed by Henry VIII., was only forty pounds, but a change of times having rendered this salary utterly inadequate, King James I. endowed the Professorship with the three livings of Colne, Pidley, and Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, altogether above 300*l.* annually, which Bentley, by taking the great tithes into his own hands, and letting the small tithes to rent to his bailiff, expected to raise to 600*l.*

But it cannot be supposed that the chiefs of the University were easy under the trick which had given them a Professor of his own choosing, who scarcely deigned to tender the formal respect due to their station. They only waited for an opportunity of marking their indignation, confident that the violence of Bentley would not let them wait long.

* In some of the earlier Protestant Translations the verse in question was distinguished with a different type, the discontinuance of which distinction was severely censured by Emlyn, an Arian, who was prosecuted for a work entitled "A humble enquiry into the Scripture account of Jesus Christ." Our knowledge of this fact is due to Dr. Monk; but we think it probable that the early translators rather meant to dignify the verse than to bastardise it. Surely the Red Letter Days are not meant to be rejected out of the year.

Cutting short the monotonous relation of college despotism, of which our readers must be heartily tired; not detailing how the Divine Professor turned the old dove-cot into a granary for his Somersham tithe corn, and compelled the college to pay for doing the same; how he obliged the college brewer to take his tithe malt at full price, though damaged by the insect called weevil, to the great disparagement of the fair fame of Trinity *audit* ale; how either he or his bailiff, Kent, effected a collusive sale of wheat, in order to raise the college rents, and make the college pay an unreasonable price for its own bread; how he made his humble servant, Richard Walker, junior bursar; and how Richard Walker * paid away the

* There is something almost affecting in the blind devotion, the canine fidelity, of this man to Bentley. He seems to have asked for nothing but the means of serving his master. He was possessed with the passion of loyalty; and, we doubt not, would have been proud to encounter want, blows, scorn, prison, pillory, or death itself, for his liege lord. While Hacket, Ashenhurst, and others of Bentley's instruments might be suspected of being "super-serviceable knaves," Walker should be discharged of all such suspicion. What is extraordinary is, that he was not a man of scholastic pursuits, and perhaps knew more about books from handing them to the Master than from his own studies. There was not between Bentley and Walker, as between my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, the bond of a common hobby-horse. But there are—at least, there were—some minds to whom servitude is congenial; in whom submission is not servility, but instinct; who are pleased to annihilate their own will and individuality, and exist as mere instrumental members of another. Their glory is in their humiliation, and therefore it is no mystery that they seem the more inveterately attached the worse they are used. We cannot accord to this temper the approbation of reason. There is but one Being to whom such unconditional obedience, such self-abasement,

public money at his sovereign's discretion; how the Master of Trinity built, and planted, and erected barns, and summer-houses, and villas, and how the poor Fellows bore the burden of all—we will pass to the month of October, 1717, when his Majesty, George I., being at Newmarket, was invited by a gowned deputation to honour the University with his presence, and was graciously pleased to appoint Sunday, the 6th, for that purpose; which, considering the toil, bustle, vanity, and expense, the unnecessary cooking and dressing, and all the pomp and worldliness attendant on a royal visitation, was little better than the Head of the Church commanding Sabbath-breach. No wonder that no good came of it. To Bentley fell the two-fold task of creating the Royal Doctors of Divinity (who, as we have already stated, were created at the royal fiat, without either undergoing the statutable examinations, or keeping the statutable terms), and of entertaining the King and his suite at Trinity Lodge. The visit of another great personage, the Duke of Somerset, gave Vice-Chancellor Grigg, the Duke's chaplain, who had been so notably out-manœuvred in the professorship

is due. All submissions of man to man are but the steps of God's altar, or they are essentially idolatrous. Still, if there be such a thing as an amiable weakness, it is this excess of loyal affection. This slight tribute we thought due to *Frog* Walker, as in that age and place of nicknames he was called, from having held a curacy among the fens. The place of Junior Bursar was like that of Ædile at Rome, the first step in the ladder of office; and like that, too, was charged with the care of the public buildings, &c., and the disbursements pertaining thereto. The appointment of Walker to this office enabled Bentley to give full swing to his architectural mania. This was hardly honest; but Richard's ideal of right was constituted by the Master's dictum.

business, an opportunity of annoying Bentley in a small way, by bringing his patron to Trinity Lodge at a most unseasonable and unexpected time of the morning, without any previous announcement, so as to surprise the Master in his dressing-gown, in the agony of preparation for the royal guest. It would require the imagination and the pencil of a Hogarth to pourtray how the proud Duke must have looked, and how the Master of Trinity looked, and how Dr. Grigg must have enjoyed his sullen apologies and angry confusion. Not content with this, the duty of conducting his Majesty from St. Mary's to Trinity College devolving upon Grigg, as Vice-Chancellor, he, under some pretence or other, led the King to a back gate, which had been closed to keep out the mob, and kept his anointed sovereign standing in a most filthy and unsavoury lane till intelligence of the matter could be conveyed to the great gate, where the Master was waiting in due form to receive his illustrious visitor. If all this was intended to make Bentley appear awkward in the royal presence, it was unsuccessful; for the King, declining to partake of the magnificent banquet laid out in the Hall, dined privately with a few noblemen at the Lodge, as if he had rather be Bentley's guest than the University's. The doctor was afterwards complained of for monopolising the honour of the royal visit; but considering the sentiments of some of the leading characters in Cambridge, it is no wonder that King George should keep aloof from indiscriminate society there.

This concerted chapter of accidents was but the omen of more serious misunderstandings. Next day, October 7th, a congregation was held in the Senate-house to finish the creation of the Royal Doctors, of whom only three, Grigg, Davies, and Waterland, as

heads of houses, had been made in the royal presence, just to let the King see how it was done. Bentley refused to perform his office, except at the unusual rate of a four guinea fee. Many candidates demurred. Our Professor would not act, except on his own conditions. It was ruled that his agency was not indispensable. Dr. Bardsey Fisher, master of Sidney, prompted by the beadle, performed, for the old regulation fee of a broad piece, certain forms which were to qualify certain persons to write D. D. after their names, to wear a scarlet gown over a black coat, and to hold a plurality of benefices.

When it is considered that a Doctor's degree is either a mere luxury, or the qualification for considerable emolument; that these royal doctors were, after all, considerable savers in time, toil, and pocket, by the King's visit, which must have caused the Regius Professor a great expense in all three; and that the mere operation of qualifying them for pluralities must have taken up many hours of Bentley's *day*, a day always devoted to the advantage of mankind, when not employed to the injury of the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, we really think, not that Bentley was quite right in claiming the four guineas, but that it would have been much better if the new Doctors had paid it without more ado, for any man who can afford to be a D. D. can afford to pay four guineas.

But Conyers Middleton, who was one of the Doctors to be created, thought otherwise, not because he grudged the guineas, but because he hated Bentley, so instead of going for his investiture to Dr. Bardsey Fisher, as a man who thought the head inn too expensive, would take up his quarters at the most respectable pot-house in a village, he paid his four guineas to Dr. Bentley, with a proviso that they

should be repaid if the King decided against the claim. We cannot help thinking that Middleton acted with a presentiment, or rather with a rational calculation, that he was paying four guineas for an advantage over his enemy. The detail of the business would be little interesting. Month after month passed, and the King did not interfere, and Bentley kept the money; at last Middleton brought an action in the Vice-Chancellor's court, and a decree was issued to arrest Bentley for the sum. Clarke, an esquire beadle, was sent to serve the process; he got into the Lodge, but could not see the master; he was locked up in a room for some hours, and then discharged, without having effected the arrest. Various preliminaries were gone through in the Vice-Chancellor's court, to none of which Bentley attended. At last the Vice-Chancellor pronounced him to be in contempt of the University jurisdiction; suspended his degrees, summoned three several courts to give him an opportunity of making his submission, and then finding him still obdurate, resolved to merge his own act in a decree of the University at large. A *grace* was proposed to the Senate, the representative body of the University, to strip him of all his degrees. A vain attempt was made by Ashenhurst, to interrupt their proceedings, by tendering the votes to Dr. Otway, a suspected nonjuror, but it was not allowed to pass. On the 17th of October, 1718, the Senate of the University of Cambridge passed a grace, by which the Master of Trinity and Regius Professor of Divinity was degraded *ab omni gradu suscepto*, and, to speak technically, reduced to the condition of a mere *Harry Soph*.

It is difficult to find any parallel to the predicament in which Bentley and the University were placed by this unprecedented act. The ruler of the

first college was without a vote in the ruling assemblies, the highest teacher of theology was forbidden to enter the University pulpit. It somewhat resembled the case of the Duke of Norfolk, during the continuance of the Catholic disabilities; the first Peer without a seat in the House of Peers, the hereditary Earl Marshal prohibited from discharging his functions. Strange, however, as his position was become, Bentley was not a whit daunted: when informed of his degradation, he said, "I have rubbed through many a worse business," and forthwith drew up a petition to the King, as supreme visitor, laying open the circumstances of the case, and urging the injustice with which, without hearing or summons, he had been suspended from all his degrees by the Vice-Chancellor, and inhibited from discharging his duty, as Divinity Professor, the precipitation with which the Senate had passed the grace of degradation, and the Vice-Chancellor's refusal to administer the oaths to Dr. Otway. (He never neglected to direct suspicion towards the politics of his opponents). Of course the petition closed with a prayer for redress of grievances. It met with speedy attention: was read in Council on the 30th of October, and produced an order that the Vice-Chancellor should attend at the Board on the 6th of November with an account of the proceedings. The office of Vice-Chancellor terminates annually on the 4th of November. It was therefore of the utmost importance to Bentley's adversaries, with whom the academical body corporate was now identified, not to let the chief magistracy pass into dangerous hands. According to established order, it would have fallen to Dr. Davies, President of Queen's, the only college-head who had voted in Bentley's favour. To make sure of excluding him, Dr. Gooch, the Vice-Chancellor

of the preceding year, who was the originator of the whole measure, was re-elected by a majority of two to one. To London then the re-elected Doctor went, not over well pleased with his own situation, and eager for any opening to an escape. On presenting his statement before the King in council, he attributed the suspension of Bentley to his non-appearance in the action for debt, which all the world knew was not the true ground, but was most industrious in shifting the responsibility from his own shoulders, reminding his Majesty that the suspension was sunk in the degradation, and that the "Vice Chancellor humbly conceives that he is not personally responsible for an act of the body corporate of the University of Cambridge, of which he is but one member." Nothing was immediately concluded in council, but after some time the matter was referred to a Committee, and the general surmise was, that a Royal Commission, that hope of the Whigs and terror of the Tories, would be appointed to visit the University and redress all grievances. Among the paradoxes of the times, not the least surprising was, that the Tories were disputing the extent of the royal power, and Oxford literally deliberating on the propriety of resisting the King, should he attempt to interfere with her rights of self-government.

Every thing in England takes the shape and hue of politics. You may form a very likely guess at an Englishman's political sentiments from hearing his opinions upon poetry, his comparative estimate of classical and mathematical learning, his preference of physical or metaphysical science, or even his judgment in a dispute between two neighbouring families. No wonder, then, if a question, involving such important interests as that of Bentley's degradation, out of which grew so much discussion with regard to

the limits of clashing jurisdictions, and in which the rights of the Church, so closely implicated in those of the Universities, were not remotely concerned, became a matter of party, and was variously judged according to the political predilections of different men. Pamphlets flew thick. Arthur Ashley Sykes, a Low-Church divine, and indefatigable polemic, led the way. Dean Sherlock, the strength of the High-Church men, responded in defence of his University. Conyers Middleton followed. His refusal of the four-guinea fee had produced effects beyond all that he hoped for, and now he came forward with the professed intention of vindicating the steps of which he had been the primary mover, but with far more desire of holding up Bentley to public odium. In 1719, at the ripe age of thirty-six, the future biographer of Cicero first appeared as an author. Shakspeare's *maiden* essay was a scurrilous ballad,—Middleton's was "A full and impartial Account of the late Proceedings in the University of Cambridge against Dr. Bentley." He possessed the talent of being severe without being scurrilous: he did not call names (a practice to which his adversary was unfortunately addicted, both *vivâ voce* and in print), and if he did not always conceal his malice, he never betrayed his irascibility. He took advantage of the alarm felt by certain persons at the prospect of a royal visitation, to impute the report of such a movement to Bentley's presumption, if not the design to his insinuations. The passage is as follows:—"But even this will hardly seem strange from him who dares to give out that the King and his Ministry will interpose to reverse our statutable proceedings against him; that for the sake of a single person so justly odious, so void of all credit and interest amongst us, his Majesty will set a mark of his dis-

pleasure upon his famous and loyal University. But it is to be hoped that an insolence so apparently tending to alienate the affections of his people from his Majesty, may meet with the just severity and chastisement of the law." Contrary to his inclination, Conyers complimented his antagonist, and prophesied the defeat of his own party in a single sentence—"He has ceased to be Doctor, and may cease to be Professor, but he can never cease to be Bentley."

The literary warfare continued during 1719. Middleton produced a second and a third pamphlet. These and all the others published in the course of the controversy were anonymous; and as Middleton was a new writer, poor Colbatch, whose fate it was to bear the blame of others' lampoons, received for a time the credit or discredit of his compositions.

So violent was the excitement of the controversy, and so deep the mutual hatred of the parties, that the most improbable rumours found credit; and the antagonists of Bentley scrupled not to impute to his partisans the purpose of assassination. It was currently reported that Dr. Gooch was shot at through a window of his lodge, and more than hinted whence the bullet came. In some recent repairs of Caius College, a bullet was actually found in the wainscot. Of course, it is not intended to ascribe to Bentley any privity to a murderous design; but if he or Ashenhurst extended patronage to many such men as Joseph Lindsay, it is not impossible that some of them may have taken this unwarrantable mode of displaying gratitude.

Meantime, Colbatch, and the other Remonstrants in Trinity, were suffering all the miseries of hope deferred. It does not appear that they had taken any part in the decisive proceedings of the University against their Master; and perhaps they had not

much reason to rejoice at his *degradation*, which did not diminish his power over them, and was very unlikely to mollify his exercise of it. Archbishop Wake was, indeed, a true, but not an efficient friend; for he seems to have been a righteous Bishop; and the Church, though it has the opportunity of *purchasing* great interest by leaguing with the Government, has very little authority of its proper own. The Minister, Lord Sunderland, and the Chancellor, Lord Parker (afterwards Earl of Macclesfield), deceived them with fair words. All this while their petition was, as it were, in a state of suspended animation, in Sir Edward Northey's pocket. After three years, it was resuscitated by the persevering representations of Colbatch, read at the Council board a second time on the 26th of May, and referred to the Committee.

The royal visitation was daily expected, and the hopes of the malcontents began to revive, when Bentley by a stroke of policy which may share the commendation bestowed on the unjust steward, cut the ground from beneath them, and at once redoubled their cause of complaint and deprived them of their last apparent chance of redress. We have already mentioned the proposal for a compromise with Serjeant Miller, and its rejection. That learned lawyer having stumbled into the ill graces of the University, where he was as little beloved, and nothing like so much feared, as Bentley himself, seeing those bills, on the strength of which he had expressed such premature and offensive exultation, postponed, *sine die*, seeing his own blunders exposed by the ex-Doctor's formidable pen in a manner not at all conducive to his professional advancement, in fine, having failed in a frivolous prosecution of Walker for some unintelligible illegality with regard to taking a pupil, began to consider that as revenge was not to be had, money

was not to be despised. The re-appearance of the petition produced a renewal of overtures on the part of Bentley, which found Miller in the humour of Shylock, when, finding that the bond did not allow him any blood, he offers to take his principal. In this extraordinary treaty it was considered that the Serjeant on condition of receiving half his dues as a fellow since 1715, together with his room rent, and 400*l.* for his law expenses, should resign his fellowship, and withdraw both his own petition and that of Colbatch. To make the College pay the lawyer for betraying its cause was a bold thought, but Bentley's design was bolder still. He demanded of the College payment of his own costs, and by the College they were paid. At the very time while Bentley had not a degree in the University, when a decided interposition of Government was looked for to put a stop to the blended anarchy and despotism of his rule, he succeeded in extorting 500*l.* for the charges of his defence. This was effected through the agency of Baker, who gained over a majority out of the total list of fellows by which the resistance of five out of the eight seniors was overborne. The pretence was that such payment was the only means of restoring peace. Miller went off with 528*l.* of the College money, to which perhaps he was *legally* entitled, had he not forfeited all claim on his clients by treacherously abandoning their cause. Though no longer an honest man, he continued a Whig, and became member for a borough, in which honourable capacity he distinguished himself, by speaking, in 1725, against the bill for enabling Lord Bolingbroke, who had been attainted, to succeed to the family inheritance, after he had received the King's pardon. Though this partial reversal of the attainder was advocated by Walpole himself, Miller's opposition seems not to

have displeased the Ministry, for shortly after he was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer for Scotland. Enough of him, and his rewards, and honours.

And now the prospects of Trinity College, at least of the discontented party in it, were worse than ever, for there was no chance of obtaining a visitor from the Crown, since the petition was withdrawn from the council, and as the Bishop of Ely refused to act in that capacity, though informed by Colbatch and Ayloffe, of all the circumstances of the bargain with Miller, and the Master's extraordinary demand, there was even less probability of his departing from his secure neutrality in any possible emergence. Wake, their only friend, had no longer the power to assist them; and it was the understood intention of the Court to screen the Master.

Passing over some minor events at Cambridge, we will proceed to give a brief account of a new series of litigations, in which the triumphs of Bentley were such as to inspire a belief in the superstitious, that the demon of law-suits was his familiar spirit. The sole consolation and only hope of his late prosecutors was in the press, and to the press they appealed, not quite despairing of shaming the superior powers into interference. Middleton was the chosen champion, for his popular style made his services the most effective, while his situation protected him from all apprehension of Bentley's wrath. With the assistance of Colbatch's memorials he produced a keen invective, entitled "*A true Account of the present State of Trinity College, in Cambridge, under the oppressive Government of their Master, Richard Bentley, late D.D.*" Of the spirit of this composition the motto, taken from one of Cicero's orations against Verres, is at once an omen and a sample:—"*Prætermittam minora omnia*

quorum simile forsitan alius quoque aliquid aliquando fecerit: nihil dicam nisi singulare; nisi quod si in alium reum diceretur incredibile videretur."* The book was in strict accordance with this promise. It was, what it intended to be, a *libel*, whether true or false, upon Bentley. But it also proved, what it was not intended to be, a libel on the King's Government. Bentley, who fixed an inevitable eye on the errors of his opponents, directly perceived his advantage. In the absence of Colbatch, at whose door, as usual, the libel was laid, he procured, notwithstanding the opposition of Ayloffe, Jordan, and Bouquet, the signature of the College to a ready made censure of the book and its author, and a power of attorney under the College seal, to prosecute the said author, its printers and publishers. Having accomplished this purpose, he proposed to remove Colbatch from the seniority, a measure in which he was supported by the crazy Brabourn and the unconscientious Baker; but Modd and Barwell, though they had little courage, had still some conscience, and refused to participate in the oppression of a friend and brother, whose character they probably admired for the very points in which it differed from their own. Defeated in this design, he commenced an action against Bickerton, the publisher. This produced an immediate avowal of authorship by Middleton, who also would have added to his confession the articles of accusation, drawn up by Colbatch to be laid before a visitor, but the bookseller declined publishing what might be considered another libel. He could, therefore, only declare that he was the

* "I will pass over all lesser matter, whereto possibly, at some time or other, some person or other may have done something somewhat similar. I will mention nothing but what is unique; nothing but what, if alleged against any other criminal, would appear incredible."

author of the work; that his sole purpose in writing it was to bring about a visitation; and that he was ready, should the Master or any of his friends answer it in print, either to defend every allegation, or publicly to recant.

But Bentley had observed a passage in the book which served his ends much better than a paper controversy, or even a public recantation. At page 5 of the "True Account" were these words:—"While the liberty of Englishmen is so much the envy of other nations and the boast of her own, and the meanest peasant knows where to find redress for the least grievance he has to complain of, it is hardly credible that a body of learned and worthy men, oppressed and injured daily in everything that is dear and valuable to them, should not be able to find any proper court of justice in the kingdom that will receive their complaints."

At this day, these words would scarcely be deemed libellous. They were rather aimed at the Bishop of Ely, or the King's Ministers, than at the courts of law, if indeed they were anything more than an exclamation of indignant surprise at the unfortunate position in which Trinity College was placed by the uncertainty of the visitatorial power. But at that time the Courts were exceedingly jealous of their jurisdiction. An information was laid against Conyers Middleton in the King's Bench, on the joint behalf of the King and Richard Bentley.

This was at the beginning of 1720. The law's delay protracted the trial for a year and a half. In Trinity term, 1721, the cause was tried in the Court of King's Bench, and Dr. Middleton found guilty of a libel. Still, judgment was deferred, and Conyers kept in an agony of suspense, which Bentley, whose resentment was not mitigated by the two pamphlets

published by Middleton at the commencement of this suit, on the project of the New Testament, did not take any means to abridge. To heighten his distress, his friends, even those for whose sake he had braved the wrath of one who was never to be offended with impunity, gave him little support or countenance. Colbatch alone administered to his necessity, exerted himself to procure affidavits in his favour, and sent him fifty pounds, no small donation from a poor clergyman—whose means must have been cruelly narrowed by the expenses of the College disputes. Middleton at times was apprehensive of a fine beyond his means to pay, which would have consigned him to a jail, a comfortable abode even then for the knave that would not pay, but a miserable den for the poor man that could not. By the mediation of one of the University representatives, he gained access to some great personage (supposed to be the Lord Chancellor), who, being, a man of infinite promise, engaged to mollify the Chief Justice, and procure a lenient sentence. So the term passed away, and the long vacation succeeded, and Middleton was still left to suffer perhaps more than the severest sentence would have inflicted. The unwearied Colbatch employed this vacant time in preparing a tract in Middleton's favour, to be entitled "*The Case of Richard Bentley against Dr. Middleton considered, and a Question arising thereupon discussed; viz., how far it may be lawful to publish the notorious crimes of any wicked man.*" But his bookseller showed the MS. to Counsellor Ketelbey, who pronounced that it would infallibly be accounted a libel, and reminded the bibliopole that "Bentley now knew the way into Westminster Hall;" so the work still remains unprinted. Dr. Monk speaks highly of the ability and earnestness of its execution. As there is now

no danger of Bentley's ever finding his way into Westminster Hall again, we importune those in whose hands it may be, to give it to the world, at least so much of it as bears upon the liberty of the press in general. As a revision of the libel laws cannot and will not be long deferred, the arguments of the sturdy casuistical Professor may throw some light on a subject of the highest importance, concerning which there is a lamentable want of clear ideas.

The bursting of the South Sea bubble, which awakened thousands from dreams of countless wealth to the sober certainty of ruin, and exhibited a degree of baseness, falsehood, peculation, and depravity, in high places, which English history has never since rivalled, brought about a change of administration. Lord Townshend, a liberal statesman, clear of all participation in the abominable thing, who had been supplanted, in 1716, by the intrigues of the Sunderland party, was recalled to the King's councils. Parliament having mitigated the popular resentment by giving up some gross and palpable peculators as examples, thought proper to screen the rest by an act of grace. A promise to introduce a clause which should apply to Middleton's case was made and broken by the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield. The gloomy month of November found Conyers again in attendance at the Court of King's Bench, still tormented with expensive delays, and reduced at last to make vain offers of compromise to his prosecutor. Failing there, he directed his own counsel to move for judgment upon the verdict. Chief Justice Pratt (father to the first Earl of Camden) immediately observed, "that he had hoped to hear no more of this affair, but that two Doctors of Divinity," (the learned Judge either forgot or did not choose to acknowledge Bentley's degradation) "to avoid the scandal justly

given by such personal quarrels, would have found some way of making it up between themselves." At last Middleton was persuaded to admit "that as far as he had offended the law in what he had done, he was sorry for it, and asked the Master's pardon." Whether such a guarded apology ought to satisfy the honour of a gentleman, we leave it to the learned in the laws of the *Duello* to decide. Certainly it did not immediately satisfy the anger of a Divinity professor, nor is the logic of it absolutely irrefragable. If he were only sorry for having offended the law, it would seem more reasonable that he should apologise to the Court by whom the majesty of the law is represented, than to his adversary. Bentley, however, demanded that he should subscribe a paper, owning that he had wronged and abused the whole society. To that Middleton would not bend, but moved once more for judgment by his counsel the following day.

The Chief Justice, an honest man, animadverted with some severity on the unforgiving and exorbitant temper of Bentley, and sarcastically asked, "Whether the society would not have the paper stuck up at the Exchange, and have Dr. Middleton led through Westminster Hall with it printed to his hat." Seeing no chance of obtaining anything more in the present disposition of the Court, Bentley condescended to accept the apology, and the defendant paid the prosecutor's taxed costs, which perhaps amounted to more than any fine that would have been levied. In order, in some degree, to recompense him for such charge and vexation incurred in their common cause, and perhaps likewise to mortify the Divinity Professor, the prevailing party in Cambridge established a new office of *Proto-bibliothecarius*, or head librarian, to which Dr. Middleton was triumphantly promoted, spite of the resistance of Bentley's partisans, who

called the business a scandalous job. The grace was proposed on the 14th of December, 1721, and carried by a majority of 112 to 49. So high did party spirit run, that the only two members of St. John's, who voted against the appointment, were hissed all the way from the schools to their own college.

Our narrative must now retrograde a little, to record a few incidents that formed the episodes of this restless drama. Of these, the most refreshing is the defeat of Bentley in an attempt to keep Colbatch out of the Rectory of Orwell, vacant by the death of Dr. Stubbe, in October, 1719, to which, as senior Doctor, he was entitled by statute. A dissension among the Master's supporters frustrated these unjust machinations to deprive Colbatch of his right. It is but just to add, that the failure of this plot was a subject of general congratulation.

The inconvenience and absurdity of suffering the Divinity professorship to become a sinecure in the hands of a man prohibited from discharging its duties, were so apparent, that the leaders of the University made serious efforts to put an end to this state of things by stripping Bentley of the office.

The long-expected royal visitation coming to nothing, all expectation of remedy from that quarter died away. Dr. Gooch, who was, in November, 1720, elected Vice-Chancellor the third time, had threatened, while pronouncing Bentley's suspension, to deprive him of his professorship, if he did not make due submission and satisfaction for his contumacy. But in order to carry this menace into effect, it was necessary to obtain the concurrence of the Master of Trinity, who was by no means likely to assist in his own deposition. In Trinity term, 1720, a rule of the Court of King's Bench was obtained, calling upon the electors to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued calling

upon them to fill an alleged vacancy of the chair; of course on the ground of illegality and collision in the election of Bentley, who was therefore assumed not to be, and never to have been, Professor of Divinity at all,—*ergo*, that the chair had been vacant ever since the death of Dr. James. This was a very weak invention. It was met by affidavits from Modd, Davies, and Bentley. In Michaelmas term the rule was discharged.

In January, 1720—21, appeared the pamphlet to which we have already alluded, in which Bentley, without either justice or decorum, abuses Colbatch for what he knew to be the work of Middleton. It is true he did not name the object of his vituperation, but the Professor of Casuistry was surely designated by the terms "Casuistical Drudge," "Plodding Pupil of Escobar," &c.* yet more rudely by descriptive allusions to Colbatch's dark complexion and rigid features, and most cruelly, by an insinuation that he partook of the family derangement of his brother, who *had taken a fancy from a vow, or a vision, to wear a beard to his girdle, sufficient for a Greek Patriarch.*"

Colbatch did not bear a "cheek for blows," and here was provocation that might have stirred a much more "milk-livered man." Yet even in his anger he remembered the statutes, for which he had an almost superstitious reverence. In compliance with the letter of the law, he applied to Modd, the Vice-Master, to take cognisance of the affair between the Master and himself. From Modd, however, he

* Anthony Escobar Mendoza, a celebrated Spanish casuist, born at Valladolid, in 1589, entered the society of Jesuits at fifteen, was for many years a popular preacher, and died in 1669. His works, the principal of which are his Moral Theology, and Cases of Conscience, extend to forty folios. Well might a pupil of his be a plodder.

neither obtained nor expected redress; but, the first time Bentley was in town, he exhibited the libel to a College meeting, and obtained from the majority a vote, that it was "false, scandalous, and malicious," and a resolution, that, should it really prove to be a member of the College, he should be proceeded against according to statute. Though there was no likelihood of this resolution being carried into effect (for there was no doubt as to its author), it expressed the society's conviction of Colbatch's innocence. Brabourn, who concurred at first in the censure, probably from not well knowing what it meant, afterwards recanted, in equal ignorance of what he was doing, and it was never entered in the College register. But by applying to the heads of Colleges, Colbatch obtained what he would have done well to consider ample satisfaction—a declaration, that the book was "a most virulent and scandalous libel, highly injurious to Dr. Colbatch, contrary to good manners, and a notorious violation of the statutes and discipline of the University;" and though they could not, on a mere moral certainty, assume it as *legally* proved that the Master of Trinity was the author, they resolved, "that the author of the libel, as soon as he was discovered, should receive such censure as the statutes did in that case appoint." This was to all intents and purposes equivalent to censuring Richard Bentley by name; and with this full and honourable vindication of his own character, Colbatch ought to have been content. But he had caught the epidemic of the time: he would stand for law, and was doomed to find, that whoever entered the Courts with Bentley was a certain victim. He prosecuted Crownefield, the University bookseller, in the Vice-Chancellor's court, for selling the obnoxious pamphlet. The various stages of this suit are too much entangled in

the technicalities of the civil law, and the peculiarities of University jurisdiction, to interest the general reader; suffice it to say, that the delays of the Vice-Chancellor's Court (in which it worthily imitates courts of greater business,) protracted the cause till the Act of Grace put a stop to all criminal processes. But Colbatch was a sort of amateur civilian, and fancied that he understood cases of law as well as cases of conscience. There still remained a process, unknown to the common law, which he thought the Government pardon did not prevent—an enquiry into the authorship of the libel "in the office of a judge," which he thought might oblige Bentley to be examined as a witness, and compel him to criminate himself.

On the 24th of November, 1721, the very day on which Middleton was finally summoned before the King's Bench to atone for his libel, Colbatch, regardless of professional advice, entered the Vice-Chancellor's Court to call Bentley to account for *his*. Certain preliminaries past, Bentley was cited to give evidence, but not one of the officers was willing to serve the citation upon him. It was like "belling the cat." They remembered the treatment which Clarke had experienced three years before. Atwood at last undertook the enterprise, and was agreeably disappointed at his civil reception. But in truth the circumstances were materially altered. In 1718 the Doctor was taken by surprise, and was undetermined what to do: his detention of Clarke, and refusal to submit to the arrest, were mere artifices to gain time; and he probably expected a more decisive interference in his favour than a vacillating and unpopular government dared to extend. In the present instance his measures were all determined, and incivility could only have disturbed them. He simply asked, "Whether the summons related to Colbatch's business?"

and left the beadle to suppose that it would be attended to:—nothing could be further from his purpose. The Court to which he was cited was fixed for January 17, 1722. As soon as the College audit and the usual altercations thereat were over, he went to London, consulted counsel, and obtained an opinion that the proceedings on foot against him were illegal, "*as partaking of the nature of a general inquisition*," and might be resisted in the Court of King's Bench. But the King's Bench would not be sitting before the day of appearance. What then! He negotiated with one of his brother chaplains to give him his turn of attendance at St. James's. The Vice-Chancellor and his court assembled on the appointed day. "Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity College," was three times summoned by name:—no answer, except that Lisle, a Proctor, and one of the Master's noisiest partisans, produced a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Newcastle, stating, that Dr. Richard Bentley was absent on the King's service. This the Vice-Chancellor was compelled to acknowledge as a sufficient excuse. Proceedings were adjourned to the 16th of February; before which time, the Court of King's Bench granted a rule for the Vice-Chancellor to show cause, &c., on the second day of the following term, and staying proceedings in the interval.

This interference of the Common Law Courts with what the High-Churchmen considered a canonical and spiritual authority, excited great indignation, and brought Colbatch into more difficulties than ever. By mere obstinacy and conceit of his own legal acumen, he had exposed the University to something like a public rebuke; and he now set about to defend it in a way that gave his and the University's maligners a long-wished-for advantage against both. He produced

a treatise, entitled *Jus Academicum*, which is said to show a deep acquaintance with the laws and constitutions of academic establishments, and an able defence of their necessary rights and privileges. Unfortunately, Colbatch understood—at least had studied—the Canons, Decretals, and Pandects much better than the laws of his native land. Not so had Bentley, as the sequel showed. He simply directed his counsel to read certain passages of the Jus Academicum before the Court of King's Bench, and to move them to take cognizance of contempt of their jurisdiction. Among the most offensive was the following:—

"There is a strange doctrine got into Westminster Hall, where it hath prevailed for above these hundred years past, as it is like to do for these hundred years to come, unless my lords the Bishops shall think fit to take notice of it in Parliament, viz.: that the King's pardon shall put a stop to any process carried on in the Spiritual Courts, for the reformation of manners, and the salvation of a man's soul." This was enough to alarm the Lords Justices, who were then, and ever, extremely jealous of any attempt to set up the authority of the Spiritual Courts against their own. But other sentences hinted at the possibility of resistance on the part of the University, and seemed to accuse the King's Government of evil designs against liberty. Yet so little aware was the author of his work containing any thing libellous, that he had sent a presentation copy to every Judge on the bench, except Pratt and Fortescue. Most likely they never read it.

A rule of Court was granted for Wilkin, the publisher, to show cause why an attachment should not issue against him. As the interrogatories to which the person attached would be subjected would oblige

him to discover the author, Colbatch's friends bestirred themselves to make intercession for him with the great. Dean Sherlock and Dean Hare used their interest with Lord Townshend; and Dr. Freind, Master of Westminster School, applied to Lord Carteret. The Ministers seem to have really wished to do their best for him; but, unluckily, Colbatch, who was in every thing the victim of Fortune and his own mistakes, relied chiefly on the Lord Chancellor, who, while sustaining him with hope and fair words, was actually cooling his friends and heating his enemies. Had Earl Macclesfield, however, been sincere in his good offices, it is doubtful whether they could have done the unfortunate divine any real service. Pratt was an inflexible judge, possessed with a high sense of the sanctity of his own office, and a just apprehension of government interference. The Ministers, indeed, promised much. Lord Carteret, in particular, told Dr. Freind, that, "if the Doctor (Colbatch) were sent to prison, here—(brandishing his pen)—here is Mercury's wand, which will soon fetch him out." Gradually this tone of assurance was exchanged for a style of cautious admonition. For some cause, or for none, the treacherous Macclesfield wilfully misadvised him; and the sole effect of his weary and tantalising attendance on these true courtiers was, to exasperate the minds of Pratt and the other Justices of the King's Bench against him. At length, on the 14th of May, 1723, he moved the Court for judgment, was committed *pro formâ*, and, after little more than a week's confinement, was brought up to petition for his discharge; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior Puisne Judge, made an exposure of combined ignorance, pedantry, and insolence, that must have set gravity at defiance. The motto of the

Jus Academicum was that everlastingly-quoted scrap of Horace,—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat,* —which the *un*learned Judge chose to read *nihil non ABrogat*, and insisted upon it that it was meant to apply to the Court. Colbatch would have done well had he suffered his Lordship to proceed without correction; for by arguing the point, and repeatedly contradicting Sir Littleton on the very seat of justice, he became guilty of a contempt, and instead of *one mark*, which would originally have satisfied the Court, he incurred a fine of £50.

While Bentley was thus revenging himself on one of his enemies, another furnished him with an opportunity of like satisfaction, by a course exactly similar. Middleton, in quality of chief librarian, had written a Latin tract upon the method of arranging the public library, and especially the books contained in the King's magnificent present, a subject seemingly as safe as any author could handle. But the hatred of Bentley was then the ruling principle of all Middleton's thoughts, words, and works. Unwarned by the example of Colbatch, he introduced into his dedication a passage explicitly denying the authority of the common law Courts to overrule the academical Courts, and implicitly calling the King's Bench *forum prorsus alienum et externum*, a Court altogether strange and foreign. It was not to be expected that this would escape the critical eye of Bentley, or the animadversions of his Majesty's Justices. On the very day (May 14th) on which Colbatch moved for judgment, Serjeant Cheshyre moved for an information against Middleton's bookseller. The same process which the King and Richard Bentley had been conducting against Colbatch, was repeated against Middleton, with the same result, but with far less delay and

mortification; for Conyers learned, at his friend's cost, not to trust in courtiers' promises, nor to degrade himself by fruitless solicitations. He was accordingly committed for five days, brought up on the 20th of June, fined £50, and discharged, after giving securities for his good behaviour for a twelve-month.

While Bentley's enemies were thus smarting under the lash of the law, he was successfully availing himself of the same mighty power to recover the station of which he had been deprived. It would be tedious to relate the details of the suit, which terminated in a complete reversal of all the University proceedings against the Master of Trinity. On the 14th of February, 1724, a peremptory mandamus was issued to the Chancellor, masters, and scholars, "to restore Richard Bentley to all his degrees, and to every other right and privilege of which they had deprived him." Thus it was decreed, that every attempt to bring that unconquerable man to account for his deeds, should end in the distress and discomfiture of his adversaries, and afford to himself the gratification of a triumphant display of great and various abilities. The natural effect of this extraordinary success must have been to remove from his mind every shade of doubt with respect to the rectitude of his cause, and to encourage him to proceed boldly as he had begun. Six lawsuits prosecuted to a successful issue within three years, were enough to make any man, not endowed with a double portion of humility, fancy himself the minion of Justice. Yet he was not quite satisfied with the length of time during which the doubts of lawyers and the uncertainty of the law had deferred his victory. Notwithstanding that the greater part of the costs had fallen on his antagonists, his own share was more than he found it convenient to pay. His feelings on this head

he expressed, *suo more*, the first assizes after his restoration, when the Judges visited Trinity Lodge, and one of them observed, "Dr. Bentley, you have not thanked us for what we have done for you." The Doctor answered, "What am I to thank you for? Is it for only doing me justice after a long protracted lawsuit! Had you indeed restored me to my rights at once, I might have expressed my obligations; but such have been your delays, that if I had not been an economist in my youth, I must have been ruined in the pursuit of justice." The Judge must have felt that he was not on the bench.

The events of the four years succeeding 1724 are neither numerous nor important Though it can hardly be said that even temporary tranquillity prevailed, Colbatch himself seems to have despaired of successful resistance. He withdrew to his Rectory at Orwell, and doubtless lived in the hope of better times. The restored Professor, whose public functions had been discontinued during the suspension of his degrees, now entered upon the duties of his Professorship with zeal, and took a leading part in the University politics, presided at the theological disputations, and appeared frequently in the University pulpit. From these offices, however, he desisted in 1727, and made Dr. Newcome, the Margaret Professor of Divinity, his substitute. His liability to severe colds, the consequence of intense study, and neglect of exercise, rendered his attendance in the schools extremely dangerous.

The years 1724, 25, and 26, were distinguished by a display of literary rivalry, not wholly unprofitable to the interests of literature, but little becoming the sanctity of two dignified clergymen, one of whom had passed his grand climacteric. We have more than once had occasion to mention Dr. Francis Hare, at

one time a most fervid admirer and professed friend of our aristarch; but the friendships of the ambitious are seldom lasting, and Bentley found, or fancied, occasion to suspect Hare of undermining his credit in several instances, and particularly in the business of the Frederician Classics. Still no absolute rupture had taken place; for Bentley chose, in his own words,—*amicitiam dissuere, non disrumpere,*—to *unstitch*, not *tear asunder friendship*.

But the dishonest vanity of Hare gave a pretext for more decisive hostility. During the period of their intimacy, the two scholars had held much conversation on classical subjects, and Bentley, who in all that regards the *res metrica* is an absolute discoverer, had communicated and explained a method of reducing the apparent lawlessness of the Latin Comic Metre to something like regularity. Hare produced an edition of Terence, in which he availed himself of the instruction thus obtained to appropriate the credit of Bentley's metrical discoveries without any acknowledgment. This our Aristarch considered, not without good grounds, as an invasion of his patent; and, though he might well have spared whatever reputation the plagiarism might detract from him, perhaps he was not to be blamed for laying claim to his own, especially, as his sometime friend and flatterer, had not spared insinuations to the discredit of his moral character, even while lauding his intellectual qualifications.

Bentley's Terence was undertaken with the express purpose of stopping the sale and destroying the credit of Hare's work, and though carried through the press with almost breathless haste, is said by a high authority to be the most useful, elegant, and accurate of all our critic's editions. The text is corrected in upwards of a thousand places. The metrical

system perfectly elucidated, and the surreptitious half-knowledge of Hare exposed with merciless severity. Bentley's triumph would however have been more complete, had he known where to stop. But seeing that his rival had announced an intention of editing Phædrus, he determined to anticipate him, and published that fabulist along with the Terence. For this work he had made no adequate preparation, nor did he allow himself time to defend his emendations, which are numerous, rash, and dogmatical, by argument or authority. The crudities of this hurried performance gave Hare an opportunity of retorting in an *Epistola critica*, chiefly remarkable for unsaying all the praises which he had himself uttered in the "Clergyman's Thanks." Well might Sir Isaac Newton remark, that it was a pity two such Divines should spend their time in quarrelling about a play-book.

Meantime Dr. Middleton having returned from Italy, revived the suit respecting the four guineas in the Vice-Chancellor's court. It does not appear that Bentley defended the action; the guineas were repaid with twelve shillings costs. The whole proceeding was discreditable to all parties concerned.

Bishop Fleetwood was now no more; and his see was held by Bishop Greene. This change gave some faint hopes to the opposition party in Trinity College, for Dr. Greene was willing to act as visitor provided that his right was legally determined, and his expenses guaranteed. Bentley was more absolute than ever. Many of his prosecutors had now joined the ruling party. Modd had been succeeded in the Vice-Mastership by Baker. Walker held the power of the purse; the Master continued to appoint to Fellowships by his own sole authority, and had recently nominated his own son Richard, though no more than fifteen years

of age. With far more reprehensible partiality, he let a college estate, situate in Petergate, York, to his brother James, on a lease of twenty years, upon considerations manifestly insufficient. Yet, regardless of the clamour which this job excited, he afterwards renewed the lease to Priscilla Bentley, his brother's widow, for a fine of only 20*l.* But these details are devoid of interest, and it is time that we proceed to the renewal of those hostilities of which these and other malversations were the pretext if not the cause.

The great odium arising from the Master's alleged ingratitude in refusing a Fellowship to the grandson of his early patron, Stillingfleet, once more put Colbatch in motion. His first application was to Gibson, who then filled the see of London, before whom he laid a glowing account of the deplorable state of his college, and the urgent necessity for a visitor. Gibson expressed indignation, but could promise no other assistance than his support at the council board, in case of a petition respectably signed. He suggested that the Bishop of Ely might act as visitor under the statutes, leaving it to Bentley, if he pleased, to apply for a prohibition from the Courts at Westminster. But things were not in train for either of these courses. The indefatigable Colbatch next endeavoured to interest the Dean and Chapter of Westminster in the cause, by pointing out certain letters patent, giving a right of preference to Westminster scholars, in all elections, the provisions of which had never been fully complied with, and were now utterly disregarded. But this intrigue, which tended to turn Trinity into a close college, came to nothing, except that it procured to the Rector of Orwell the honour of having his health drank at the Westminster anniversary, in connexion with "*restoration to Trinity College.*" It cannot, indeed, be supposed, that he had

any object in the suggestion, but to bring the College affairs under discussion, and in this he did not entirely fail. Legal authorities began to doubt the soundness of the opinion given by Queen Anne's lawyers in 1712, which decided that the general power of visitation had been transferred to the crown by Queen Elizabeth's statutes. In the latter part of 1727, a set of questions were proposed to five leading counsel, among whom was Sir Philip Yorke, the Attorney-General. All agreed that King Edward's statute *De Visitatore*, was still in force, that by its provisions, the Bishop of Ely was entitled to hold a triennial Visitation, and that the 40th statute of Queen Elizabeth was corroborative of the former. While these points were under consideration, the King, George the Second, paid a visit to Cambridge, which was near proving fatal to Bentley. The fatigue of creating fifty-eight D.D.'s of royal appointment brought on a dangerous fever; but by the strength of his constitution, the medical skill of Mead, and a few weeks' use of the Bath waters, he recovered. This was the last time that Cambridge has been honoured with the presence of royalty, April 25, 1728.

The right of the Bishop of Ely being now affirmed to the fullest extent, it was determined once more to bring the Master of Trinity to his trial. Colbatch laboured with his usual perseverance to promote a petition, but at first could only procure the support of three fellows, and those juniors—Parne, Ingram, and Mason, the last a man celebrated for uncouthness of manner, and mathematical proficiency; these were soon after joined by Johnson, a fellow of higher standing, to whose merits Bentley had been inattentive.

In order to keep their proceedings secret, they held their meeting in Dr. Colbatch's Rectory-house,

at Orwell, which thence obtained the name of *Rye House*. But the plot was not long concealed from Bentley. Knowing his own interest in high places, he determined to anticipate the fellows with a petition in which he described their design as a conspiracy to deprive the crown of the visitatorial right. To this document, spite of the opposition and protests of Colbatch and his party, who raised a tumult in the chancel, the College seal was affixed. It was presented to the King, at Hampton Court, by commissary Greaves, who afterwards became Bentley's main legal adviser. The fellows presented counter-petitions, and urged the Bishop of Ely to a visitation. The Bishop petitioned the Privy Council to be heard in support of the rights of his see. Bentley's counsel prayed for postponement, and so 1728 passed away.

The commencement of 1729 brought forth a pamphlet from Bentley, and a reply from Colbatch. In March, the cause came to a hearing before the Privy Council, who determined that they could not advise the King to interfere in the matter, but that the Bishop was at liberty to act according to his own discretion. As soon as this decision was made, the complainants took steps to prosecute their charges. The state of Colbatch's health not allowing him to make any great exertion, it was arranged that Johnson should be the prosecutor or promoter. A new ally joined the malcontents in the person of Edward Smith, who, being a man of some property, undertook to bear a large portion of the expenses. For while the master had all his costs allowed from the college stock, the prosecutors had to carry on the war at their own charge.

For several years the cause made no real progress. The resources of Bentley, his knowledge of all the ambiguities, shifts, and defences of the law, and his

expedients of procrastination, appeared to be endless. The narrative of these contests would furnish an admirable study for a young barrister, but cannot be sufficiently divested of technicalities to be generally interesting or even intelligible. We can therefore only give the main turns of the question in a sort of chronological abridgment.

1729. April 1. The articles of accusation, sixty-four in number, being drawn up in form, Bishop Greene cited the accused to appear and answer, at Ely house, on the 5th of May.

May 3rd. Bentley moved the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground that by the 40th statute of Elizabeth, it was required that he be twice admonished by the Vice-Master, before the visitor was empowered to act. Could he have gained the sanction of the court to his interpretation, he had been safe, so long as he had the choice of the Vice-Master in his own hands. May 7th, the court granted a rule for the Bishop to show cause. May 12th, the Bishop's counsel showed cause, and the court decided, that the premonitions of the vice-master and seniors were only required in case of negligence or lighter delinquencies, and that the Bishop was at liberty to proceed as visitor. The Bishop forthwith sent the accused a copy of the sixty-four articles. On the 10th of June, Bentley appeared at Ely house in a purple cloak, and objected, by his proctor, to the articles severally and generally;—1st. That a great number of them were mere cases of negligence;—2nd. That what was done by the master and seniority was the act of the college, and therefore not within the meaning of the 40th statute;—3rd. That whatever passed previous to 1721 was included in the act of grace. All these objections were overruled by Bishop Greene.

Bentley's counsel advanced the same objections in the Court of King's Bench, as ground for a writ of prohibition. The court granted a rule to show cause, and stayed proceedings. Trinity term passed away. The long vacation brought about an enforced truce; and now we hear, for the last time, of Bentley's New Testament. It is supposed only to have waited for the collation of the Vatican and of the Dublin Greek MSS. The antiquity of the latter had been much exaggerated. But Michaelmas term came on with a rule made absolute, and discussions of counsel. The court remarked (as well they might,) that no such cause had ever been tried before them, and declined to pronounce judgment till it had been argued by way of "declaration and answer." In 1729, it came to a close, and with it all rumour of the projected New Testament. It might have been pleasant to read the annotations of the litigants of Trinity College, on the 6th chapter of the 1st of the Corinthians, 7th and 8th verses.

1730 passed like its predecessor. The Bishop sued for a writ of consultation: Bentley, after delaying as long as he could, put in his replication, which was "immaterial." The Bishop demurred: Bentley, who, in this process, was plaintiff, was forced to "join in demurrer;" but by neglecting to make up "the paper book," or copy of proceedings, and then objecting to the defendant's doing it for him, he protracted the business to the end of Trinity Term, and so another legal year passed away. During these proceedings, a report was rife that Bentley was about to be removed to the Deanery of Lincoln, which much alarmed his supporters at Cambridge, who might not have found their situation improved under a new regime. No wonder, then, that they exulted in the

success of his dilatory tactics. On his return to Cambridge, they went forth to meet him at Bourn Bridge, and conducted him in triumph to his College, which was adorned for his reception as it had been for the entertainment of the Sovereign.

At the public commencement, the Doctor once more appeared as Divinity professor, moderating and opposing the theological exercise in the new Senate House, then opened for the first time.

Without following the trial step by step through this and the following year, or detailing some arts of annoyance which the Master was able to practise upon his prosecutors in Cambridge, we will merely state, that in Easter Term, 1731, the judges of the King's Bench, having overruled Bentley's three objections, overthrew the hopes of his opponents, by starting another of their own. This was an inaccuracy in the Bishop's citation, which described him as "specially authorised and appointed visitor," by the 40th statute of Queen Elizabeth, whereas he was only recognised in that capacity; and upon the strength of this flaw, the court determined to continue the prohibition. So ended this act of the forensic drama, the exhibition of which cost Colbatch and the other prosecutors 1000*l.* besides their share of 1300*l.* paid for the Master's expenses out of the College chest. It might be thought that they must have been heartily sick of law, and every thing connected with it: but no;—either conscience, wrath or shame, or perhaps the inveterate habit of litigation, which is as difficult to cure as any other sort of gaming, incited them to try one stake more. No doubt they received pecuniary aid from divers sources, though the particular sums or donors are not to be discovered. The court of King's Bench had acknowledged the validity of King Edward's statutes, and the general and absolute right

of the Bishop of Ely to act as visitor. There were hopes, therefore, of an immediate visitation. Colbatch drew up a new set of articles, which he expected would avoid all cavils. Bentley, after some tampering with the Bishop, applied to the Attorney-General for a fiat, prohibiting the Bishop's visitation, on his old ground, that the crown only was visitor. This was refused. The prosecutors, too impatient to await the natural removal of a Master now in his 70th year, resolved to appeal, by writ of error, to the House of Peers; and here, after long delays and warm debates, in which Bishop Sherlock took a decisive part against Bentley, the judgment of the Court of King's Bench was reversed, by a majority of 28 Peers against 16, May 8th, 1732.

Still, the mode of proceeding was to be ordered. Each one of the 64 articles was discussed, and it was not till February, 1733, that it was finally arranged, that the Bishop should try the Master of Trinity on 20 out of the 64, which nevertheless included only eight really distinct heads of accusation:—1st, the Master's habitual absence from chapel, where he had scarce been seen, in the morning, for twenty years; and, during the last ten, almost as seldom in the afternoon:—2, his non-appointment of lecturers on the catechism:—3, using the College seal at meetings which did not consist of the statutable number of sixteen:—4, the sale of a piece of land belonging to the College in Kirby Kendall:—5, extravagance in building upon the Master's premises:—6, erecting a country house for himself at Over:—7, the wasteful extravagance of his household:—8, the bargain with Serjeant Miller. The consideration of these articles occupied the Bishop and his assessors from the 13th of June, 1733, to the 27th April, 1734, when the Bishop solemnly declared, "that

Dr. Richard Bentley was proved guilty, both of dilapidating the goods of his College, and violating its statutes, and had thereby incurred the penalty of deprivation appointed by those statutes: accordingly, he pronounced him to be deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College."

And now the world expected that Richard Bentley, in his seventy-third year, driven from the lodge which he had adorned, and from the walks which he had planted, must *peep about* to find himself a "dishonourable grave." But the world was mistaken: he had still a strong hold and a stout garrison. An inadvertence, or perhaps a mere *lapsus plumæ*, in that same formidable 40th statute so often mentioned, enabled him to set Colbatch and the Bishop at defiance, and close his days in the scene of his warfare. The execution of the sentence of deprivation was by that statute committed to the Vice-Master,—*sine mora per eundum Vice-Magistrum officio Magistri privetur*. Now, if the King, and not the Bishop, were *general* visitor, the Bishop had no means of punishing the Vice-Master in case he should neglect this, or any other part of his duty. If, therefore, Bentley could but procure a Vice-Master who would neglect or refuse to expel him, he and the Vice-Master alike were secure from the Bishop's penal power. Baker, who, though untroubled with scruples, might not have deemed it prudent to resist episcopal authority, was no longer a Fellow, but reposed from his honourable labours, as incumbent of Dickleborough. Hacket was Vice-Master, when Bishop Greene, having pronounced the sentence of deprivation, sent three copies thereof, one directed to Dr. Bentley, a second to be affixed to the College gates, and a third to Vice-Master Hacket, with a mandate for its execution. Hacket, whose policy was delay,

returned for answer, that he would take legal advice; probably purposing to take the largest bribe. But his time-serving allegiance was not what Bentley, in the present juncture, required. He could not long be induced to undergo the present frowns of Colbatch, and the far-off fulminations of the visitor. He contentedly resigned his office at the Master's desire, and Richard Walker was appointed in his place, May 17, 1734. Walker would have dared or suffered any thing, rather than be the instrument of his sovereign's deposition; but he had a quiet, plausible pretext for not undertaking so disagreeable a service: he was not, *idem* Vice-Magister,—not the *same* Vice-Master in whose term of office the sentence had been passed. This must appear to every one a mere quibble, but he who objects to quibbling in matters of statute, might as well object to homicide in warfare.

Had the Bishop acted upon King Edward's statutes (the validity of which had been affirmed by the highest judicial authority), as Visitor-General of Trinity College, there is little doubt but that he might have compelled the execution of his sentence, maugre the ingenuity of Bentley, and the repugnancy of Walker. But he seems to have been ill qualified to cope with such adversaries. He hesitated till the Parliament broke up. Application to the House of Lords, which, in maintaining his rights, would have asserted its own, became, for the present, impossible. Perhaps, after all, the prelate was satisfied with having done what *he* could call his best, and was not anxious to drive the famous old man from his home. There is something in dauntless perseverance, however exercised, that overawes the weak, and gains the respect of the noble. Yet, after an interval of months, in January, 1735, the Bishop did send his

mandate to Dr. Walker, but Walker did not even acknowledge the receipt of it. Colbatch, as senior Fellow, called to inquire whether the Vice-Master had done his duty, but he could not extort a reply. The prosecutors, having learned from dire experience all that Westminster-hall would do for them, resolved, contrary to the *natural* and legal advice of counsel, to seek justice direct from the House of Peers. But whether from informality in the form of their petition, or disinclination on the part of their Lordships to meddle further, the debate ended with *leave* being given—that the petition be withdrawn. Before the next step could be determined on, a compromise took place between Bentley and several of the prosecutors, which left Colbatch to carry on the war, if he were so disposed, with his own resources. Smith was now his sole confederate: yet hostilities did not immediately cease. Three mandamuses were obtained against Walker, and all three quashed; the last, on April 22nd, 1738, few will care how or why. It is probable that Colbatch would not yet have desisted, but a final close was put to the contest by the decease of Bishop Greene (May 28), who died like his predecessor, Moore (though after a much greater interval), without seeing his authority confirmed by the execution of his sentence. From this time Bentley, if not triumphant, was secure. And thus ended the *ten years'* war, which, like other wars, had been ruinously expensive, having cost the College, on the Master's account alone, nearly £4000, or double its annual income. How Colbatch and the other prosecutors stood it out, is hard to say;—and still stranger, that the Master of Trinity, as Archdeacon of Ely, should have thought proper to sue the Rector of Orwell for three shillings and sixpence. Colbatch defended the suit, but lost, and consoled himself with

writing a book to prove that he ought to have won. Dr. Monk has read it!!!

Having thus brought the history of our subject's litigations to an end, we must briefly mention that, during these latter years, he was engaged in two great works, one of which he never finished, and the other he had done well never to begin. These were his Homer, and his Paradise Lost. First of the latter.

His design of restoring Milton originated in 1731, and was completed on the first day of the following year, and is said to have been suggested by Queen Caroline. He executed it with his usual reckless audacity, and not without a portion of his usual ingenuity. But between Bentley editing Horace, and Bentley editing Milton, there is a wide difference. Of ancient poetic genius he perhaps knew as little as of English,—as little as any body else; but of the Greek and Latin languages he knew more than all men of his time,—of the English language not much more than any tolerably educated woman. To English criticism, therefore, he brought his defects without his excellence. In commenting on the ancient classics, he brought so much collateral knowledge, and discovered so many acute analogies in defending his alterations, that his very errors were instructive. But for applying his *hook* to Milton he made no such amends. His acquaintance with early European literature was scanty; he was little, if at all, versed in modern foreign tongues. The romantic and allegorical compositions of the middle ages were out of his track of reading; nor was he deeply imbued with that Hebrew lore, through which Milton derived his highest inspirations. Of the Rabbinical writings he probably knew absolutely nothing. He was therefore incompetent to the task of illustrating Milton,

and had no particular aptitude for correcting him. Yet, his egregious failure in this instance ought not to detract from the fair fame he earned in provinces more peculiarly his own.

As no conceivable errors of hand or press could justify such deviations from an established text, as he was determined to venture upon, he protected his mutations, excisions, and interpolations, by the hypothesis of a reviser or amanuensis, who had availed himself of Milton's blindness to do, what Dr. Bentley was then doing, to make alterations, *ad libitum*, and to publish his own forgery as the genuine production of the poet. This critical fiction of Bentley's has excited more moral indignation than the case called for. No deception was produced, and none could have been intended. It was only an exorbitant piece of impudence.

As Homer was blind as well as Milton, the same sort of an editor would have served to screen whatever castigations, extrusions, or intrusions, the slashing critic thought necessary, in order to make the Iliad just what Homer ought to have made it. These would not have been a few, for he proposed to reject all lines that would not admit the Æolic Digamma in every word where that "something greater yet than letter"* is ever to be found. Had

* Of the Digamma nothing is settled, after all the learning that has been employed about it, except that its form is that of a Roman F, though sometimes it rather resembled G, and that it was either a W or a V, or something between both. It is only found on some old marbles, and on coins of the Greek town of Velia, in Italy. However pronounced it must have been an offence to the ear. The Greeks were right in dropping it, and we are wrong in puzzling about it. —*H. C.*

This last remark is severely obelized by S. T. C., who adds

he lived to execute this purpose, he would doubtless have displayed great learning, and no small absurdity. The hypothesis seems to be utterly untenable. The pronunciation of language is in continual flux, and at all times there are many words which are uttered, or accented, according to the choice or judgment of individuals, after an older or a newer fashion. Poets, (especially when and where there are no critics,) will use either at discretion, as suits their metre, and often avail themselves of both for the sake of variety. Yet, Bentley considered the revived Digamma, as the child of his old age; and in the brief interval between the conclusion of his long struggle, and his death, was fond of discussing the point with those young scholars who came to visit him, as the patriarch of Hellenic learning. But the publication of the digammated Homer was prevented by a paralytic affection, which seized the venerable scholar in the course of 1739, just after the appearance of his Manilius, a work of his earlier years; of this, and the Lucan, which was first printed fourteen years after his death, at the Strawberry-hill press, nothing need be said.

Thus have we brought the active life of Bentley to a conclusion. We must be more brief than we could wish in pourtraying his familiar history, though the picture is extremely pleasing.

In his domestic relations, Bentley was not only

—"I can scarcely doubt that the Digamma has nearly the same sound with the unpronounceable Hebrew Nain=ng, the sound of anger heard in an infant's nang, nang." It appears to have combined a labial with a guttural sound, as seen in the spelling, if not heard in the pronunciation of our "which," where W represents the former, and H the latter element. See "Donaldson's New Cratylus."—*D. C.*

blameless, but exemplary; and domestic virtue always brings its own reward. Whatever brawls disturbed him without, "he still had peace at home," nor did he carry his despotic rule and contumelious language to his own fire-side; if he called his children names, —they were names of fondness. If he erred, it was in too partial a regard to his kindred or dependents. For forty years he was the affectionate husband of a virtuous wife, who never had reason to complain that his controversies or his law-suits had soured his temper. Mrs. Bentley was the mother of four children, of whom one died in his infancy. Richard, the surviving son, discovered such uncommon talents, that he was entered at Trinity College at ten, and made fellow at fifteen. He was bred to no profession, and suffered severely in after life from neglect of economy. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married Mr. Humphrey Ridge, of Hampshire, and in less than a year was a widow. Joanna, who married Mr. Dennison Cumberland, and became mother to Cumberland the dramatist, was a beauty celebrated from her very infancy.* After Mrs. Bentley's death, both her daughters spent much time in the lodge, and supported by filial attentions,

* The pretty pastoral, published in the 8th volume of the Spectator,—

> My time, O ye shepherds, was happily spent,
> When Phœbe went with me wherever I went,

is said to have been composed by Byrom, then a young B.A. of Trinity, in honour of *Jug* Bentley, (as Aristarchus used to call his darling child,) when she was but eleven years old. Some prudent mothers, and still more aunts, will look grave at the publication of such a compliment to so very young a lady, but we never could learn that Miss Joanna was the worse for it.

such as only a daughter can render, the declining years of their father, who spent the evening of his long and stormy day as peacefully as if all his life had been gentleness.

The author of the *West Indian* gives a most charming account of his grandfather in old age, though Bentley died when Cumberland was but ten years old. Between old age and childhood there is a strong and holy sympathy; nor is there the least reason to suspect Cumberland's picture of false colouring, because he is not always accurate in facts and dates.

The favourite companion of the great Critic, in his latter years, was the faithful Walker, with whom he used to smoke his pipe (a habit he only indulged in after his seventieth year), and discussed his port, a liquor for which he entertained an orthodox respect, while he expressed an anti-gallican contempt for claret, saying that *it would be port if it could.* He continued to the last to amuse himself with reading, occasionally showing picture-books to his grandchildren, never harshly correcting them when their noisy gambols interrupted his studies. Such, at least, are the reminiscences of his grandson, and it is good for the heart to believe them.

But we must hasten to a close. Bentley is said to have had a presentiment that he should reach his eightieth year, and not exceed it. "It was an age long enough," he would remark, "to read every thing worth reading."

Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit Imago.

In January, 1742, he completed his eightieth year. In June he was well enough to preside at the examination for University scholarships; shortly

after he was seized with a brain fever, and on the 14th of July, 1742, he expired. He was the first of critics, and might have been among the first of men, if he could have endured contradiction.*

* Bentley's works have been collected and edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, in 3 vols., 8vo. Lond. 1836.—*D. C.*

THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX.

In narrating the lives of Lord Fairfax, and the famous Earl of Derby, we shall have occasion to redeem our pledges of strict political impartiality. Both fell on the same evil days—the same mighty interests agitated both, but they viewed them from different positions, or through the medium of different prejudices. They took opposite sides, and fought, it may be, with equal merit, but not with like success. Fame has reversed the judgment of fortune, since Derby stands unchallenged in the first rank of the martyrs of loyalty, while Fairfax follows in the rear-guard of the confessors of republicanism. But which was in the *right*, or which least in the *wrong*, is a question for neither fortune nor fame to decide, nor shall we pronounce the verdict. It belongs to history, not to biography. We will endeavour to do justice to the acts of both, without approving or condemning the cause in which either acted.

Thomas Lord Fairfax was of an ancient and renowned family, long settled at Denton, in the parish of Otley, in Yorkshire. A military and a poetical spirit had characterised the house of Fairfax for many generations. Thomas Fairfax, great-grandfather to our present subject, engaged, after the manner of aspiring youth in that age, in the wars of Charles V.

and Francis I., as a voluntary, and was with Bourbon at the sack of Rome, in 1527. In 1577, or 1579, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. His son Thomas received the same martial honour from the more appropriate hand of Henri IV., for his valour displayed before Rouen, in the English force sent to the assistance of the French Protestant cause; and afterwards signalised himself in the German wars against the house of Austria. He was the first Lord Fairfax of Cameron, and elder brother to Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso.* A third brother,

* Edward, second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax and Dorothy his wife, was born at Denton, but the year of his birth has not been ascertained; neither are we informed of the place of his education. That his youth was studious, appears by his early proficiency; and he continued all his days a man of books and of peace, living a country life, familiar with the beauties of nature, and devoting much time to the culture of his children and nephews (the sons of the Lord Fairfax), who grew up under his tuition in all liberal and godly learning. Though possessed with that shy fantastic melancholy which some have deemed the proper complexion of poets, he kept old English hospitality, yet impaired not, but rather improved, his estate. And so, having attained a good old age in credit and good-will, he died in 1632, at his house called New-hall, in the parish of Fuyistone, between Denton and Knaresborough, happy in being spared the necessity of choosing a side in the sad contest that ensued.—*Chalmers' Bio. Dic. Vol. XIV.*

The translation of Tasso's Jerusalem, by which alone he is remembered, was the work of his youth, and was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. So long as the Italian models continued in vogue, and the rich, various, long-drawn, linked sweetness of our early versification was understood and enjoyed, Fairfax's Tasso was read and admired, as a fair exotic transplanted by a skilful hand into a congenial soil. King James delighted in it (and the King's prerogative then extended over the

Charles, was a captain under Sir Francis Vere, at the battle of Newport, fought in 1600; and in the three years' siege of Ostend, commanded all the English in that town for some time before it surrendered. In this service he received a severe wound

realms of the Muses), and it solaced the prison hours of Charles I., to whom it must have been strangely fascinating, since the name of Fairfax could not hinder him from loving it. Waller acknowledged himself indebted to the English Tasso for the melody of his own numbers; and Dryden mentions Fairfax as coequal with Spenser. Even under the detestable tyranny of French criticism, when it became fashionable to talk of the Elizabethan writers as rude stammerers in an unpolished language and unmanageable metres, the wits of the new school allowed him such modicums of praise as they were wont to accord to the poets of better times; always, however, objecting to his stanza, the *ottava rima*, as unfitted to the English tongue. In fact, their ears, accustomed to the narrow compass, quick recurring rhymes, and balanced structure of the couplet, were incapable of perceiving a prolonged and suspended harmony. The present race of critics have a much juster sense of poetic music; and though it is unlikely that Fairfax will ever again be generally read, he is no longer liable to be insulted by invidious comparisons of his stanzas with the couplets of a Mr. Hoole, of the India House, who *traduced* (to borrow an expressive French phrase) Tasso and Ariosto in the English heroic verse. Fairfax was, it must be confessed, an unfaithful translator, who, if he sometimes expanded the germ of his author, to a bright consummate flower, just as often spoiled what he was trying to improve. Besides his version of the "Jerusalem Delivered," he wrote the "History of Edward the Black Prince," and Eclogues, composed in the first year of James I., said by his son to be so learned, that no man's reading but his own was sufficient to explain the allusions in them. This filial praise does not promise much poetry. Probably the Eclogues are "allegorical pastorals." Now, as pastoral, *per se*, is the silliest of all compositions, so, with due

in the face from a splinter of a French Marshal's skull. He was slain in 1604.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, brother of the poet, created, A.D. 1627, Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, in the kingdom of Scotland, married Helen, daughter of Robert Ask, Esq., and by her left two daughters and five

deference to Mantuan and Spenser, the allegorical is the absurdest of all pastorals.* Still, they must be curious; and

* This remark again is sternly criticised by S. T. C. "What!" he asks, "Theocritus! Bion! Moschus!" It might perhaps be replied that Bion and Moschus are not strictly pastoral; and that in Theocritus, almost alone, is found the reality of a style which has produced countless imitations, some few, indeed, exquisitely beautiful, though even in these the fictitious pastorality, for such it is, is felt to be a defect, but which as a class are in very truth "the silliest of all compositions." In a subsequent page he recurs to the same subject. "I utterly dissent from dear Hartley in his estimation of pastoral, both as to what has been done, *ex. gr.* Solomon's Song, and Theocritus; and as to what it may be. Is not Wordsworth's 'Brothers' a pastoral, and 'Old Michael?' Our best sonnets are snatches of the pastoral." Assuredly yes; but this is exactly what my brother did not mean, and what the context did not require him to mean, by the *term* pastoral. The sentence is doubtless hasty, neither fully expressing nor precisely limiting what was intended; but the reference is, obviously enough, not to any real imitation of the manner of Shepherds, but to the conventional Strephon-and-Phillis Dresden-china style of Shenstone, and the Gentleman's Magazine, in our grandfathers' days,—a base metal which Milton could only gild, or, let us say, plate with gold, and of which Pope could make nothing but pinchbeck.

The remarks which follow, also from my father's pen, and written on the same occasion, contain all that can be said with truth either against the matter or the manner of these pages. They are, in my judgment, fully as severe as the case warrants, either as regards my brother, or our revered uncle,

sons, of whom the eldest, Ferdinando, succeeded to the title, and, by Mary, daughter of Edmund Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, was father to Thomas, afterwards third Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general.

Heralds, who, amid the darkness of unrecorded

it is to be regretted that, excepting the fourth, which appeared in Mrs. Cooper's "Muses' Library," 1737, they have never been printed.

Collins says of Edward Fairfax, that "himself believed the wonders that he sung." There is more truth in this than might be wished. He was so much affected with the superstitions of his age, as to fancy his children bewitched, and that on so very weak grounds, that the poor wretches whom he prosecuted for this impossible crime were actually acquitted. Yet even the verdict of a jury, little disposed as

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—but they are of such general application, and the rebuke which they convey is so keenly expressed, the fault which they indicate so sharply defined, that I have thought it my duty not to suppress them. "It is this petulant *ipse dixit* smartness and dogmatism, in which, as in a certain mannerism, a sudden jerkiness in the mood, and unexpectedness of phrase, something between wit and oddity, but with the latter predominant, the peculiarity certain, the felicity doubtful, he has caught Southey's manner (the only things which he might not profitably have taken from his maternal aunt's husband) that annoy and mortify me in Hartley's writings." Again, "the biographer's character should be as the dead-coloured ground of the biography,—not a face peeping over the shoulder of the portrait, and more notice-attracting." True; but what is imperfect as mere biography, may be admirable as a critical essay, and if the biographer be worth knowing, an occasional self-exhibition may not be without interest. We read old Fuller as much for his wit and wisdom, as for the matters of fact which he tells, and think as much of himself as of his subject.—*D. C.*

antiquity, seldom miss of finding what they seek, have stretched the Fairfax pedigree beyond the Ultima Thule of the Norman Conquest. Francis Nichols, in his "British Compendium," asserts that the original seat of the family was at Towcester, in Northumberland, whence they removed into Yorkshire. Certainly the name, signifying *fair-locks*, (*Sac.* Feax *Hair*,) indicates a Saxon derivation, though

juries then were (or dared be), to favour witches, does not seem to have disabused his senses, for he left behind, in manuscript, "Dæmonologia: a discourse of Witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr. Edward Fairfax, of Fuyistone, in the County of York, in the year 1621."* This has never been printed. A copy was in possession of the late Isaac Reed, Esq. As an important document in the history of human nature, it ought assuredly to be given to the world. It must be remembered that Fairfax in this instance only coincided with the spirit of his age, and bowed to the wisdom of his ancestors. To have doubted of the existence of witches, would then have exposed him to the imputation of atheism; and as certain disorders were uniformly attributed to diabolical agency, an anxious parent might be excused for mistaking the symptoms in his own offspring. We need not doubt that he spoke sincerely, when he said, in this very treatise, "For myself, I am in religion neither a fantastic Puritan, nor a superstitious Papist; but so settled in conscience, that I have the sure ground of God's Word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English church to approve all I practise; in which course I live a faithful Christian and an obedient subject, and so teach my family."

We trust that none will object to these notices of a poet, who, though too little known to be the subject of a separate article, is, nevertheless, one of the *Yorkshire Worthies*.

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* This is an affecting instance of the evil that a mistranslation of a *word* may effect—*ob-bladder*, ventriloquism, by Witch. —*S. T. C.*

quaintly Latinised in their motto *Fare, Fac, Say, Do,* after the fashion of *canting heraldry.** But the more credible account of Whitelock ascribes the first elevation of the house to the law; though its martial and poetical propensities plead strongly for the Heralds.

Thomas, afterwards Lord Fairfax, was born at the family seat of Denton, January, 1611. We have no information concerning his childhood, nor the place of his school education; but, as his father was a zealous Puritan and disciplinarian, and his own character was stern and unbending, we may conclude that the rod was not spared. He studied some time at St. John's College, Cambridge, to which he was afterwards a benefactor, and acquired a love of learning which never forsook him, and made him, in some of the darkest passages of the civil war, an intercessor for learned books and learned men. He is said to have been deeply versed in the history and antiquities of England, a line of study which for the most part disposes the mind to an almost superstitious reverence for royalty. On Fairfax it does not seem immediately to have taken this effect, though perhaps it had its weight before the close of his career.

The long peace, which James the First so prided himself in preserving, was unable to extinguish the warlike quality of English blood. The noble youth sought action in foreign campaigns; and many of lower grade, or desperate fortunes, adventurers who had spent all, "younger sons of younger brothers, and the like," "cankers of a calm world," adopted, in countries not their own, the mercenary trade of war, which, perhaps after all, is neither more sinful

* And why not? why the necessity of being always witty, or rather *hitty, i. e.* giving a sly hit.—*S. T. C.*

nor less honourable, than the gentlemanly profession of arms. At least, it has as much of "the dignity of danger." But it is a great neglect in the policy of any state to suffer its subjects, at their own discretion, to adopt a foreign service; and a great error in a monarch, to keep his dominions so long in peace, that the art military is forgotten, and the military habits of unconditional obedience and undeliberative execution become obsolete. "No Bishop, no King," was the favourite maxim of the *Rex Pacificus*. "No Soldier, no King," is the doctrine of historic experience. Monarchy, at least the feudal monarchy, established on the downfall of the Roman Empire, is an institution essentially military. A crown is a bauble without a helmet; the true sceptre is the sword. Under the feudal system, the whole constitution of society was military; all rank was military: to bear arms was the distinction of free-birth; to be a *lay*man of peace, was to be a churl, a knave, a villain, a slave.*

While this system continued in vigour, the pride of heraldry retained a meaning, and the throne was respected as the fountain of honour even when the king was persecuted, deposed, or assassinated. But when the constitution of general society grew pacific, it became necessary that the power of the sword should centre in permanent bodies, more immediately devoted to the Sovereign, wherein, by an obvious and intelligible necessity, the monarchical principle is preserved untainted, and which may supply at once a safe channel for the ambition of enterprising youth, and a regular occupation for those unruly natures among the commonalty, for whom the ordinary re-

* Good, but somewhat too rash; but still it is good, and a credit to dear Hartley's intellect.—*S. T. C.*

straints of civil life are as insufficient, as the engagements of humble industry are irksome; those choice spirits, in a word, that would rather fight than work. The policy, perhaps the religion of the First James, (for there appears no good ground for suspecting him of disgraceful cowardice, and the strongest reason for believing, that, amid all his strange vanity and vicious infatuations, he still retained a conscience,) made him averse to war: the interests of the nation, (considered as distinct from those of the monarch,) allowed and required peace, and the learned King fondly imagined that by maintaining the monarchical principle in the Church, he was raising around the throne a host of bloodless champions, who would secure the allegiance of the nation by all the fears of eternal punishment; not considering that, while he bound the Hierarchy to himself, he was setting them at an incommunicable distance from the people,* and leaving a gap for the disaffected, who were sure to make a dangerous use of the favour and attention which the multitude always bestow on those who persuade them that they are not taught or governed as they should be. He found the Church divided into two parties, and thought by his regal authority to give the victory to the anti-popular side. Thus he hastened the schism which might yet have been prevented; arrayed all the discontent of the country against the doctrines which he patronised, gave to the demagogue preachers the *speciem libertatis*, the show of freedom and the glory of daring, and brought upon the court ecclesiastics the odium of flatterers and self-seekers. The best arguments of the Arminians and prelatists were disregarded, because they had too visible an interest in their tenets, while the

* Very good.—*S. T. C.*

wildest declamation of the Puritans passed for Gospel, because they declaimed at the risk of their ears.*

Meanwhile the youth and valour of the kingdom, engaged as volunteers in the contests of Holland, France, and Germany, were imbibing principles, and acquiring habits, by no means favourable to the state of things which the King was desirous to establish and uphold. Even the few expeditions undertaken by command, or with the countenance of the state, were all in behalf of revolted nations; and the assistance afforded to the United Provinces, to the French Hugonots, and to the German Protestants, was a practical acknowledgment of the right of resistance. The alliance of France with the insurgent Americans contributed not more to the French revolution, than the alliance of England with the continental Protestants to the temporary suspension of English monarchy. The Dutch, adopting a republican government, consistently adopted a presbyterian church; and though the German Lutherans retained the name of Episcopacy, the Lutheran Bishop fell so far short of the wealth, pomp, aristocratic rank, and apostolical pretensions of the English prelate, as to bear a much nearer resemblance to the plain, if not humble Presbyter.† There were no doubt very good and sufficient reasons for the difference, but they are not reasons likely to occur to a young man, whose

* The error was less in the King than in the dignitaries of the Church, who ought to have known that the clerisy is powerful and permanent only while it remains mediative, the mesothesis between the Unity and the Multeity, the King and the People, the State and the Person.—*S. T. C.*

† Surely H. has left my essay on the Constitution [of Church and State] unread. Suppose a *State* consisting en-

slender stock of theology was derived from Scripture and his own unlearned judgment, not perhaps wholly unbiassed by that love of novelty, which is as endemic a disease of youth as poetry or love.* And the hot-blooded gallants, *who cared for none of these things*, at all events lost some of their attachment to ancient custom; the line of their associations was broken; if on their return they proved ever so loyal, they were lawless in their loyalty: and under all suppositions, they had been habituated to separate the idea of military from that of civil obedience; to obey, where they owed not a subject's allegiance, and to command, without their sovereign's commission.

Thus the country was stocked with soldiers of fortune, whose knowledge of the technicals of war, though perhaps not very profound, or extensive, was formidable to a government, which, busying itself

tirely of Christians, and that Paul and John lived among them, would H. grieve to see them acknowledged as councillors?—*S. T. C.*

It may not be immediately obvious to what this remark refers. By confounding episcopacy with its variable adjuncts my brother seems to make the fitness of this form of church government to depend upon political circumstances, national character, &c. His father would maintain, that in a Christian community, as such, the authority of the ruling elders in things spiritual might be apostolical, and virtually episcopal. To this view of the question my brother would probably not have objected, if it had been brought before him, or if he had felt himself called upon to put it forward. It is rather missed than opposed in the text. He would have seen no inconsistency in the republican Dutch retaining apostolical "councillors," under the name of Bishops, if they had been reduced in respect of temporalities to a republican model. —*D. C.*

* Excellent.—*S. T. C.*

with matters far better left to the decision of public opinion, had neglected to maintain that military strength and science, without which no regal government can be secure.

We have hazarded these observations, not with an intent of entering into the causes, or detailing the progress of that civil war in which our subject bore so conspicuous a part, but because these circumstances belong to the education of young Fairfax's mind; and because the operation of foreign service upon the martial spirit of the gentry has not been sufficiently taken into the account by those who have treated of this extraordinary period.

Fairfax, inheriting the warlike tendencies of his ancestors, sought for opportunities of distinction as a volunteer in Holland, under the command of Horatio Lord Vere,* with whom also the Earl of Essex, and other of the Parliamentary chieftians, were instructed in martial affairs. It was probably during his campaigns, that Fairfax became acquainted with his future wife, Anne, fourth daughter of the Lord Vere, who was educated in Holland, and there contracted religious sentiments which made her have "*less veneration for the Church of England than she ought to have had.*" It is supposed that her zeal for the Presbyterian cause had great influence on her husband's subsequent conduct. Perhaps she told him when to stop, but not

* This Horatio was fourth son of John De Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford, of that family; and by King Charles I., Anno 1625, was advanced to the title of Lord Vere, of Tilbury. He long served in Holland, with great valour and reputation, jointly with his brother, the brave Sir Francis Vere, governor of the Brill. In 1620, Sir Horatio commanded the expedition sent to the assistance of the Elector Palatine. It was about 1632 or 1633, that Fairfax served under him, and was at the taking of Bois le Duc from the Spaniards.—*Kippis.*

till too late. Returning to England in 1634, or 1635, he married, and retired to his father's seat in Yorkshire; and from this time we hear little of him, till the breaking out of the war in 1642. With a wife who had learned her religion and politics in the Dutch Republic, and a father "actively and zealously disaffected to the King," he did not long hesitate in choosing his side, but gave the benefit of his valour, which was great, and of his military experience, which was enough to be terrible to commanders who had none, to that Parliament who were looked upon by their adherents, not only as the trustees of civil liberty, and champions of Christian discipline, but as *bonâ fide* the only legitimate government remaining. For strange as it may now appear, there can be little doubt, that thousands believed that the King was absolutely a captive in the hands of the malignants, deluded and overruled, and that the Parliament army was raised as much for his rescue and protection, as for the defence of the country against the traitorous attempts of courtiers and Irish Papists.* We know not whether Fairfax actually partook of these imaginations, or whether he persuaded himself that he was justified in vindicating the office of the King (the King which can do no wrong, and which never dies) against the mortal and fallible representative of that office, (a supposition in which there is no *logical* absurdity, though in the use made of it by the revolted Parliament, there was a very gross dishonesty). If we may believe himself, he never was an enemy to monarchy in the abstract; indeed, he

* What are the proofs of this? I find no proofs of such a *persuasion*, though it often occurs as a legal *fiction*, a formal pretext. Charles's character, and that of his wife, with his uxoriousness, were too well known by all parties.

was too much a mere man of action; he possessed not the requisite boldness and subtlety of intellect to be a true republican. He was more likely, as a porer over old records and chronicles, to be misled by false precedents, such as the compulsory obtaining of Magna Charta, and other like securities, from the Plantagenets, the Parliamentary deposition of Edward II. and Richard II., the transfer of the crown to the House of Lancaster (which, if it had been a legal act, would certainly imply a supremacy of the national council over the regal authority), or by the false analogy of the Princes of Germany in his own time, at war with their liege Lord the Emperor, than by theories or first principles. He was not one, like Milton, to dive into the depths of his own nature, for the model of a perfect commonwealth. But many an honest dull man has lost the guidance of his common sense by reading history. The examples of the past seem to be intended for beacons; but too often, like the fallen Pharos of Alexandria, they lie under water, and those who peer out for their light are wrecked upon their ruins, for want of knowing that the course of the stream is changed. Of all politicians, the most erring are those who rely solely upon the instructions of the past.

That Fairfax erred in judgment (unless he designed the abolition of monarchy from the beginning) none will deny. The event proved it. Yet the King's conduct had given plausible ground for believing that the levying of forces by the Parliament was a purely defensive measure. While we fully acquit him of all guilty share in the atrocities of the Irish massacre, it is by no means certain that the rebels were not persuaded that they were acting with his approbation. As he was continually accused of *Popery* by his enemies, it is probable that his friends of the old

church readily believed what they wished to be true, especially as the Queen's attachment to the Catholic priesthood was as notorious and ostentatious as her power over her husband.* Of the persons who

* This beautiful and unwise lady, whose best apologist is Vandyke (for the painter will not let you think ill of her), was no example of the prudent management recommended by Pope, in his character of the good woman :—

> "She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
> *And if she rules him, never shows she rules.*"

She was not content with governing unless all the world knew that she governed, and in this weakness the King too fondly indulged her. "The King's affection to the Queen was of a very extraordinary alloy; a composition of conscience, and love, and generosity, and *gratitude* (qr.), and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the greatest height; insomuch as he saw with her eyes, and determined by her judgment, and did not only pay her this adoration, but desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her: which was not good for either of them."—*Clarendon.*

Charles and Henrietta exhibited the singular spectacle of a young couple quarrelling in the honey-moon, making it up, and conceiving in wedlock a passion romantic and violent as first love.* Partly owing to the machinations of her French attendants (the priests especially), and partly to the ill offices of Buckingham, she was provoked on her first arrival to a degree of sullenness which obliged the King to use her with something like peremptory harshness; but after her French followers were sent back, and Buckingham removed by assassination, he thought he could not make her sufficient amends, and allowed her a dominion over himself and his affairs which she too often exerted more like an artful mistress than a dutiful wife. That she should love sway was natural; but that, as Clarendon says, "she did not

* Charles for the Queen, but the Queen for Charles? ἐπέχω.—*S. T. C.*

enjoyed the most of the King's countenance and conversation, if there were some like Falkland, whose characters no ingenuity of malice can stain, there were others whom he would have done well to keep at a distance. Indeed, he never seems to have recovered from the ill effects of his boyish affection for the romantic profligate Buckingham. Others, too, there were, like Laud, whom no virtue could in that age have saved from popular hatred; for they were Bishops. At the instigation of these perhaps well-meaning churchmen, he had exercised certain severities upon the Puritans, too slight to overawe, but amply sufficient to provoke, which the more fearful and the more violent represented as the earnest of a sweeping persecution. He thought that after a few examples had been made of the most refractory, the rest of the people would be quietly preached and catechised into uniformity of religious profession; a

more desire to be possessed of this unlimited power, than that all the world should take notice that she was the entire mistress of it," was foolish. When she departed for France for the last time before her consort's death, she exacted two promises of him;—one, that he would receive no person into his favour who had at any time injured him, without her consent; the other, that he would make no peace with the rebels but through her interposition and mediation, that the kingdom might know the share she had in procuring it.—*Lodge.*

It is well known that Henrietta exerted her influence to raise supplies from the English Catholics, for the royal cause. She probably injured the King's interest more than she strengthened it by this means. It would perhaps have been wise to decline the money or service of a Catholic, if freely offered; for whatever might be the case with a few sincere republicans, and a greater number of factious malcontents, it was fear for the Protestant religion that arrayed the nation against its sovereign.

purpose which nothing but the slow operation of a Spanish Inquisition, or the exterminating sword of a Joshua, ever can or will effect in the present state of the world. But his great and suicidal error was his authoritative interference with the Scotch churches. Had the Scotch had no religious scruple or prejudice, still their nationality would have forbad them to pray in words composed by English prelates. Thence arose the Covenant, the precedent of armed and successful resistance; the necessity of a Parliament; the exposure of Charles's want of military strength and art; and, directly, or indirectly, all the train of evils that ended in the overthrow of the church and monarchy.

We cannot find that Fairfax sat in any Parliament previous to the breaking out of the war. When the King, having refused to part with the command of the militia, retired northward, and, arriving at York, set about raising a guard for his person (following therein the example of the Commons), Fairfax appeared at the head of a multitude of 100,000, with a petition, praying, or more properly commanding, his Majesty to desist from raising an army against his people, and to return and hearken to his Parliament. The King attempted to decline receiving this remonstrance, but was overtaken and surrounded on Heyworth Moor, where Sir Thomas laid hold of the pommel of his saddle, and thrust the petition into his hand. This, it must be owned, was a strange way to persuade the King that guards were unnecessary to his safety.

It was in Yorkshire that the first demonstration of actual hostility took place. The body-guard, which Hume only estimates at 600 men, but which popular apprehension exaggerated to 3000, was alleged in proof of the traitorous designs of the malignants;

and the insolent conduct of some common soldiers, which Charles did every thing in his power to suppress and punish, was related in evidence on the King's trial, to convict him of making war against his people. Charles arrived in York in March, 1642. On the 23rd of April, 1642, the gates of Hull were shut against him. As this was naturally deemed an act of rebellion, Charles, attended by the flower of the nobility, collected hastily what troops he could, and, after vainly attempting to buy off Sir John Hotham, made warlike demonstrations before that fortress. Sir John Hotham, though he rejected the violent measures proposed by his council of war, who advised that the royalists should be allowed to approach as if they were to be admitted into the garrison, and then cut off, resolved to hold out, and letting in the sea, laid the country for three miles round under water. The siege of Hull commenced on the 7th of July, and seems to have been raised about the 30th, when Charles returned to York. War being now inevitable, the Yorkshire gentry who were attached to the royal cause, wishing to remove the scene of action as far from their own estates as possible, prevailed on the King to march southward. Accordingly, after rejecting a proposal of the Commons, which amounted to little less than the abolition* of monarchy, and receiving a cargo of arms and ammunition, purchased by the Queen in Holland, he advanced to Nottingham, and there set up his standard, August 22.

By this time the Parliament had placed the command of the militia, and authority to raise forces in

* I should rather say *suspension*, for it was the well-grounded fear of Charles's own personal character, and the absence of all faith in *his* promises, rather than a desire permanently to strip the crown of its essential prerogatives. —*S. T. C.*

every county, in such hands as they esteemed trustworthy. The majority of the northern Peers were attached to the King's party, and probably Ferdinando Lord Fairfax was the most powerful adherent of the Parliament in those parts. Accordingly, he received their commission (still running in the King's name) to be General of the forces in the north, and his son, Sir Thomas, was appointed General of Horse under him.

We believe it was Marshal Schomberg who advised Bishop Burnet, in his history of his own times, to say as little as possible of fighting matters, lest he should expose his ignorance to the ridicule of military men. It was very good counsel, and we shall follow it in this and every other life where military transactions are to be related. Where anything characteristic occurs,—any thing that denotes the intrepidity, perseverance, generosity, or sagacity of our subjects, in connection with their military employments, we shall set it in as clear a light as possible; but in all that belongs to tactics we must be necessarily brief, and follow our guides implicitly. Neither can we undertake to trace every movement of the forces under our General's command; for the purport and effect of these minute operations can only be estimated by an experienced eye, capable of representing to itself the relative position of all the numerous small bodies on both sides, whose stations dotted, and whose motions intersected the country, and even then, unless the nature of the ground were faithfully depicted, which cannot be done in words, no adequate judgment could be formed.

Lord Fairfax left behind him "Short Memorials," not intended for the public eye, but for the satisfaction of his own relations, which, nevertheless, were

published in 1699, by Bryan Fairfax, Esq., to prevent a surreptitious edition. They are not particularly creditable to his talents as an autobiographer, being written in a heavy, ungainly style, and interspersed with religious phrases, which though characteristic of that age, when men sang hymns to jigs, and marched to battle to psalm tunes, sound strange to modern ears, amid a recital of blood and rapine. But Fairfax doubtless believed that he was wielding "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," and appears to have died in the same comfortable faith. Unfortunately, these memoirs contain no account of any thing previous to the commencement of the war; beginning with a narrative of some petty actions in the autumn of 1642. His first exploit was driving a small detachment of royalists from Bradford to Leeds, whither, in conjunction with Captain Hotham, he marched a few days after, and compelled the enemy to retire upon York. In order to secure the West Riding, from whence the principal supplies were derived, he advanced to Tadcaster, with a design to guard the pass of Wetherby, which he maintained against an ineffectual attempt of Sir Thomas Glenham. Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, and Clifford, of Cumberland, united their forces at York, to the number of 9,000, and resolved to fall on Tadcaster, which fort being judged untenable, the Fairfax's, father and son, risked an engagement; but, notwithstanding the advantage of ground, were worsted, after six hours hard fighting, and withdrew, in the night, to Selby. But the royalists always lost by want of discipline and vigilance what they gained by valour. Sir Thomas, three days after, by a night march, in the course of which he passed by several posts of the enemy, gained Bradford, and there intrenched himself. This was at the close of 1642, the first year of that

memorable contest, which, though comparatively insignificant, as to the number of men engaged, the blood shed, and the martial deeds achieved, far exceeds all other civil wars, in the greatness of its moral interests, and the noble qualities, both of head and heart, which it developed in all parties. We know not any portion of history which discloses so much of human nature, which detects so many of "the spirits that lie like truth," none from which rulers and subjects may derive so much wisdom, none which so emphatically asserts that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

In most of the conflicts which have divided nations against themselves, one side or other have been so wicked, or both so worthless, or the points at issue so personal and valueless, that the recital of their progress and results merely amuses by variety of incident, or disgusts by sameness of depravity; but in the principles and the fortunes of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, we still experience a real and vital concern. The warmth of passions, though abated, is not extinguished. We feel as if our own liberty, our own allegiance, our own honour and religion, were involved in the dispute.

At the opening of the year 1643, the King's affairs wore an aspect by no means unpromising. In the preceding summer, when he withdrew from the Metropolis, and found the gates of his own *good* town of Hull shut against him, he had neither ships nor men, nor money: every port in the kingdom, Newcastle excepted, was in the hands of his enemies; the Lord Lieutenants, in whom the immediate power of raising troops was vested, were all their creatures; the power of the purse had been taken from him, and though the law was really on his side, yet so completely was the administration of it intercepted

by the Parliament, and so skilfully had they turned the forms of law to their own purposes, that simple persons were not quite sure whether it was not rebellion to obey their sovereign. And here we may be permitted to remark how completely the unprovided condition in which Charles was found in this extremity confutes the assertions and the fears of those who justified their proceedings, upon rumours of armies, and martial preparations in England and Ireland, while in truth the King's adherents had scarce a weapon but the sword worn for fashion by their sides, or the antiquated furniture of their ancestral armories. That Charles *wished* to be free of Parliamentary controul there can be no doubt, any profession of his own notwithstanding; for he was a man, a King, and a High-Church-man; but that he was plotting to make himself absolute by force of arms, there is no better proof than the reports of spies, the wild talk of a few hot-brained drunken cavaliers, and the apprehensions of some who had indeed occasion to dread the exercise of his lawful prerogative. To these weak grounds of suspicion, we perhaps may add the secret insinuations of foreign states, particularly France and Sweden, then respectively governed by Richelieu and Oxenstiern, two of the *profoundest politicians* that ever lived.*

* Is not all this asserted too positively? Charles's letters to the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Strafford tend to impress a contrary belief. It was a confusion of the idea, or ultimate aim, with the historic genesis, in which the idea gradually revealed and realised itself, which misled both Charles and his father. And what James *thought*, Charles acted. Because the crown had been the seed out of which grew the stem, *i. e.* the parliamentary power, James reasoned as if the stem were still included in the seed, whereas the seed had

Thus destitute was Charles when he refused to resign to the Parliament his right in the militia "even for an hour." The deep-headed leaders of the *movement*, who were not frightened with their own noise, anticipated no obstacle to their ambition, and thought, by forcing the sovereign to a base submission, above all, by involving his name in their purposed vengeance on his advisers, to deprive him at once of authority, friends, honour, and reputation, and would then have been satisfied to propitiate the *popular superstition* in favour of royalty, by keeping him as a pensioned pageant, as helpless, and as useful as the automaton idol of a pagan priesthood, that nods and shakes its head as the manager pulls the string, and seems to utter what the ventriloquist squeaks out of its mouth. But it was not so ordered. It was ordained that their victory should be purchased with much blood; that the Constitution should rather suffer a stab, and suspended animation, from which its tenacious vitality soon recovered, than a shameful wound that would have emasculated and degraded its nature. The majority of the nobles, the country gentlemen, the agricultural population in those districts that were remote from the contagion of the metropolis, the episcopal clergy, and the Universities, together with the Catholics, and a pretty large minority of the mob, who loved bear-baiting and May games, and "cakes and ale," better than fasts and sermons, still clung to the King. The train-bands of some counties were raised for his service. The nobility armed their tenants and retainers, the gentry formed themselves into troops, the Prince of Orange induced experienced officers to take command of his

necessarily rotted away in order to reappear as the flower, —the corolla and seed-vessel of the plant.—*S. T. C.*

levies, the colleges sent their plate to be coined for his use; light vessels, freighted with arms and ammunition, purchased abroad by the Queen, running into the shallow creeks, where the Parliament's ships could not follow, landed and disposed of their cargoes much after the manner that contraband goods are run in our times. Charles soon found himself in a condition to face the army of Essex, whom the Parliament had appointed their General-in-Chief, swearing "to live and die with him." A slight skirmish near Worcester, and the indecisive battle of Edge-Hill, were followed by the advance of the royal army upon London. Banbury and Reading were taken; Oxford joyfully received the host of the "Defender of the Faith." A treaty was proposed, and it is not improbable, that, in the panic, reasonable terms might have been obtained. But while matters were in train for a conference, and the ruling party had prohibited their troops from acting on the offensive, a rash attack on the regiment stationed at Brentford, ascribed by the royalist historians to the unruly impetuosity of Prince Rupert, gave colour to a suspicion of treachery, and extinguished the last sparks of loyalty in the City, which had all along been the head quarters of disaffection. After this the King retired to Oxford, and a negociation actually commenced, which could have been only intended by each party to throw the guilt of blood on their antagonists; for the conditions proposed by the Parliament were such as no one could expect a King, with a devoted and increasing army, to accept, nor could the King have expected that any better would be offered.* When once the

* It was during this abortive negociation, that the Puritan Parliament first demanded, in express terms, the abolition of Episcopacy. This was clearly what neither they, had they been, which they were not, a legitimate representative

sword is drawn, in civil fight, it can never be sheathed, till it has fairly proved who is the strongest.

We cannot esteem these statements an irrelevant digression, because they help to show the steps whereby men like Fairfax, who, if bigoted, were not fanatical, and certainly not disposed to extremities, were led to wage war on the King, while they wished the conservation of the monarchy. First taking up arms to keep the peace, in the belief that the royal party were too weak to resist, they afterwards refused to lay them down, because the King was too formidable, and too much exasperated to be trusted.

Parliament, had any right to demand, nor Charles, had he been as absolute a monarch as he was accused of seeking to be, could have had any right to grant, as long as there was one congregation in the empire, who deemed Episcopacy essential to a Christian church, and therefore, in their view, essential to covenanted salvation. The people have, in these matters, no more just authority than the King, nor the King than the people, nor the gentry than the mob, nor the learned than the ignorant. No man, no community, has a right to deny to any portion of the community, what that portion esteem necessary to their eternal well-being. The state may determine the political rank and functions of religious ministers, and over church property it has the same prerogative, be it more or less, as over other property; for property, under whatever denomination, is of the things that be Cæsar's. But over the religious character of ministers, the state has no lawful sway. It may deprive a Bishop of his barony, but not of his orders. *

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* But Baxter would have told Hartley—It is not Episcopacy, which may be from God, but Prelacy, which certainly is from Cæsar, that we would have removed. But this confusion of anti-prelatists, who *from the beginning* were a numerous body, with anti-episcopalians, who at first were but few and of small influence, is a common error.

The hostilities in Yorkshire never seem to have been suspended either by the winter or the negociations. It will be recollected that we left Sir Thomas intrenched at Bradford. According to his own account he had only three troops of horse, and about eight hundred foot, but, upon summoning the country, he made up the latter twelve or thirteen hundred, "too many to lay idle, and too few to be on constant duty."

In a war of posts and parties, boldness and the first blow is more than half the battle. A hot engagement on the 23rd of January made him master of Leeds, with all the stores and ammunition laid up there. Soon after he defeated Colonel Slingsby at Gisborough, and received, in the name of the King and Parliament, the submission of Wakefield and Doncaster. All hopes of adjustment being over, Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, and his son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, were proclaimed traitors by the Earl of Newcastle, to whom the King had entrusted the command of the four northern counties, and who was, in return, proclaimed traitor by the Parliament. About the same time the Hothams, father and son, who had displayed the first overt act of opposition to the sovereign, deserted the Parliamentary cause. Though their defection was not yet fully declared, they much inconvenienced the elder Fairfax by denial of succours, compelling him to retire from Selby towards Leeds. On his march he was intercepted by Newcastle, who lay with his army on Clifford-moor, whereupon he summoned his son to join him, with what forces he could raise, at Sherburn, to make good his retreat. After some inconsiderable operations at Tadcaster, Sir Thomas was twice defeated by the Lord Goring, at the head of twenty troops of horse and dragoons, so mightily had the

royal force increased. The first action was on Bramham-moor, the second on Seacroft-moor. After an embarrassed retreat, he reached Leeds, where his father had safely arrived an hour before him. Leeds and Bradford were then the only places of strength held by the Parliamentarians northward of Hull, which the Hothams were then plotting to deliver into the hands of the Royalists. Fairfax determined by a bold enterprise to revive the spirits of his party, then much dejected by the King's successes in the West.

He attacked and recovered Wakefield, captured the elder Goring, took 1400 prisoners, 80 officers, and a large store of ammunition. Thus encouraged, the father and son formed a junction, and resolved to engage the Earl of Newcastle, who was advancing to the siege of Bradford, though their united forces did not exceed 3000, while those of the Earl were 10,000, armed and appointed as nobly as the wealth and magnificence of Cavendish could afford, animated by his chivalric spirit, and directed by the experience of King, his lieutenant, a veteran Scot, long practised in the continental wars. The result of this temerity was the defeat of Atherton Moor, June 30, 1643. Four or five hundred were slain or taken in the field, and many more surrendered the next day. The situation of the Fairfaxes was now most perilous, and had the royalists known how to make use of their victory, the North might have been secured to the King, the communication between the Scotch and English rebels cut off, and perhaps the house of Stuart would still be reigning over the British Isles.

The elder Fairfax withdrew to Leeds on the night of the battle, having commanded his son to remain in Bradford with 800 foot and 60 horse, at a great

strait, scarce knowing which way to turn, for there was no garrison to receive his scattered troops. Halifax and Beverley were evacuated, and Sir John Hotham had declared, that should he retreat towards Hull, the gates should be shut against him. But at this very juncture, the treason of the Hothams exploded. The son was seized in the town, and the father made his escape through a postern. One of the cannon which he had himself directed to oppose his sovereign's entrance, was discharged after him without effect. Attended with six guards only, he made for his house at Scorbro', near Beverley, which he had secretly fortified and stored. But meeting with unexpected obstacles, he turned his steps to Beverley, where Colonel Boynton, his own nephew, was already apprised of his approach, and ready to apprehend him. So well had the Colonel kept his counsel, that his troops knew not for what service they were called out, and when Sir John, riding unawares into the town, found seven or eight hundred armed men lining the street, he boldly put himself at their head, and bade them follow him, and they, uninformed of his apostacy, were about to obey, when his nephew laid hold of his bridle, and, with suitable apologies, arrested him as a traitor to the Commonwealth. He and his son were sent to London, committed to the Tower, and, after a considerable interval, executed on Tower-hill. We cannot reckon this among the crimes of the Parliament. The son might well have been spared, for his offence was filial obedience; but the father was a double traitor, and there is reason to think that his secession from the parliamentary interest was owing to envy at the higher promotion of Fairfax, rather than to returning loyalty.

These events took place at the very time that the

battle of Atherton Moor was fighting, and the news arrived just in time to relieve the Lord Ferdinando from his despondency. Thus writes his son:—"Whilst the Lord Fairfax was musing on these sad thoughts, a messenger was sent unto him from Hull, to let him know the townsmen had secured the Governor; that they were sensible of the danger he was in, and if he had any occasion to make use of that place, he should be very readily and gladly received there."

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas, with his little remnant, was surrounded in Bradford by the vastly superior force of the Royalists. It was a woful time, when women and young children were fain to be dragged along with flying or pursuing squadrons, feeling less horror amid shot, and fire, and savage gashes, and "strange images of death," than in the desolation of their once happy homes, and silent expectation of all imaginable villanies. The wife and children of Fairfax were at his side when, with dauntless courage, and a religious confidence in his cause, which they who least approve his cause must admire, he determined to cut his way through the enemy. Of the peril and capture of his lady he speaks feelingly in his memorials:—"I must not here forget my wife, who ran the same hazard with us in this retreat, and with as little expression of fear; not from any zeal, or delight in the war, but through a willing and patient suffering of this undesirable condition. I sent two or three horsemen before, to discover what they could of the enemy, who presently returned, and told us there was a guard of horse close by us. I, with some twelve more, charged them: Sir Henry Fowles, Major General Gifford, myself, and three more, broke through. Captain Modd was slain, and the rest of our horse being close by, the enemy fell

upon them and soon routed them, taking most of them prisoners, among whom was my wife, the officer, Will Hill, behind whom she rid, being taken. I saw this disaster, but could give no relief, for after I was got through, I was in the enemy's rear alone; those who had charged through with me went on to Leeds, thinking I had done so too, but I was unwilling to leave my company, and staid till I saw there was no more in my power to do, but to be taken prisoner with them."

Arriving at Leeds, he found all in great distraction: the council of war resolved to abandon that place and take refuge in Hull, which was full sixty miles distance, and several of the King's garrisons intervening. With singular skill or good fortune he thridded his way through the numerous detachments hovering round Leeds, and gained Selby in safety, intending to cross the ferry, and make for the Parliamentary post at Cawood. But before he could accomplish this purpose, he was overtaken by a company of horse, and received a shot in the wrist, which made the bridle fall out of his hand, and occasioned so great a loss of blood, that he had like to have fainted. But overcoming nature by a strong effort of will, he seized the reins in his sword hand, and withdrew from the melée: his intrepidity gave resolution to his followers; the enemy, perhaps gladly, suffered a brave man of an ancient house to escape, and after a most harassing march, attacked on every side, he arrived at Hull.—But we must give his own account of this adventure:—"I had been twenty hours on horseback after I was shot, and as many hours before: and as a further affliction, my daughter (afterwards Duchess of Buckingham), not above five years old, endured all this retreat a horseback, being carried before her maid; but nature not being able

to hold out any longer, she fell into frequent swoonings, and in appearance was ready to expire her last. Having now passed the Trent, and seeing a house not far off, I sent her with her maid only thither, with little hopes of seeing her any more alive, though I intended the next day to send a ship from Hull for her. I went on to Barton, having sent before to have a ship ready against my coming thither. Here I lay down to take a little rest, if it were possible to find any in a body so full of pain, and a mind yet fuller of trouble and anxiety. Though I must acknowledge it as the infinite goodness of God, that my spirit was nothing at all discouraged from doing still that which I thought to be my duty. I had not rested a quarter of an hour before the enemy came close to the town. I had now not above a hundred horse with me: we went to the ship, where, under security of our ordnance, we got all our men and horse aboard, and crossing Humber, we arrived at Hull, our men faint and tired. I myself had lost all, even to my shirt, for my clothes were made unfit to wear with rents and blood. Presently after my coming to Hull, I sent a ship for my daughter, who was brought the next day to the town, pretty well recovered of her long and tedious journey. Not many days after, the Earl of Newcastle sent my wife back in his coach, with some horse to guard her; which generous act of his gained him more reputation than he could have got by detaining a lady prisoner on such terms." There is something amiable in this extract. It is pleasing to observe that even civil war does not extinguish a parent's tenderness. Perhaps it had been better for the poor little girl to have died then, than to have lived to be the wife of Villiers. We like Fairfax, too, for calling his wife by that plain, homely, kindly, *Christian* appellation. Nothing

is more heartless than to hear Sir, and Madam, and my Lord, and my Lady, between husband and wife. Still more odious are such titles of honour passing between parents and children.* The names of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, which the Almighty himself has appointed, are far, far more venerable, as more holy, than any which the feudal system has left behind. We do think, however, that Fairfax should have acknowledged Newcastle's generosity with something more than a flat truism.

Though the immediate danger was thus passed through, the situation of the Fairfaxes in Hull was extremely critical. The Parliament, intent on watching the personal movements of the King, whom they

* Let it not be supposed that we recommend the example of Philip Egalité, or advocate a substitution, by Act of Parliament, of the titles Citoien, and Citoienne, for *your Grace*, and *your Highness*. Conventional forms of respect are useful enough where there is no substance of natural duty, or heart-affection. Let them be observed as rigidly as may be in the court, the ball-room, the quarter sessions, the formal dinner party; but let them be expelled from the family fire-side. So far from being actuated by any jacobinical or levelling principle, we are pleading in behalf of, and in pure affection for, the aristocracy, who are the only persons subject to these restrictions, and in a much worse condition, in all that regards their in-door affections, than any part of society but the brutally oppressed and ignorant. It is related of the Proud Duke of Somerset, that when his second Duchess tapped him fondly on the shoulder with her fan, he turned round haughtily, and said, "Madam, my first Lady was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." In what a desert must that man's heart have dwelt;—of how much innocent pleasure must he have deprived himself, without the benefits of religious mortification.

We have always had a good opinion of King James I. ever since we learned that he used to call his son *Baby Charles*.

yet hoped to drive into a compromise which might amount to a virtual surrender of sovereignty, seem hitherto to have neglected the support of their most faithful adherent in the north; but now the Scotch were pressed to advance with 20,000 men, and the Earl of Manchester's army was directed to march northward. Fairfax, on his own part, was indefatigable in supplying his losses.—"Our first business," says he, "was to raise new forces, and in a short time we had about 1500 foot, and 700 horse. The town (Hull) being little, I was sent to Beverley with the horse, and 600 foot; but my Lord of Newcastle now looking upon us as inconsiderable, was marched into Lincolnshire with his whole army, leaving some few garrisons. He took in Gainsborough and Lincoln, and intended to take in Bolton, which was the key of the associated counties;* for his orders (which I have seen) were, to go into Essex, and block up London on that side. Having laid a great while still, and being now strong enough for those forces which remained in the country, we sent out a good party to make an attempt upon Stamford Bridge, near

* The associated counties were Hertford, Essex, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincoln. These were placed by the Parliament under the charge of Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester, better known as Lord Kimbolton, a man once the companion of Charles in his romantic visit to the Spanish Princess, but whom a Puritan wife in the first instance, and afterwards the imprudence of Charles, who selected him, out of all the disaffected of the Upper House, for impeachment along with Hampden, Pym, Hazlerig, Hollis, and Strode, on the memorable fourth of January, had made one of the most active partisans of Parliament. N.B. The title by which, during his father's lifetime, he was called to the House of Peers, was properly Baron Montagu, of Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon.

York. But the enemy, upon the alarm, fled thither, which put them also in such fear, that they sent earnestly to my Lord of Newcastle, to desire him to return, or the country would again be lost. Upon this he returned again into Yorkshire, and not long after came to besiege Hull. I being at Beverley, in the way of his march, and finding we were not able to defend such an open place against an army, I desired orders from my father to retire back to Hull, but the committee there had more mind of raising money than to take care of the soldiers. And yet these men had the greatest share in command at this time, and would not let any orders be given for our retreat, nor was it fit for us to retreat without an order. The enemy marched with his whole army towards us: retreat we must not, keep the town we could not, so to make our retreat more honourable and useful, I drew out all the horse and dragoons towards the enemy, and stood drawn up by a wood side all that night. Next morning our scouts and theirs fired on one another. They marched on with their whole body, which was about 4000 horse and 12,000 foot. We stood still till they were come very near to us. I then drew off, having given directions before for the foot to march away towards Hull, and thinking to make good the retreat with the horse. The enemy, with a good party, came up in our rear; the lanes being narrow, we made shift with them till we got into Beverley, and shut the gate, which we had scarce time to do, they being close to us." It is manifest, from these accounts, how little art there was in either party. Indeed the whole history of the civil war during the earlier campaigns, exhibits not only a deficiency of technical knowledge, which neither side had enjoyed the opportunity of acquiring, but a striking want of unity and co-operation in the

general arrangements, which, considering the great talents engaged on each party, is rather to be wondered at. The republican armies, however, did acquire these things: the royalists, relying on their impetuous courage, never improved.

But to return. Fortune now smiled deceitful on the King's affairs. Newcastle returned rapidly from his successful incursion into Lincolnshire, and on the 28th of August, Beverley was carried, after a stout and bloody defence. Fairfax and the wreck of his troops, overpowered by numbers, were driven to the very gates of Hull. The plunder of Beverley is said to have amounted to 20,000*l.*, and the Earl (now Marquis) of Newcastle drove all the cattle from the fields in its vicinity to victual the garrison of York. It is hard to say what the necessities of war may not justify: but as the inhabitants of Beverley had been passive sufferers throughout the contest, and, according to Whitelock, even showed an inclination to the King's side, this rapine was at best a cruel necessity. The best excuse that can be offered for it is, that the Parliament having possessed themselves of all the regular sources of revenue, the royalists were obliged in some measure to make the war maintain itself.

On the second of September the Marquis of Newcastle sat down before Hull, now the only parliamentary garrison north of the Humber. The horse being worse than useless in the beleaguered town, they were despatched under Fairfax's command into Lincolnshire, to join that army, nominally the Earl of Manchester's, but of which the directing spirit was Oliver Cromwell. Having effected a union, they attacked and defeated a body of 5000 royalists at Horncastle; while at the same time the besieged in Hull made a desperate sally, and repulsed the besiegers. In consequence of these mishaps, the

Marquis hastily raised the siege of Hull; and that good town, which was strongly and sincerely attached to the Parliament, was not again assailed during the war. There were some thoughts of turning the church of Beverley into a royal fortress, but this was abandoned and the whole of that part of Yorkshire was freed.

The fighting season of 1643 was now drawing to a close. The royal cause had on the whole been eminently successful. The Queen, early in the year, had landed on the coast of Yorkshire, with arms and equipments for a considerable force; and having escaped the shot of four puritanical vessels which bombarded the house in which she lay all night, was conducted to York by the gallant Newcastle, whose attachment to her was so notorious, that his troops were scornfully called "the Queen's army," and "the Catholic army." Such was the unexhausted might and loyalty of the north, that although her influence was dreaded by the graver royalists, she quickly mustered thirty troops of horse, and 3000 infantry, at the head of which she rode as commander to join her royal husband at Oxford. Large reinforcements had been raised in Wales by the exertions of the Marquis of Hertford. The counties of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, were almost entirely the King's. Bristol had surrendered to Prince Rupert. The battles of Bradoc Down, Stratton, Lansdown, and Round-a-way Down, had been won by the chivalric valour of the royalist gentry; and though the siege of Gloucester was raised by the skilful advance of Essex, and the drawn battles of Chalgrave Field and Newbury were claimed by the opposite party, the honour, if not the advantage, rested equally upon the adherents of Charles. These victories, it must be remembered, were almost all achieved over superior

numbers. The enthusiastic honour and high mettle of the Cavaliers outdared the dogged resolution of the Puritans, among whom there had not yet arisen a leader to make profit of their zeal by partaking and inflaming it. Had the strange proposal of Essex, to trust the whole cause, after the analogy of the old judicial combats, to the decision of a single battle, been accepted, the champions of the crown and mitre would probably have prevailed. The Parliament still contained so much of the old leaven, that it had entrusted all its armies to members of the aristocracy, and of these Fairfax alone seems to have combined with valour and military knowledge, a sincere, hearty, and conscientious devotion to the business.

But the royal fortunes had reached their highest ascension, and from this period began to decline. The Parliament applied to Scotland for succour, and it was given on condition that England should adopt the Presbyterian discipline, establish a uniformity of worship throughout the kingdoms, and take the solemn League and Covenant. With these conditions the Parliament complied; took the Covenant themselves, and enforced it as far as their influence extended. Fairfax took it, no doubt zealously, and observed it better than most of its subscribers. One of the articles, which provides for the inviolability of the King's person, though fearlessly broken by some, was a terror to others, who were more apprehensive of infringing the Covenant than of shedding innocent blood.

Fairfax was next employed against a man whose Norman name has since contracted other associations than those of unsuccessful loyalty, the Lord Byron,*

* "In the year 1643, Sir John Byron, great grandson of him who succeeded to the rich domains of Newstead, was

first of his ancient house that bore that title, who was then besieging Nantwich, in Cheshire, with an army of Irish. In the depth of a severe winter, Sir Thomas set forth from Lincolnshire, on the 29th of December, and marching across the island, was joined by Sir William Brereton; on the 21st of January, the armies met near Nantwich. Byron was routed with great loss. Of 3000 foot, which he commanded, more than 2000 were slain or captured. The horse, amounting to 1800, mostly escaped. Probably Fairfax was deficient in that branch of the service. The Parliament had voted that no quarter should be given to the Irish Catholics in any engagement; but it does not appear that Fairfax rigorously executed these orders. There can be little doubt, however, that the multitude of Irish, who began to join the royal standards after Charles had made truce with the rebels in Ireland, aggravated the miseries of the civil war, and tended fatally to exasperate the people against their sovereign. In this battle Monk, afterwards the restorer of monarchy, was taken prisoner; after being confined some time in the Tower, he entered the Parliament's service, was successfully employed in Ireland, and laid the foundation of that military reputation, which enabled him to perform so conspicuous a part in subsequent history.

created Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the County of Lancaster: and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which this nobleman deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through every page of the history of the civil wars, we trace his name in connexion with the varying fortunes of the King, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last."—*Moore's Byron.*

No less than seven brothers of the name of Byron fought at Edge-hill.

In the middle of March, Fairfax, in obedience to his father's orders, marched back into Yorkshire. The father and son united their forces at Ferrybridge, and on the 11th of April, 1644, they defeated, at Selby, Colonel Bellasis, the royalist governor of York, who had advanced to prevent their junction. The Lord Ferdinando, by a circuitous march, arrived just in time to support Sir Thomas. The attack was made in three divisions; the first led by the elder Fairfax, the second by Sir John Meldrum, and the third by Colonel Bright. Young Fairfax commanded the horse. The battle was obstinately disputed till our Fairfax, with the cavalry, forced a passage into the town and routed his antagonists. This victory made him once more master of the midland parts of Yorkshire, and he now, by order of his masters at Westminster, prepared to march into Northumberland, to support the Scotch army, which to the number of 20,000, under the command of Lord Leven, after vainly summoning the town of Newcastle, then commanded by Sir Thomas Glenham, passed the Tyne on the 22nd February, and faced, without venturing to attack, the Marquis's army. Harassed by continual skirmishes, pinched by the severity of the weather, and almost destitute of forage and provisions, these covenanted warriors, whether allies or invaders of England, were reduced to great extremities, and had they been left to their own resources, and the undivided power of Newcastle directed against them, the day of Neville's cross might have been emulated, perhaps on the same field.

But before either Fairfax could join his auxiliaries, or Newcastle bring them to an action, the clamorous solicitation of the city of York, which the defeat of Bellasis had left much exposed, induced the Marquis to fall back to its relief, and thus to leave the way

clear for the Scots, at the very time when their necessities were about to force them either to fight or retire. They joined the Lord Fairfax, at Wetherby, on the 20th of April, and proceeded to besiege York, into which the royalists had betaken themselves. As the besieging forces were not sufficient for the regular investment of a place of such extent, divided by a river, and the art of attacking towns was then in a manner unknown to the British, no great progress or impression was made, but an irregular blockade was maintained, diversified with occasional assaults on the out-works. In one of these, Sir Thomas had an opportunity of rendering an important service to literature. St. Mary's Tower, wherein lay many foundation charters and other documents relating to the monasteries, in Yorkshire and other northern counties, accidentally blew up; the younger Fairfax, whose attachment to antiquities we have already had occasion to mention, preserved as many of them as he could, and liberally rewarded such soldiers as brought any of them to him. These he employed that painful antiquary, Roger Dodsworth, to copy, allowing him an annuity of 40*l.* for life, by which means they were saved from destruction, and make a part of the Monasticon Anglicanum.

While the siege, or rather blockade, of York was in hand, some flattering advantages had befallen the royal side; and, in particular, Rupert, who was for carrying all by dint of valour, and for this knightly temper, added to the tie of blood, was much more trusted by the King than his haste and inexperience made prudent, had by a sudden movement relieved Newark, and defeated a considerable force before that town. His very rashness, in this enterprise, stood him in good stead. "He undertook it," says Lord Clarendon, "before he was ready for it, and so

performed it." Advancing with his horse only, and outstripping his infantry by four miles, he encountered and dispersed a numerous advanced guard of the enemy's cavalry, and then in the strength and ardour of success, fell upon the main line, and gained a more decided victory than any which the war had yet produced. Then marching through Lancashire, he captured several posts of the Parliamentarians by the way, raised the siege of Lathom House (of which we shall have to speak in the next life), and so penetrated into Yorkshire. Sir Thomas Fairfax and Major-General Desley, with 6000 horse and dragoons, and 5000 foot, marched out to intercept his progress, but he evaded them by fetching a compass with his army, and joined the Marquis of Newcastle.

The forces of Leven and Fairfax, now united with the Earl of Manchester's army, of which Cromwell was Major-General, immediately broke up the siege, which they were beginning to press with vigour, and withdrew to Hessey Moor. A council of war was held, in which there arose a difference of opinion between the two nations. The Scotch were for retreating, the English for fighting. The former prevailed, and they fell back to Tadcaster. Great jealousies and strong national antipathies prevailed; which, if the royalists had possessed but a little patience, might have terminated in a decided rupture. The Marquis of Newcastle counselled delay; but the unmanageable Prince Rupert would scarce listen to his advice. By a weakness, perhaps deserving of a harsher name, the King had given his hot-headed cousin (who was alike unskilled to command and repugnant to obey, and fitter for a night attack or marauding excursion, than for the arrangement and execution of combined and extensive operations,) precedence in command of the noble Newcastle, who

had served him so wisely, so bravely, and so successfully, in a manner at his own private cost. But the Prince had some private pique against the Marquis, who, on his part, was not fully satisfied with the treatment of the court, and was only waiting for a season when he might retire with honour. Prince Rupert, pretending, perhaps truly, the peremptory commands of the King, drew almost the whole garrison from York, leaving only a handful of men with Sir Thomas Glenham, and sought the allied armies of the rebels, who were arrayed on Marston Moor, eight miles from the ancient city, so that the report of the cannon, and the contradictory rumours, ever and anon arriving, must have kept its inhabitants in restless agony. For many a dear life was that day at deadly hazard, many a wife knew not if she were a widow, and many a venerable man, who had grown old in the service of that beautiful Minster, muttered with trembling affection the petitions of the Liturgy, which a near and mighty foe had sworn to efface, even with blood. With what strange, what conflicting prayers, was Heaven besieged that day.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts, speaking one language, of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honour and their love, their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle blood, as they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears: the Roundheads, arranged

in thick dark masses, their steel caps and high crown hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage: the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the Parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise and sour-mannered: the soldiers of the covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people,—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together. It would be hard to say whether there were more praying on one side or swearing on the other, or which, to a truly Christian ear, had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the Church; there were bravery and virtue in both; but with this high advantage on the parliamentary side, that while the aristocratic honour of the royalists could only inspire a certain number of *gentlemen*, and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer, together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.

On the morning of the second of July the battle

commenced. The charge was sounded, and Prince Rupert with his gallant cavalry dashed in upon the Scots, who quickly took to flight, perhaps sincerely, but had their running away been a concerted manœuvre it could not have answered better, for by this means the right wing of the royalists, with Rupert, was drawn away in the pursuit of the runaways, and left the main body exposed to the steady disciplined troops of Manchester and Cromwell. The royalists never seem to have learned, till too late, that a pitched battle is not a hunting day. Advancing to the charge with the same light hearts, and pursuing their game with as little consideration, as if the business were a chace, in which the danger only went to enhance the pleasure, they were no match for serious fighters like Oliver and Fairfax. The centre of the King's army was left with its right flank unguarded, to oppose the individual valour of the men who composed it, to the combined strength of a multitude, made one by "a discipline, the rule whereof was passion."* The republicans (for such the troops of Cromwell were then become) withstood the onset of the royalists like a rock, and rolled back upon them like a rock tumbled from its basis by an earthquake. The horse, commanded by the quick-witted dissolute Goring, wheeled round to meet the returning squadrons of Rupert; the infantry fled fighting, and fought flying. The Marquis of Newcastle alone, with his own regiment, composed of his old tenants and domestic retainers, would not give an inch. Newcastle's infantry were slain almost to a man, and their corpses lay side by side—an unbroken line of honourable dead.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, with Lambert, commanded on the left, committed an error

* Lord Brook.

similar to that of Prince Rupert. With that impetuosity which came upon him always in the field, and was so strongly contrasted with the saturnine gravity of his habitual character, he broke the line of the royalists, and unwarily separating himself and his immediate followers from the main body, joined the victorious centre in the pursuit of the fugitives. Lucas, the King's leader in that quarter, closed his ranks, and made so fierce a charge on the Parliamentarian cavalry, that it was driven back on the infantry, and the whole wing put to rout. Thus in this battle there had been three separate engagements, in two of which the royalists had prevailed. Each party now thought itself secure of victory, when Cromwell returned from the pursuit, and the contest was renewed with redoubled obstinacy, each party occupying the ground where its adversary stood in the morning.

But the sword of Cromwell was cast into the balance, and all the valour of the royalists was outweighed. After a bloody and terrible conflict, the royal army was pushed rather than driven off the field, and all the artillery, baggage, and other material fell into the victor's hands. Rupert and Goring retreated rapidly through Lancashire. The Marquis of Newcastle, weary of a charge which little suited his elegant and studious habits, and long since mortified by the malign influences which made Charles most suspicious of his best friends, set sail for Hamburgh, with King and other of his followers, and continued abroad till the Restoration.* His noble estates were sequestrated by the Parliament in 1652,

* That Newcastle had found or fancied causes of disgust some months before the fight of Marston Moor, appears from

which, at little more than five years' purchase, produced 112,000*l*. The battle of Marston Moor was a blow which the royal cause never recovered. Poor as

the following letter of Charles, equally honourable to the heart and head of the writer:—

"NEWCASTLE,

"By your last despatch I perceive that the Scots are not the only, or it may be said the least, enemies you contest withal at this time; wherefore I must tell you in a word, for I have not time to make long discourses, you must as much contemn the impertinent or malicious tongues or pens of those that are, or profess to be, your friends, as well as you despise the sword of an equal enemy. The truth is, if either you or my L. Ethin leave my service, I am sure at least all the north (I speak not all I think) is lost. Remember, all courage is not in fighting; constancy in a good cause being the chief, and the despising of slanderous tongues and pens being not the least ingredient. I'll say no more, but let nothing dishearten you from doing that which is most for your own honour, and the good of (the thought of leaving your charge being against both) your most assured, real, constant friend,

"Oxford, April 5, 1644. CHARLES R."

Newcastle has been rather harshly treated by Clarendon, among whose virtues or weaknesses the love of the elegant and poetical was by no means so conspicuous as in his royal master. According to the noble historian, "he was a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities, of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time, and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour and ambition to serve the King when he saw him in distress. He liked the pomp and absolute authority of a general, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstances of it, in acts of

the King was, the capture of his arms and ordnance, and the death of so many brave men, was what he could ill afford; but in an army like his, of which not only the spirit and direction, but the physical strength, was derived from the highest and smallest class, every gentleman slain was a loss that could not be repaired.

The three parliamentary generals, Fairfax, Lesley,

courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity he abounded. But the substantial part and fatigue of a general he did not in any degree understand (being utterly unacquainted with war), nor could submit to, but referred all matters of that nature to his lieutenant-general, King. In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle, in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger, in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day when his troops began to give ground. Such actions were no sooner over than he retired to his delightful company, music, or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent, and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon any occasion whatsoever, insomuch that he sometimes denied admittance to the chiefest officers of the army, even to General King himself, for two days together."

Those who would see the life and character of this nobleman depicted by a kinder, softer hand, should consult his memoirs written by his Duchess, the high-souled Margaret of Newcastle, said to be the most voluminous of authoresses, who, with a vanity pardonable, if not amiable, in woman, had all her tomes impressed with her armorial bearings. To this, Pope, who never could omit an opportunity of insulting a woman, living or dead, alludes in his description of Tibbald's library, afterwards preposterously transferred to Cibber:—

"There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete."

Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's: she is an especial favourite with Charles Lamb: we need add nothing more in her commendation.

and Manchester, now sat down before York, which surrendered on the 15th of July, so that the whole country north of the Trent, with the exception of a few scattered garrisons, was in the hands of the ruling party. In reducing these remnants of royalism, Sir Thomas seems for some time to have been principally employed; a service of little glory and much danger, for he had to do with men determined to sell their lives as dear as possible. Twice was he in imminent peril of death; first, in the assault of Helmsley Castle, where he received a shot in the shoulder, which threatened to prove fatal; and again before Pomfret Castle, where he narrowly escaped a cannon ball, which passed betwixt him and Colonel Forbes, so close that both were knocked down with the wind of it, and Forbes lost an eye.

The elder Fairfax now made York the seat of a standing committee, whereby the affairs of the whole county were controlled. So absolute was the power exercised by this junto, that when, in 1644, the corporation of Beverley had re-elected Mr. Robert Manby, a royalist, to their mayoralty, the committee, in the name of the Parliament, commanded them to annul the election,* and to elect such person as they should approve.

* Quinto die Augusti, 1644. A true coppie of an order sent from the standinge committee at Yorke unto the governors and Burgisses of the Towne of Beverley.—Scaum's Beverlac. Vol. i., page 365.

The principal charges against Manby are, that he was unduly elected, contrary to the charter of the town, and "that after he was so chosen Mayor he betrayed the trust in him reposed, and deserted his place and office and went to York, being then a garrison town, and held by the Lord Newcastle against the Parliament," that he had taken away the town plate and mace, misapplied "diverse soomes of

From this time, till the passing of the self-denying ordinance, Sir Thomas Fairfax does not appear to have been engaged in any of the greater actions. He had probably enough to do to check the risings of the defeated party in the northern counties, while the mass of the parliamentary troops were employed, for a while, with very ill success, in the western and midland regions. Sir William Waller, whom the Houses had once called "their conqueror," was worsted at Cropredy-bridge, near Banbury (that noted seat of Puritanism). Essex, driven into the extremity of Cornwall, escaped with some difficulty in a small boat, while his troops under Skippon, without striking a blow, delivered up their arms, ammunition, artillery, and baggage to the King. But so far were the Parliament from desponding, or putting on a face of dejection for these reverses, that the committee of the two kingdoms voted to Essex, in the moment of his defeat, the thanks of the nation for his zeal, fidelity, courage, and conduct. Yet it is probable, that at this very time, they were secretly determined upon his removal. His forces were soon rearmed and recruited, and, united with those of Manchester, Cromwell, Middleton, and Sir William Waller, fought on the 27th of October, 1644, the second battle of Newbury, which, like the first, was bloody and indecisive. In none of these actions was Fairfax engaged, but it is necessary thus passingly to allude to them, because they tended to produce that change of system to which he owed his elevation. In the first place, a

mooney" due to the ministers and preachers of the town, that he had laid fines and impositions on *well-affected* (*i. e.* Parliamentarian) persons during the siege of Hull by the royalists, &c. Manby was compelled to deliver up the mace to the committee, and of course it was not restored to the town but upon *conditions*.

desperate schism took place between the Earl of Manchester and his major-general, Cromwell, the latter accusing his superior, in plain terms, of cowardice or treachery, in not doing his utmost to destroy the King's army at Newbury. Waller and Essex had long been at secret variance, and the Parliament, which now began more openly to assume the aspect of a republican senate, was in danger of miscarrying through the disagreements of its commanders. But this danger was effectually averted by the famous self-denying ordinance, whereby all members, of either House, were made incapable of holding command in the army, which was to be recruited and new-modelled according to the democratic system, now beginning, with the rise of the Independents, to gain ascendancy. By this means, without the odium or apparent ingratitude of depriving officers, against whom they had no specific complaint, by name, they rid themselves of aristocratic spirits, who would, if longer entrusted with military power, very likely have turned it against their employers, when they perceived that the success of their cause involved the downfall of their order.

Essex, Waller, Warwick, Manchester, and Denbigh, were thus obliged to lay down their commissions, and Fairfax, almost alone among the aristocracy, remained qualified to command. As the representative, therefore, of the ancient nobility, and of the Presbyterian interest, Fairfax might be said to succeed to the vacated generalship, by the just and established rules of promotion. Of all the patrician supporters of the popular side, he had displayed the most conscientious devotion to the cause; and however blameable he may appear in the eyes of many good and wise men in the choice of his party, it is certain that in taking up arms against the King, he neither gratified the selfishness of disappointed ambition, nor violated the

ties of private gratitude. He had received no favour from the King, he had asked none; he sought no vengeance; he had nothing to hope from the subversion of the ancient régime.

It has been argued, idly enough, that if Fairfax had withdrawn from the contest at this juncture, when the remodelling of the army strongly indicated the purpose of maintaining a standing force, unconnected with, and uncontrolled by, the regular constitutional authorities, his name would have descended to posterity stainless, as that of a warrior for law and liberty. But surely, whatever reasons determined his conduct in 1642, they were equally strong, or stronger, in 1645. There were the same grounds for suspecting Charles's intentions. If he were not to be trusted at one time (and his alleged want of faith was the colourable pretext of the war), it was very unlikely that he had grown more trustworthy at the other. If it was apprehended, that at the first opportunity, he would revoke his concessions, made in peace, to a legitimate Parliament, was it supposable that he would pay, that he was morally bound to pay, more regard to concessions yielded by compulsion of the sword, to men whom he could not think legally possessed of any political character? In truth, the time when a wise man ought to have sided with the sovereign, was before the war commenced. When the star-chamber and high-commission court were abolished, the King had conceded all that he had a right to concede, and to attempt to strip him of a power which all acknowledged to be inherent in his crown, upon a mere contingent probability of his abusing it, was justifiable on no principle but that of bare-faced tyranny. But when the opposite factions were once blooded, all hope of saving the constitution was at an end; nothing remained but the choice

between absolute monarchy and an absolute republic, to which a nominal King would be an useless, expensive appendage, an ornament grossly out of taste. In a word, if Fairfax was right in entering upon the war, he was bound in honour and conscience to persevere in it so long as the power which he had acknowledged for sovereign thought proper to trust him. Moreover, so exasperated were the royalists become, and so full was the land of men of blood, that there was no hope of peace, no security for life, but in the complete victory and undisputed authority of one side or other. Men may make war when they choose, but they can only make peace when Heaven chooses.

Though the self-denying ordinance was not formally passed till the 3rd of April, 1645, two days after which Essex resigned his commission, yet Fairfax received the appointment of commander-in-chief on the 21st of January, and was immediately summoned from the north to receive his investiture. He came up to London very privately, arrived on the 18th of February, and the next day was brought up by four members to the House of Commons, where he was highly complimented by the Speaker, and received his commission as general-in-chief. A few days before an ordinance had been formed, importing that there should be forthwith raised, for the defence of the *King* and of the Protestant religion, and the laws and liberties of the kingdom, an army, consisting of 6600 horse, to be distributed into eleven regiments; 1000 dragoons, in ten companies, and 14,000 foot, in twelve regiments; each regiment of foot to consist of 1200, distributed into ten companies. For their maintenance there was imposed on nineteen of the counties and cities of England, a monthly cess of 53,456*l.*, to be raised by a land-tax. It is wonderful how, amid the suspension of trade and industry

In the spring of 1645, "the disposition of the necessarily consequent on civil discord, the general insecurity of property, and the successive ravages of both parties, the Roundheads plundering in the name of the law, and the Cavaliers by the law of the sword, such sums could possibly be raised. The Long Parliament were no economists, according to the modern notion of the term, for they voted the Earl of Essex a retiring pension of 10,000*l.* But it must be recollected, that they had, under the name of sequestration, confiscated the estates of most of the gentry opposed to them. These were, in some instances, sold, but more generally the owners were allowed to compound for them. The revenues of the Church were also in a great measure diverted, nor were the plate and ornaments of churches spared.* But a nation will generally pay and suffer more in the hope of change, than for the support of *things as they are.*

To Fairfax the Parliament granted the extraordinary privilege of selecting his subordinate officers out of all the Parliamentarian armies, at his own discretion, subject to the approbation of the House. On the 25th of March, 15,000*l.* were voted to him as a present. On the 3rd of April, he departed for Windsor, where he had appointed the general rendezvous; and there, with the assistance, or rather under the direction of Cromwell, he set about new-modelling the army. The discharged officers acquired the name of Reformados.

While the business of the self-denying ordinance, and consequent changes in the army, were proceeding, an ineffectual treaty was going on at Uxbridge.

* "Nov. 1643. The rebels seized the regalia and plate in Westminster Abbey, and being desired to leave one single cup for the communion, answered '*a wooden dish would serve the turn.*'"—Salmon's Chronological Abridgment.

Nothing could have been seriously intended by the heads on either side, except to satisfy their respective adherents, which, in both parties, were growing clamorous for peace, of their conciliatory disposition. As this disposition was shown by the Parliament, in a reiteration of the old demands respecting the militia (which they now, however, only asked to command for seven years,) and the abolition of episcopacy, with a yet harder condition, that forty English, nineteen Scotch, and all Catholics who had borne arms for the King, should be attainted and excepted from a general pardon; it cannot be wondered that the commissioners separated, after twenty days' discussion, without effecting any thing; especially as the temporary success of Montrose in Scotland inspired the royalists with delusive hope.

The war, which had never been wholly suspended, even in the immediate neighbourhood of the negotiators, revived with more than its former vigour in this, the fourth, campaign.

The character of the forces on both sides was materially altered. The chivalric humanity of the royalists was in a great measure lost "by custom of fell deeds." The good example of Charles could not prevent the camps of his followers from becoming the abode of riot; and the keen privations, which alternated with excessive indulgence, gave his soldiers the reckless and rapacious character of banditti. The republicans, on the other hand, began to exchange their sobriety of manner for the strangest antics of imaginary inspiration: the high-wrought enthusiasm of a few philosophic minds infected the mass with the most mischievous fanaticism, even to the supposing themselves above all ordinances, not only human, but divine, and as free from the moral, as from the ceremonial law.

forces on both sides was as follows: part of the Scottish army was employed in taking Pomfret, and other towns in Yorkshire: part of it besieged Carlisle, valiantly defended by Sir Thomas Glenham: Chester, where the Lord Byron commanded, had long been besieged by Sir William Brereton, and was reduced to great difficulties. The King, being joined by the Princes Rupert and Maurice, lay at Oxford with a considerable army, about 15,000 men. Fairfax and Cromwell were posted at Windsor, with the new-modelled army, about 22,000 men. Taunton, in Somersetshire, defended by Blake (afterwards the famous Admiral,) suffered a long siege from Sir Richard Granville, who commanded an army of about 8000 men, and though the defence had been obstinate, the garrison were now reduced to great extremity. Goring commanded in the west an army of about the same number." *

The first actual service in which Fairfax was employed in his new capacity of commander-in-chief was the relief of Taunton, a town whose fidelity and suffering in the parliamentary cause made its deliverance an object of honour and gratitude no less than of policy. But it was a consideration of first-rate importance to retain the military talents of Oliver Cromwell, who, though he was the secret mover of the self-denying ordinance, was, according to the strictness of its operation, himself disqualified by it, for he was a member of the Lower House for the borough of Huntingdon. But this difficulty was easily overcome by the craft of Oliver, and through the instrumentality of Fairfax. Before the day appointed for the officers dismissed under the ordinance to deliver up their commissions, Cromwell, who was raised to the second command under Fairfax, was

* Hume.

already on the march. Orders never meant to be obeyed, were despatched by the House, requiring his immediate attendance in parliament, and empowering the new general to put some other officer in his place. A ready compliance was feigned, but, a few days after, Fairfax sent a request that he might be allowed to retain Lieutenant-General Cromwell, as his advice was needed in filling up the vacancies. This request was shortly afterwards enlarged, so that Cromwell received permission to serve for that campaign. It would have been no easy matter to have dismissed him by any ordinance after the campaign was ended.

This matter settled, Fairfax, with 8000 horse and foot, hastened to the relief of Taunton. He began his march on the 1st of May, and reached Blandford, in Dorsetshire, on the 7th, when the northward movements of the King, who had succeeded in raising the siege of Chester, occasioned a change of orders from the committee of both kingdoms appointed for the management of the war. He was now directed to observe the King's motions, and, if expedient, to lay siege to Oxford, which the King's absence left exposed. Having despatched Colonel Weldon to the west with 4000 men, he retraced his steps, arrived at Newbury on the 14th, rejoined Oliver Cromwell and General Brown; after a rest of three nights faced Dennington Castle, took a few prisoners, and determined to deprive the monarch of his Zoar, by assailing Oxford. But the fate of that loyal and learned University was deferred yet awhile. Scarcely had Fairfax sat down before it, when news arrived that Charles had taken Leicester by storm, May 31st, and was menacing the eastern associated counties, the possession of which might have been followed by that of London itself. No time was to be lost:

Fairfax broke up the siege of Oxford on the 5th of June, marched through Buckinghamshire into Northamptonshire, without any certain knowledge of the course which the King was taking. It is even asserted, that the armies were within six miles of each other before either knew of the other's approach.

Fairfax had refreshed his troops at Gilsborough, in Northamptonshire, from the 11th to the 14th of June, on which day the fortune of war was decided at Naseby. The King was strongly dissuaded from risking a battle. Gerrard, who lay in Wales, was expected shortly to join, and Goring, whose desperate courage, and quickness both of thought and execution, were as serviceable in actual combat as his debauchery and cruelty were mischievous to the general interests of the cause, was to bring up his powers as soon as Taunton, the walls of which were battered to pieces, and the whole town in ruins, should be carried. An interesting book might be written on the mighty events that have been determined by the delay or miscarriage of letters. Goring had written to the King, informing him that in three weeks he expected to be master of Taunton, and should then hasten with all the forces of the west to join the main army, and intreating him to avoid a general action in the interim. This letter, which, had it arrived at its proper destination, might have prevented the defeat of Naseby, was unwarily intrusted to a fellow who, being no other than a spy of Fairfax's, of course, carried it forthwith to his employer, who thus became acquainted with the real circumstances and intentions of the royal party. So the King had no counter-authority to oppose to the impetuosity of Prince Rupert, backed by the young nobles and gentry, who, after all the mischances of

the war, still continued to throng his camp, and who were naturally as impatient of fatigue as they were fearless of danger.

On the 14th of June, 1645, the action commenced. The King led on his centre in person. Prince Rupert commanded on the right. Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left. The forces of the republic were thus disposed. Cromwell was opposed to Langdale on the right; Fairfax and Skippon faced the King in the centre; and Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, was to encounter Rupert on the left. Prince Rupert, who had been appointed general-in-chief of the royal horse, incorrigible in his rashness, ruined his too confiding uncle * by falling precisely into the

* The Princes Rupert and Maurice were the sons of Elizabeth, daughter of James and sister of Charles I. by Frederic Elector Palatine. This lady was highly celebrated by the flowery *euphuistic* pens of the time, and was called, even in her husband's camp, "the Queen of Hearts." Sweetness of disposition, and condescending grace of manners, she might well possess, for she was a Stuart, and the ancestress of the present royal family of England; but her portrait, in Lodge's Series, from a picture by Honthorst, gives no exalted idea of her beauty. It seems to have been taken when she was in years, and deeply furrowed with the afflictions which her husband's ambition had brought upon her. Contrary to his father-in-law's advice, he accepted the crown of Bohemia, was crowned at Prague in November, 1619, defeated at Prague in November 1620; deprived at once of Bohemia and the Palatinate, long an exile and wanderer, vainly soliciting assistance from various powers, amused with false hopes by several, he died just after the battle of Lutzen, where the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, from whose victories the unhappy Frederic began to look for restoration, was slain. He left his wife in absolute poverty.

Rupert is said to have been the inventor of mezzotinto, the hint of which he took from a soldier burnishing his musket with a file.

same error whereby he lost the victory at Edge-Hill, and caused the overthrow of Marston Moor. The fury of his onset bore down the left wing of the enemy, notwithstanding the stout resistance of Ireton, who was wounded and taken prisoner. As usual, Rupert detached himself from the main battle to hunt the fugitives as soon as they *broke cover;* an indiscretion savouring more of blood-thirstiness than courage: nay, with more than his usual absurdity, he wasted precious time in summoning the parliament artillery, which was strongly guarded, and set him at defiance. Surely he might have employed his powers better in supporting his royal kinsman, who, on this occasion, "displayed all the conduct of a prudent general, and all the valour of a stout soldier."* A flank movement upon the adverse centre, executed at the right moment, when the infantry were giving way, might have given a prosperous issue to the fight. But of the possibility of such a manœuvre it is not for us to judge.

The attack of the royal main body had broken the van of the Parliamentarian centre: the troops fell back upon the rear in disorder: Skippon was severely wounded, and was requested by Fairfax to leave the field, but this he refused, declaring that he would keep his post as long as one man maintained his ground. But now was the time that the skill and courage of our hero shone forth conspicuous. At the critical minute he brought up the body of reserve, and the battle raged anew. Not content to exercise the functions of a captain, he grappled personally with the foe, galloped through the thickest of the fray, encouraged with his dauntless example, the brave, and shamed, by the risk of his own life, those who were inclined to yield.

* Hume.

Though his helmet was beat to pieces, he continued to ride about bare-headed,—to mark, with his experienced eye, where an advantage was to be gained, and where a weak point was to be strengthened. While thus engaged, he came up to his body-guard, commanded by Colonel Charles Doyley, who respectfully rebuked him for thus hazarding his person, "wherein lay the safety of the whole army, and of the *good cause*, to be riding bare-headed among the showering bullets," and offered him his own helmet; but Fairfax, who was not a man of many words, put it by, saying, "'Tis well enough, Charles." There was wisdom as well as gallantry in this. Soldiers, even regular soldiers, seldom fight with hearty good will for a general who betrays by superfluous caution, an over-consciousness of his own value; but an army of predestinarians, who persuaded themselves that the bloody work they were about was actually "the good fight of faith," would have ascribed any anxiety for self-preservation to a distrust of the promises of Heaven.

The battle of the centres was still doubtful, when Cromwell, having defeated the left wing of the royalists, and pursued them just far enough to prevent their rallying, adding prudence to valour, did what Prince Rupert ought to have done, brought up his triumphant force to the aid of his struggling chief, and falling on the weary infantry of Charles, put them to instant rout. One regiment alone preserved its order unbroken. Twice was it assailed by Fairfax, twice it repulsed the assailants, but in vain, for the general, directing Doyley to make a third charge in front, simultaneously attacked the stubborn body in the rear. The ranks were pierced in all directions. Fairfax slew an ensign with his own hand, seized the colours, and gave them to a

common soldier to hold. The soldier, inheriting the spirit of ancient Pistol, afterwards boasted of the trophy, as if he had won it himself, for which he was severely complained of to the general: "Let him keep them," said Fairfax, "I have to-day acquired enough besides."

When too late, Prince Rupert, desisting from his fruitless attempt on the artillery, rejoined his uncle, with his men jaded, his horses blown, and the time for effective aid gone by. Charles, whose infantry was now utterly discomfited, made his appeal to this body of cavalry, "One charge more and the day is ours," but the appeal was disregarded. The King could only save his own person by precipitately leaving the field. The victory of the republicans was complete, but dearly purchased, and by a remarkable casualty, the victors lost more men than the vanquished. The slain of the royalists did not exceed 800, that of the parliamentarians was 1000. This was perhaps owing to the havoc made by Rupert's cavalry among Ireton's men in the commencement of the action. Thus Naseby cannot be called a bloody battle. Seldom indeed has the temporary possession of three kingdoms been determined at so small an expense of life. But 500 officers, 4000 private captives, with all the King's artillery and ammunition, remained in the hands of the conquerors; the mass of the royal army was broken up and there was neither heart nor means in the country to recruit it.

The haste with which Charles was at last compelled to fly, as well as his little expectation of such a necessity, may be inferred from the fact, that his private cabinet or escrutoire fell into the hands of his adversaries, Thence were taken—rather say, stolen—those letters between Charles and his queen,

which were afterwards published under the title of "The King's Cabinet opened," the common-place book of all after historians who have been unfriendly to Charles's fame. The expressions of amorous tenderness with which these epistles abound were peculiarly offensive to the rigid Puritans, who would have condemned a mother caressing her babe for *creature love;* * but cooler heads have deduced proofs from this correspondence, that all Charles's concessions and advances to a pacification were mere artifices to gain time, and get rid of the Parliament. The truth seems to be, that Charles was as sincere as the political morals of the day required; nor were his adversaries at all stricter in their adherence to truth. Simplicity of speech was not the virtue of that age. Perhaps it is the rarest as the most difficult of virtues in all ages. †

* Perhaps these stern critics would have been better pleased with the connubial doctrine of Charles the Eleventh of Sweden, who, when his consort ventured to hint an opinion, said, in a very kingly manner, "Woman, I want you to bear me children, not to give me advice."

† "The Athenians, having intercepted a letter written by their enemy, Philip of Macedon, to his wife Olympia, so far from being moved by a curiosity of prying into the secrets of that relation, immediately sent the letter to the queen unopened. Philip was not their sovereign, nor were they inflamed with that violent animosity against him which attends all civil commotions."—*Hume.*

We do not remember whether Mitford, whose dread of republicanism made him a bitterer enemy to the good name of Athens than ever Philip was to her political existence, mentions or gives credit to this story. But the Athenians were a people of genius, and genius, however unprincipled, always has fits of generosity, or if not, vanity sometimes serves as well.

The laws of war *authorise,* if they do not *justify,* the inter-

As Goring's letter had fully informed Fairfax of all the plans of the royalists, he was not at a loss how to follow up his victory. It might seem to have been the easiest course to pursue the King immediately. No article in his instructions forbad it;

ception, detention, examination, and publication of all documents of a purely public nature,—as letters to and from ambassadors, commanders, &c. Hence we pass no censure upon Fairfax for availing himself of Goring's letter to Charles, or for the means he used to possess himself of it. But private correspondence, like private property, should always be sacred in war as in peace,—most especially the correspondence of husband and wife; and not the less so, because the husband and wife happen to be a king and queen. It was a most ungentlemanlike act of the weekly-fast-ordaining Parliament or their agents to open Charles's letters to his wife, and all historians who make use of them to blacken his character ought to forfeit the character of gentlemen.*

* How could a faithful historian avoid it? The Parliament had acted *ab initio* on their convictions of the King's bad faith, and of the utter insincerity of his promises and professions; and surely the justification or condemnation of their acts must depend on, or be greatly modified by the question —were these convictions well grounded, and afterwards proved to be so by evidence, which could without danger to the state be advanced? What stronger presumption can we have of the certainty of the evidences which they had previously obtained, and by the year after year accumulation of which their suspicions had been converted into convictions? And was Henrietta an ordinary *wife?* Was Charles to her as Charles of Sweden to his spouse? The Swedes' Queen was only the man's wife, but Henrietta was notoriously Charles's queen, or rather the He-queen's She-king—a *commander* in the war, meddling with and influencing all his councils. I hold the Parliament fully justified in the publication of the letters; much more the historian.—*S. T. C.*

for while Essex's commission ran in the name of the King and Parliament, his was in that of the Parliament only, and contained not the clause which enjoined regard to the King's person. But however it was, Charles escaped on the evening of the 14th of June to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, from whence he passed to Hereford, and thence to Abergavenny, in Wales, with little or no molestation.

Sir Thomas Fairfax first recovered Leicester, which surrendered after two days' siege, on the 18th. Then taking a westward route, he passed through Warwick to Marlborough, where he received the Parliament's orders to relieve Taunton. But when he arrived at Blandford (July 2), he was informed that Goring had withdrawn his horse from before Taunton, and betaken himself to Langport on the Parret, a central town of Somersetshire. Thither Fairfax hastened, attacked the royalists in that post, beat them from it, killed 300, and took 1400 prisoners. Goring fell back upon Bridgewater, which capitulated on the 22d, but not till the outer town had been stormed. Bath fell on the 30th, and Sherborne Castle on the 15th of August. Bristol was now the last hope of the royal cause in the west: Prince Rupert was the governor, and whatever forces the shattered fortunes of royalty could raise, were at his discretion. He boasted that he would hold it at least four months, if there were no mutiny. It was well victualled and well fortified. There was abundant time to repair all deficiencies, for Fairfax, who seems to have been cautious of leaving hostile garrisons in his rear, did not sit down before Bristol till the 22d of August. The King, who relied much upon contingencies, hoped that before Bristol was subdued something would fall out in his favour. But the defence of a town was the worst service in which

Rupert could possibly have been engaged; for it requires the utmost patience, the strictest discipline, the greatest endurance of privation. No sooner had the besiegers carried the outer lines by storm, than he capitulated, rather, it may be supposed, in ill humour, than in fear, sick of the tediousness and confinement of his duty, on the 10th of September.

The anger and disappointment of the King on this hasty abandonment of the best strength of his declining cause, are forcibly and feelingly expressed by the King in his letter to his headstrong and fickle nephew, dated from Hereford, 14th September, 1645. As there is a great deal of *heart* in it, we shall give it for the benefit of those who ignorantly imagine that kings have no hearts:—

"NEPHEW,—Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me; for what is to be done, after one that is so near me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action. I give it the easiest term; such—I have so much to say that I will say no more, only, lest rashness of judgment be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the twelfth of August, whereby you assured me, that if no mutiny happened, you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now I confess to little purpose. My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence until it shall please God to determine my condition, somewhere beyond sea, to which end I send you herewith a pass, and I pray God to make you sensible of your condition, and give you the means

to redeem what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory, than in a just occasion to assure you of my being your loving uncle, and most faithful friend, C. R."

It is obvious enough from this letter, that Charles suspected either treachery or pique in the surrender of Bristol. But there is no just ground for accusing Rupert of dishonest tampering with the enemy. Charles had only himself to blame for trusting so important a post to one whose imprudence and ungovernable temper had already injured his cause so deeply, and who had not the least experience in the kind of duty he undertook so confidently. But we can hardly suppose Rupert to have been cajoled by the plausible terms in which Fairfax addressed his first summons. If they then expressed Sir Thomas's own sentiments, he must have been strangely blind to what was doing even in his own camp.—"SIR, the crown of England *is* and *will be* where it ought to be; we fight to maintain it there. But the King, misled by evil counsellors, or through a seduced heart, hath left his Parliament, under God, the best assurance of his crown and family: the maintaining of this schism is the ground of this unhappy war on your part, and what sad effects it hath produced in the three kingdoms is visible to all men. To maintain the rights of the crown and kingdom jointly; a principal part whereof is, that the King, in supreme acts, is not to be advised by men of whom the law takes no notice, but by his Parliament, the great counsel of the kingdom, in whom (as much as man is capable of) he hears all his people as it were at once advising him, and in which multitude of counsellors lies his safety and his people's interest; and to see him right in this hath been the constant and faithful endeavour of the

Parliament. And to bring those wicked instruments to justice that have misled him is a principal ground of our fighting." The vindictive spirit of this last sentence nullifies the favourable impression of the constitutional notions contained in the former passages, which, though they do not historically describe what the English constitution had been, point out clearly what it ought to be. The Parliament, in their legislative quality of guardians of the constitution, were in duty bound to insist on whatever was requisite for its utmost practicable perfection, according to the wants and capacities of the time being, without tying themselves to the measure of times past. Truly absurd, *pace tanti viri*, is the argument of Hume, that, because the English were content under the semi-despotism of Elizabeth, they might very well have rested under the milder rule of Charles I. As plausibly might it be asserted, that the adult youth ought not to repine at being denied a steed, and should be thankful if he is allowed a donkey, because, while he was in petticoats, he was particularly proud of a rocking-horse. But then every advance in freedom should be accompanied with an *amnesty;* at least no man should be called to account for infringement of popular rights which have not been achieved, realised, chartered, and made law. For there is, or certainly there should be, no such thing as a political crime, which is not a demonstrable breach of a positive existing law. But independent of these considerations, the eagerness to search out and punish delinquents, whether it proceeds from malice or cowardice; whether the pretext be retribution or security; whether it exist in a "high court of justice," or a committee of public safety, is alike inconsistent with the true idea and sincere love of liberty: for it always implies or induces a lawless lust of power,

and where that is there can be no liberty. He that would not have all men as free as they are capable of being, does not deserve, and therefore cannot enjoy, freedom himself. But we are digressing too far.

It were little interesting to detail the several military expeditions in which our subject was engaged between the surrender of Bristol and the final reduction of the kingdom. As little remained to do, but to subdue the scattered garrisons which held fast their integrity in spite of despair, several of which were private mansions, in which old age and womanhood endured all extremities of famine and toil, and sleepless peril, for a King who could neither reward fidelity nor punish desertion, it would perhaps conduce more to the honour of Fairfax, to say where he was not concerned, than where he was. It is agreeable, therefore, to record that he had no share in the atrocious massacre of the garrison of Basing-house; a gallant few, who with slight succours from head-quarters at Oxford, maintained the ancient hall of the Marquis of Winchester for more than two years, (from August 1643, to October 1665.) This bloody execution was done by Cromwell's troops alone, but it is very uncertain whether Oliver himself could have stopped it, had he been so minded; for the garrison were for the most part, like the Marquis, tainted with the inexpiable sin of *Popery*, and to spare them, would have been as the rebellion of Saul. The habit of blood-shed, however acquired, must corrupt and harden the heart; but we do not ascribe, to the military saints of Cromwell, any natural cruelty; we even believe that their consciences often reproached them with lenity, and that they were always as humane as their religion allowed them to be. We are happy who live in times when religion, under all diversities of form and doctrine,

is the law of gentleness and love ;* and scarcely can credit, when we read of zealous religionists, men of prayer and fasting, who searched the Scripture for precedents of slaughter, said grace as devoutly before cutting a throat as before carving a fowl, and dreamed that the times were at hand when the meek shall inherit the earth, never doubting that themselves were of the number. Strange it is, that when they opened their bibles, (as was their custom,) to determine their conduct by the first text that struck their eyes, they never stumbled on those words of the Saviour, "*Ye know not of what spirit ye are.*"

In these woeful aberrations Fairfax had little part. He continued to the end, as he began, a solemn sturdy Presbyterian, too dull for enthusiasm, too sober-minded for fanaticism, too unimaginative to perceive the beauty of the established worship, and too proud to submit his private judgment to tradition.

After the taking of Bristol, Fairfax and Cromwell divided their forces. Cromwell marched towards the east. Fairfax hastened to complete the subjugation of the west. After possessing himself of some minor posts, he commenced the blockade of Exeter, towards the end of October. That loyal city held out with great determination for several months, during which he took Dartmouth by storm on the 18th January, 1646, and defeated Lord Hopton, at Torrington, on the 16th February. On the 24th February, the Parliament voted 50,000*l.* for his army, out of the excise. He pursued Lord Hopton into Cornwall, and after taking Mount Edgcombe and Fowey, so completely hemmed him round in Truro, that he was fain to capitulate on terms which, to Fairfax's honour, were far from severe : to wit, that all soldiers,

* O utinam !—It may be queried whether this sentence written in 1833 could be countersigned in 1851.—*D. C.*

whether English or foreign, should have liberty, on delivering up their arms and horses, either to go over seas, or return to their homes in England, only engaging not to serve against the Parliament; that officers and gentlemen of quality should be allowed to depart with horses for themselves and one servant, or more, according to their rank, and arms befitting a gentleman; that troopers and inferior horse officers, on delivering up their arms and horses, should receive twenty shillings to carry them home; and that English gentlemen, of considerable estate, should have the general's pass and recommendation to the Parliament for moderate composition.

Before the signing of the treaty, the Lord Hopton, with Arthur Lord Capel, the Prince of Wales, Sir Edward Hyde (afterwards Earl of Clarendon), and other royalists of distinction, passed over to Scilly, and thence to Jersey. Exeter surrendered on articles, April 13th.

The west being thus clear of an enemy, Fairfax hastened to besiege Oxford. Before he lay down before that city, the King had withdrawn thence in disguise, and having now no place of strength to retire to, and no army a-foot,* and the Parliament refusing all offers of accommodation, he took the resolution of casting himself on the generosity of the Scotch army, whose head quarters were then at Newark. This was a singularly unfortunate step. Had he negotiated with the English army, while

* The last force that took the field in the King's favour, commanded by Lord Astley, and consisting of 3000, were defeated at Stowe on the 22nd of March, by Colonel Morgan, and thus all hopes of relieving or strengthening the King at Oxford, were frustrated. Astley, when the affair was over, said to his captors: "You have done your work, and may go play, unless you choose to fall out among yourselves."

Fairfax retained his influence in it, he would probably have met at least with more sincerity. The siege of Oxford commenced on the 1st of May, and it capitulated on the 24th of July; happy, under its hapless destiny, in falling into the hands of Fairfax, whose honourable regard to learning and learned men should never be forgotten by those who would judge most unfavourably of his public conduct. The consideration with which he treated the University, exposed him to the bitter censure of the "Root and Branch Men;" but it has procured him a good word from that truly quaint and honest antiquary, Anthony-a-Wood, one of the many glories of Merton College, who was little enough inclined to praise King Charles's enemies. Yet he testifies to the good conduct and discipline of Fairfax's soldiers, and to the general's care of the Bodleian library, which, he confesses, had suffered much more from the King's garrison, than it did from the Roundheads. Fairfax showed his affection for that inestimable treasure by bequeathing to it the voluminous MSS. of Roger Dodsworth, amounting to 122 volumes, all in Roger's own writing, besides original MSS. which he had obtained from several hands, making altogether 162 folios.

The next important engagement in which our general was concerned was the taking of Ragland castle, the seat and fortress of the Marquis of Worcester. This mansion, wherein the King had found refuge for some time after the battle of Naseby, and where, according to one account, the old Marquis made a strong effort to convert him to the Catholic faith, had been beset early in the spring, by a portion of Fairfax's army, under Morgan. It was gallantly, though hopelessly, defended; but when Fairfax approached in person, the Marquis rightly thought it was better to surrender to him than another.

Honourable terms were obtained for the garrison, but the aged Marquis, then in his 84th year, was treated by the Parliament, (probably on account of his religion,) with a most disgraceful rigour, to which we hope Fairfax was nowise accessory. As the influence of Cromwell and the Independent party increased in the army, that of Fairfax and the Parliament declined. In the personal violence inflicted on the King, Fairfax had no actual share; but he was employed by the Parliament to convey to the Scotch army the price of the King's blood. In the course of his northward march, on the 15th of February, 1647, he met the King, then a captive in the charge of Parliamentary Commissioners, just beyond Nottingham, and his Majesty stopping his horse, Sir Thomas alighted and kissed his hand; and afterwards mounted and discoursed with him as they rode along.

The Parliament were beginning to find that they had raised an army to overawe themselves, and took measures for disbanding the supernumeraries. On the 5th of March, after a long and stormy debate, Fairfax was voted general of the forces that were to be continued. On the 12th of the same month he came to Cambridge, where the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him. The Latin speech made on these occasions, generally contains a summary of merits, similar to that in a Peer's patent of creation. We hope the orator who presented Fairfax did not forget Roger Dodsworth and the Bodleian.

As the self-denying ordinance had no prospective operation, Sir Thomas Fairfax was, about this time, elected member for Cirencester: probably with a view of being a mediator between the Parliament and the army. But he had no talents for intrigue,

and quickly found that the soldiers, who as long as there was an enemy in the field, had preserved the strictest discipline, now began to imitate their superiors in rebellion. And indeed it was little to be expected, that men, long accustomed to blood and plunder, who had moreover the conceit that they were the elect and the salt of the earth, and many of whom had risen from the lowest grades of society to high offices, would return to their ploughs and looms, and live peaceably under an authority as illegal as that they were themselves determined to assume. Cromwell had done his work; he was particularly formidable to the Presbyterians, and he had exhibited symptoms of a disposition to close with the King. The Parliament wished to send him to Ireland, but it did not suit his purposes to go thither. The council of agitators, a sort of political union among the soldiers, arose, and Fairfax found that he was no more master. He saw through their designs, he deliberated on laying down his commission, but he was persuaded to retain it, for his name had still great weight with all parties. In political matters, however, he never had much judgment of his own, and for a time suffered himself to be an active instrument of the military democracy, which the people looked upon as the bulwark of liberty; and it may be said with truth, that however violent the acts of the army, their principles were more liberal, more tolerant, and more consistent than those of the assembly at St. Stephen's. To be short, Fairfax seems to have concurred in all the measures of the army, till the seizing of the King's person by Cornet Joyce, on the 3rd of June. At this, according to his own account, in his memorials, he "immediately sent two regiments, commanded by Colonel Whaley, to set all things again in their *due course and order.*"

Whaley overtook the King on his way towards Cambridge, and signified that the general (Fairfax) was much troubled at those insolencies which were committed by the soldiers about his Majesty's person, "and as he had not the least knowledge of them before they were done, so he had omitted no time in seeking to remove that force," which Whaley had orders to see done, and therefore he desired his Majesty to return to Holmby, where all should be settled on its former footing. But Charles, either thinking any change for the better, or deluded with an opinion that the army were really in his favour, would not comply with this request. Fairfax waited on him at Sir John Cutt's house, near Cambridge, but could not obtain his confidence, nor persuade him to return to Holmby. He also made an ineffectual attempt to call a council of war, to proceed against Joyce, whose proceedings no one would either own or disavow. This difference did not immediately dissolve Sir Thomas's connection with the mutinous army. He joined in the march to St. Alban's, and on the 15th of June, was a party to a charge against eleven of the members of the House of Commons, among whom were Denzil Hollis, Sir John Clotworthy, and Sir William Waller, the heads of the Presbyterian party. When the army were encamped on Hounslow Heath, he received the Earl of Manchester, and Lenthal, the Speakers of the two Houses, who with sixty-six members thought proper, under pretence of personal danger, to put themselves under the protection of the military, which was perhaps preferable to the tyranny of the London apprentices, by whose riotous interference the Parliament was now controlled. On the 6th of August, he entered London, in defiance of the Parliament's order that the army should not approach them within fifteen

miles, replaced the Speakers in their seats, and voted for the expulsion of the eleven accused. Perfect order was preserved, and private property respected. In all these acts he persuaded himself that he performed the part of one "who was no enemy to monarchy and civil government:" he never departed from the outward respect due to the *presence* of Majesty. Even while an army, nominally under his command, was dragging the King's person along with them in all their movements, he declared in his letters to the Parliament, in behalf of himself and his officers, "that they conceived that to avoid all harshnesses, and afford all kindnesses, to his Majesty, consistent with the peace and safety of the Kingdom, is the most christian, honourable and prudent way; and that tender, moderate, and equitable dealing towards his Majesty, his family, and party, is the most hopeful course, to take away the seeds of war and feuds amongst us and our posterity, and to procure a lasting peace." Is it credible, that Fairfax still believed that any remnant of monarchical power could be retained without a counter-revolution? It is commonly said, that he was at this time the tool of Cromwell. The truth rather seems to be, that both he and Cromwell were equally hurried along by the despotism of Fate, working in the wild humours of the army.

When the King fled from Hampton Court, and, for no assignable reason, put himself into the hands of Hammond, governor of Carisbrook Castle, some show of negociation took place between him and the Parliament, which, of course, proving abortive, a vote was passed, at the nod of the army, that no more addresses be made to the King, nor any letters or addresses sent to him, and that it should be treason for any one, without the leave of the two Houses, to have

any intercourse with him. The army, with Fairfax's concurrence, went a step beyond this, not only agreeing to the resolution, but resolving to stand by the Parliament in whatever further should be necessary for settling and securing the Parliament and kingdom, *without* the King, and against him. Thus, "though Fairfax wished nothing that Cromwell did, he contributed to bring it all to pass."

On the 13th of March, 1648, Ferdinando Lord Fairfax dying at York, Sir Thomas succeeded to all his estates and titles, and was appointed Governor of Pontefract Castle, and Custos Rotulorum in his room.

A reaction was now commencing in the nation, and the royalists attempted several risings, which served no purpose but to ensure their own destruction, and precipitate their master's doom. In suppressing these insurrections, Lord Fairfax exerted his customary skill and valour. On the 9th of April he quelled a riot of the London apprentices, who had declared for God and King Charles. He sent powerful reinforcements to subdue the troops revolted in Wales under Langhorne, Poyer, and Powell. A rash enterprise had been undertaken in Essex and Kent, without much concert, by Goring Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, and others. It was against these that Lord Fairfax performed his last important military services. He had been commanded to march to the north, where an invasion from Scotland, under Hamilton, was daily apprehended, and where Carlisle and Berwick were once more in the hands of the royalists. But before he was many days on his route, he received counter orders to march into Kent, to oppose Goring, and his sometime fellow-commander Sir William Waller.

Though severely indisposed by the gout, he displayed his usual vigour and courage, with his usual

success, and defeated a considerable body of insurgents at Maidstone, on the 2nd of June. Though requested not to expose his own person, he mounted with his gouty foot wrapped up, and led on the men to the very brunt of the action. Such of the royalists as escaped passed over the river, and being joined by several companies under Capel and Lucas, shut themselves up in Colchester on the 12th of June. Fairfax came to the same place on the 13th of that month, attempted vainly to storm it, and then commenced a blockade, which continued for eleven weeks. The royalists were reduced to great extremities of hunger, and for five weeks fed upon horse flesh; all their endeavours to set on foot a general treaty being, as might be expected, ineffectual. To their proposals of this nature Fairfax answered, "that such a treaty, and for such a peace, was not the proper work of himself, or the army's, but theirs that had employed him, and the best terms that he would grant, were, that the common soldiers, if they laid down their arms within twenty hours, should have free leave to depart to their homes, and the officers passes, to go beyond sea." It would have been well for Fairfax's reputation if these terms had been accepted; for the brave perseverance of the loyal handful exasperated him to severities, which remain a lasting blemish to his name. Colchester surrendered on the 28th of August. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were dishonourably butchered for *example's sake*, for which cruelty his memorials give no better excuse than that they were soldiers of fortune, which was not true, and if it had been, could not extenuate the cold-blooded execution of brave gentlemen, who had not violated the laws of war. Lucas was first shot; Lisle went up and embraced the body, and then presented himself to

the executioners. Perhaps apprehensive of being mangled, he bade the soldiers approach nearer: one of them replied, "I warrant, Sir, we'll hit you;" to which he rejoined, "Friends, I have been nearer to you when you have missed me." This execution over, Fairfax went to the Town-hall, where the rest of the prisoners were confined, and addressing himself to the Earl of Norwich and the Lord Capel, told them, "that having done that which military justice required, all the lives of the rest were safe, and that they should be well treated, and disposed of as the Parliament should direct. But the Lord Capel had not so soon digested this so late barbarous proceeding as to receive those who caused it with such return as his condition might have prompted to him, but said that they should do well to finish their work, and execute the same rigour to the rest; upon which there were two or three such sharp and bitter replies between him and Ireton as cost him his life in a few months after." *

When a bill of attainder against Lord Capel was brought into the House of Commons, he pleaded that Fairfax had not only promised him his life, but had expressly acknowledged that promise in a letter to the House. Lord Fairfax was called on to explain his meaning in that letter. He had then the chance at least of saving a brave man's life, but he merely said, "that his promise did not extend to any other but the military power, and that the prisoners were, notwithstanding, liable to trial and judgment by the civil power." A very similar case, our readers will recollect, occurred after the battle of Waterloo.

We have anticipated the order of time a little, to bring all the transactions connected with the surrender of Colchester under one point of view, for

* Clarendon.

the attainder of Capel did not take place till after the execution of Charles. Fairfax, having reduced Colchester, and laid a heavy fine of 12,000*l.* on the inhabitants, who seem to have been passive in the whole business, to excuse them from being plundered, he made a sort of triumphant progress through Ipswich, Yarmouth, St. Edmundsbury,—for what purpose does not appear. He returned to London in December. Some degree of mystery hangs about his participation in that violent measure called "Pride's Purge," when all the members known to be hostile to the abolition of monarchy were excluded by soldiers placed for the purpose, and only the most decisive Independents permitted to enter the House. While Whitelock asserts expressly that it was done by special order from the Lord General, (Fairfax,) and the council of the army; he declares, no less positively, that he had not the least intimation of it till it was done, and appeals to several members, with whom he was at that very time discoursing, for the truth of his asseveration, which is also affirmed by Clarendon. The probability is, that he had never been told what was on foot, that he had never been consulted about it, that he did not *choose* to know it; but that it was anything more than he expected is absolutely incredible, except on the supposition that he was the most gullible of mankind.

When the "High Court of Justice," was formed, his name was placed first on the list of judges, but he declined to act as such. There was a great deal of irresolution, not to say prevarication, in his proceedings on this occasion. His lady showed a far maulier spirit. When the regicide court first assembled, and the crier, calling over the names of the judges, came to "Thomas Lord Fairfax,"—no answer. A second time the summons was uttered—"Thomas Lord

Fairfax." A voice from the crowd replied,—"he has more wit than to be here." A moment's pause:—some one asked who spake, but there was no reply. The court resumed. When the impeachment was read, running in the name of "all the good people of England," the same voice exclaimed, "No, nor the hundredth part of them." Axtel, the officer, commanded the soldiers to fire at the box from whence the voice proceeded. The guns were levelled, when it was perceived that it was the Lady Fairfax that spake so boldly.

If we are to believe Anthony Wood, Fairfax had resolved to prevent the execution of the King at the head of his own regiment, but was duped by Cromwell, who directed him "to seek the Lord," and that he was actually "seeking the Lord," in Harrison's apartments at Whitehall, while the bloody deed was doing. But this is utterly incredible, and needs no refutation. He certainly had no active participation in the King's death: but so perfectly supine was he during the whole transaction, that his neutrality is rather to be ascribed to some private scruple than to any clear perception of the iniquity of the deed. Wood, to make the story still more wonderful, adds, that "when his Majesty was beheaded, and his corpse thereupon immediately coffined, and covered with a black velvet pall, Bishop Juxon, who attended him on the scaffold, and Thomas Herbert, the only groom of the chamber that was then left, did go with the said corpse to the back stairs, to have it embalmed; and Mr. Herbert, after the body had been deposited, met with the General Fairfax, who asked him How the King did? whereupon, Herbert looking very strangely upon him, told him that the King was beheaded, at which he *seemed very much surprised*." We will not—we do not—believe

that Lord Fairfax was guilty of such unfeeling hypocrisy, such despicable affectation. But he lived in an age when scarcely any man dealt fairly with his own conscience. Certain it is, that he did not immediately break off his connexion with the regicide party, who were indeed now become the de facto government, and as such, perhaps, entitled to obedience, but not to co-operation, from those who condemned the steps whereby they had risen. On the 15th of February, just fifteen days after the King's death, he was nominated one of the new council of state; and though he refused to subscribe the test appointed by the Parliament for approving all that had been done respecting the King, and kingly power, he was, on the 31st of March, voted General-in-Chief of all the forces in England and Ireland.

In May he made an excursion into Oxfordshire, where he put down the Levellers, who were growing very troublesome, and was made a Doctor of Laws, —a whimsical custom of the Universities to invest with academical dignities the men of the sword. He continued his tour southward, and inspected various forts, &c., in the Isle of Wight, Southampton, and Portsmouth; and near Guildfold had a rendezvous of the army, whom he exhorted to obedience. He must have had some difficulty in determining whom, under existing circumstances, they ought to obey.

On the 4th of June, he and other officers dined with the City of London, who testified their gratitude by a present of a large and weighty bason and ewer of beaten gold. The wildest levellers are not ignorant of the *negotiable* value of rank. The most abandoned acknowledge the moral influence of character, and the most passionate enthusiasts (if they are not physically mad) think it well to have some common sense in their service; just as the most

devoted Bacchanalians insist upon their servants keeping sober enough to carry them home, and see them to bed. No wonder, then, that the new republic were anxious to keep Lord Fairfax, who was almost the only man who brought title, property, character, and a cool brain into their councils. Perhaps, too, they hoped to make him a *set-off* against Cromwell. But he was weary, disappointed, no longer young: his wife, who had shared his perils and promoted his efforts while she imagined that he was fighting for the establishment of a Christian church, and an effective Christian discipline, was vexed in spirit to see him led about at pleasure by *sectaries*, who agreed with her in nothing but a hatred of prelates and surplices. Her pride, if not his own, forbade him to be General of troops whom he could not restrain; and therefore, having found out at last, that he had no power for good, and no inclination to further evil, he resigned his commission in June, 1650, when the Scots declared for King Charles II. The Presbyterians then hoped that the re-establishment of monarchy would bring about the establishment of their church, but Fairfax prudently declined either to oppose or assist the enterprise. He resigned his office on the 26th of June; the government gave him a pension of 5000*l.* a year, and he retired to his seat at Nun-Appleton, in Yorkshire. From that time we hear nothing of him (except that he always prayed for the restoration of the royal family), till after the death of Cromwell. When Monk appeared in the field to deliver the Parliament (which then resumed its functions) from Lambert and his soldiers, Lord Fairfax once more took the field; the Yorkshire gentry gladly obeyed his summons; on the 3rd of December, 1659, he appeared at the head of a body of gentlemen, his friends and neighbours. His name

and reputation induced the Irish brigade, of 1000 horse, to join him, which gave Monk a decided advantage. He took possession of York on the 1st of January, 1660. On the 29th of March, he was elected one of the knights of the shire for the county of York, in the short healing Parliament he gave his glad consent to the restoration of the monarchy, which he had so great a hand in destroying, and was at the head of the committee appointed to wait on the King at the Hague. Charles received him with his accustomed graciousness, and, it is said, that in a private interview, he asked pardon for all past offences. From this time to his death, he lived at his country seat in great privacy, giving himself up to study and devotion, without taking any part whatever in public affairs. The most remarkable action that has been recorded of his last eleven years, was his presenting to King Charles a copy of verses, of his own composition, *to* or *about* the horse on which his Majesty rode to his coronation, which horse was of his own stud, and given by him to the placable monarch, as a peace-offering. We regret that we cannot give the verses entire. Lord Fairfax died on the 12th of November, 1671, in the 60th year of his age, and is buried in the aisle adjoining to the south side of the chancel of Bilburgh Church, near York. He left no male issue. He was after his kind, a poet, or at least a versifier of Scripture. In Mr. Thorseby's Museum are his MS. versions of the Psalms, Canticles, and other portions of the Bible. He was, upon the whole, a very honest man.*

* From the observations of S. T. C. on this interesting life, which is written with characteristic moderation and good sense, it appears that while the father takes higher grounds than the son in the Church questions, then as now

under discussion, he is nevertheless a much stronger, or at least sterner, parliamentarian. This is significant. It shows first that the Church principles, to which the former attached so much importance, were not those of Laud, or Montague, or of the Caroline divines in general; and secondly, that in his political tenets he was more persistent, and consistent, than has sometimes been taken for granted.—*D. C.*

JAMES, EARL OF DERBY.

"SANS CHANGER."

SUCH is the motto of the noble house of Stanley, and well was it fulfilled in the steadfast loyalty of this brave man, and his heroic spouse. Their story, as far as it has been recorded, is but short, and we shall tell it simply; singling their acts and sufferings from the chaos of contemporary occurrences, and relating them, by themselves, "unmixt with baser matter."

James, seventh Earl of Derby, was the eldest son of William, the sixth Earl, by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and of Anne, daughter of the "great Lord Burleigh." Neither Collins, nor Lodge, mention the date of his birth, nor the place of his education, but there can be no doubt that he was instructed in all such polite and liberal learning as was supposed, in that age, to become his rank. Hardly a record remains of his youth and early manhood, except that he was one of the many Knights of the Bath appointed at the coronation of Charles I., and that he was summoned to Parliament on the 13th of February, 1628, by the title of Lord Strange. Calling the eldest sons of Peers to the Upper House, during their father's life time, was not unfrequent during the reigns of the first Stuarts. We hear nothing of his travels,

though it is not probable that he omitted what was then, as now, esteemed essential to the accomplishing a complete gentleman, especially as his wife, to whom he was early united, was a French lady, related to the blood royal of France. This famous woman was Charlotte de la Tremouille, daughter of Claude, Duke of Thouars. She may, however, have come over in the train of the beautiful and unfortunate Henrietta.

Derby was no frequenter of the court. He lived among his tenants, dividing his time between his English estates and his little kingdom of Man, which he was anxious to improve and civilise. But peaceful years and charitable deeds make little show in the memorial page, and Derby owes his place in history, not to the virtues which sprang out of his own good will and choice, but to those which were elicited from him, like fire from flints, by the blows of fortune. Scarcely had his father's death put him in possession of his ample domains, when the approach of civil war obliged him to exchange the garb of mourning for a coat of mail, and the kind superintendence of a good landlord over his paternal dependants, for the duties of a military commander.

When King Charles retired to York in the beginning of 1642, Derby was one of the first nobles who joined him. He was almost immediately despatched back into Lancashire to array the military force in that county, of which he was Lord Lieutenant, for the King's service. It was the original intention of Charles to hoist his standard at Warrington; a situation which would have rendered Lord Derby's powers in the highest degree available: but through the weak or selfish suggestions of certain in the council, he was induced to set up the signal of war at Nottingham. This was a great disappointment to Derby, who actually mustered 60,000 men on the

three heaths of Preston, Ormskirk, and Bury, and was proceeding to use the same efforts in Cheshire, and North-Wales, where also he was Lord-Lieutenant, when a special letter from his Majesty required his presence at head-quarters, with such troops as he could equip directly. The Lancashire men, thinking themselves slighted, or like all irregular forces, intolerant of delay, went sulkily home, or joined the opposite party, to which they were of considerable aid in seizing Manchester. But the Earl, though mortified, was not changed; from his personal friends, and his tenantry, he raised three regiments of foot, and as many troops of horse, which he clothed and armed at his own cost. With these he waited on the King at Shrewsbury. He was straightway ordered back, with orders to attempt to surprise Manchester. He returned, hastened his preparations, fixed the very hour and mode of the assault, when the very night before the enterprise was to have been executed, he received counter-orders to repair to the King immediately. He obeyed, and was rewarded by having his trusty powers taken from him, and placed at the disposal of others, while he was once more remanded into Lancashire to raise fresh men as he could. Treatment like this, and a course of management enough to ruin any cause, would have made many a man retire in disgust, if not actually change. But

> Loyalty is still the same
> Whether it lose or win the game,
> True as the dial to the sun
> Although it be not shone upon.

Derby's loyalty was of that exalted, pure, and simple character, which was ready to suffer all things not only *for* the King, but *from* the King. Though

the royal interest in Lancashire was sunk very low, he had influence to raise a force sufficient to storm Lancaster and Preston, in which undertakings he shared and more than shared the utmost personal dangers, and was preparing for an attack on Manchester, when this new levy was called away to the main army; and nothing was left for him to do but to fortify his mansion at Lathom, and hold it out till better times. But before he had put the last hand to his work of restoring his home to the martial condition for which in former centuries all baronial residences were designed, he received intelligence that the King's enemies and his were planning an invasion of his little sovereignty of Man. To save this island which might serve for a retreat should the King come to the worst, he determined to sail thither in person, and to intrust his lady with the completion and command of the half-finished works at Lathom. The place had great capabilities of defence: little was wanting to make it tenable against a considerable force. The Earl placed a few soldiers within the walls, with what arms and ammunition he could collect or spare. And so, leaving perforce his wife and children to the perils of a siege, he hastily departed. He was just arrived in the isle, when the Countess received certain information that she was to be attacked in her own house. No time was lost. The ancient fabric was fortified to the best of known art and present means. The little garrison was strengthened by such recruits from the middling and lower classes of neighbouring people, as gratitude made trustworthy; and these were admitted singly, or in small parties. Beloved as the Countess and her husband were, she had less difficulty in procuring stores and provisions than generally beset the defenders of royalty. Out of the troops left by the

Earl, the recruits from the neighbourhood, and the family servants, she formed six divisions, called regiments, at the head of which she placed so many country gentlemen, and gave the chief command to Captain Farmer, a Scot, and an old Low-country soldier, afterwards slain at Marston Moor. With such secrecy were these arrangements made, that the enemy approached within two miles of Lathom before they were aware that they would be resisted.

On the 28th February, 1644, Fairfax and his men arrived, and sent a trumpet to desire a conference with the Countess, to which she agreed; and in order to impress the foe with a notion of her power, "she placed her inefficient and unarmed men on the walls and tops of towers, and marshalled all her soldiers in good order, with their respective officers, from the main guard in the first court to the great hall, in which she calmly awaited the visit of the adverse leader. There is no need to say that the meeting was ceremonious, for where no kindness is, there must be ceremony, or there will be no courtesy; and Fairfax, whether patriot or rebel, was still a gentleman. He offered the Countess a safe and honourable removal, with her children, retinue, and effects, military stores excepted, to the family seat, at Knowsley Park, where she might reside without molestation, with the moiety of the Earl's estate for her support. She answered that she "was under a double trust—of faith to her husband, and allegiance to her Sovereign," and desired to have a month to consider. This being refused, she told the general that "She hoped then he would excuse her if she preserved her honour and obedience, though perhaps to her own ruin."

It was now matter of hesitation with the assailants whether to proceed by storm or blockade. By a

stratagem of one of the Earl's chaplains, who persuaded the rebels that there were only fourteen days provision in the house, the latter method was determined on. After a fortnight, Fairfax sent formally to demand a surrender. The Countess replied that, "She had not yet forgotten what she owed to the Church, to her Prince, and to her Lord, and that till she lost her honour or her life, she would still defend that place." The besiegers then begun regularly to form their trenches. On the 24th of March, the Heroine ordered a sally of 200 men, who slew 60 of the enemy, with a loss of only two lives. Fourteen weeks past before the besiegers could complete their lines, so constantly were they interrupted by the sallies of the besieged. But when this was done, they approached nearer and nearer to the moat, and succeeded in erecting a strong battery, with a mortar of large calibre, from which a shell was thrown that fell into the room where the Countess and her children were at dinner. Providentially it exploded harmless, and the noble woman, whose courage rose, not quailed, at danger, bid her faithful soldiers issue forth, with a voice that might have shamed a coward to heroism. Sword in hand, they drove the rebels from their battery, spiked the guns, or tumbled them into the moat, and bore off triumphantly the mortar into the house, on the very 29th of April, appointed by the enemy for a general assault, in which it was resolved to give no quarter. Some days passed before the works could be repaired.—The pioneers and engineers had no quiet in their labours; and when it was done, the unconquerable band sallied forth again, dispersed the men, slew a hundred, and spiked the cannon, with the loss of only three men. We are at a loss to account for such disgraces of men, certainly not cowards, whatever else they might be,

unless it were that such more than manly daring in a high-born and delicate female, appeared to minds unacquainted with the inner might of magnanimity, which is of no sex, but purest in the pure, and fairest in the fair, like a supernatural visitation. The noble lady was still present in the most perilous adventures, that none might seek a safety which she scorned. She stood among the smoke, and fire, and bullets, as if she bore a "charmed life." But the sole enchantment that she used was prayer and thanksgiving, her only spells were conjugal affection and dauntless loyalty.

Three months had the siege continued: the besiegers had left 2000 men under the walls of a single dwelling. Fairfax, who had not commanded in person, suspected mismanagement, and sent Colonel Rigby to supersede the officer who had hitherto conducted the operations. The Colonel had a private pique against Derby, which manifested itself in the affronting terms wherein he couched his summons to surrender. Though the garrison was now in great straits for ammunition, their corn spent, and their horses nearly all killed for food; yet did Charlotte of Tremouille, with her own voice, reply to the insulter, "Trumpet, go tell that insolent rebel, Rigby, that if he presume to send another summons within this place, I will have the messenger hanged up at the gates." How much longer she could have maintained this lofty port, or kept a starving garrison in order, was not put to the trial; for even then the royal banners were gleaming in the distance; and the cloud of dim dust, seen afar from the battlements of Lathom, announced that deliverance was nigh. The Earl, having put his insular territories in a state of defence, hastened back to the aid of his Countess, and arrived at the critical

moment when Rupert was unsuccessfully endeavouring to recover Bolton-le-Moors, a town in the midst of Derby's patrimony. In the Prince's host were some companies of Derby's own men, who had been so strangely taken from under his command at the commencement of the war. No sooner did these honest yeomen recognise their hereditary chief, than they joyfully ranged themselves at his orders. In half an hour Bolton was the King's, and Derby was the first man that entered it. This done, the whole force of Rupert marched towards Lathom, with intent to engage the enemy, but before they were well in sight, Rigby broke up the siege without a blow, May 27, 1644.

The Earl and his Countess now returned together to the Isle of Man, leaving to a subordinate officer the charge of Lathom House. We shall not relate in detail how the siege was renewed after the battle of Marston Moor, nor how, after a long and gallant defence, it was surrendered at the express desire of the King, who would not have loyal blood wasted in hopeless obstinacy. For Derby and his consort, the following years were years, not of peace, but of comparative inaction. Cooped up in their diminutive kingdom, where they were honoured as patriarchal princes, they bade defiance to the fleets, the threats, and the persuasions of Parliament. Even when their children, whom they had sent into England on the faith of a pass from Fairfax, were detained in captivity by the ruling powers, though repeated offers were made to restore them, with the whole of the English estates, if the Earl would give up his island, he constantly answered, that much as he valued his ancestral lands, and dearly as he loved his offspring, "he would never redeem either by disloyalty." Nor did they change their resolution even when the King,

for whom they held their rocks and little fields, was no more, and his son a wandering exile. Angry at solicitations which implied an insult to his honour, Derby returned the following reply to that fierce republican, Ireton, who had urged the old proposal with renewed earnestness :—

"I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn I return you this answer: that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me, that I should (like you) prove treacherous of my Sovereign; since you cannot be insensible to my former actings in his late Majesty's service; from which principle of loyalty I am no way departed.

"I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favours; I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction.

"Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages upon this occasion, I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.

"This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it the chiefest glory to be,

"His Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject,

"DERBY."

Castle Town, July 12, 1649.

He remained in the isle till 1651, when the younger Charles entered England at the head of a Presbyterian army, governed by Presbyterian preachers, with which it was impossible for the English Royalists cordially to co-operate. But Derby's loyalty had no reservations: his oath of allegiance contained no proviso for the case of a King bringing the *solemn league and covenant* along with him. At

the request of Charles (who sent him the order of the Garter) he left the island and landed in Lancashire, to join in as unpromising an enterprise as ever threw away good lives. His charge was to raise the county power if possible;—if not, to follow the main army (which, with the titular King, was pressing on by forced marches to Shrewsbury) with the small body of two hundred horse which were left with him for safe conduct Having sent forth trusty emissaries in all directions to announce his arrival, and call his cavaliering friends and neighbours from their retreats, two or three days after he parted with the King he fixed his quarters at Wigan, to wait the coming up of the musters. But the next morning he was unexpectedly attacked by a large body of militia and regulars under Lilburn, whom Cromwell had detached to hang upon the King's rear, and prevent the junction of stragglers. Derby's "band of brothers" were set upon in an irregular street, which enabled them to make prodigious stand against overwhelming numbers. "Three thousand veterans, practised in war's game," were barely sufficient to cut to pieces, and trample under foot, two hundred loyal English gentlemen. In this skirmish, the Earl received seven shot in his breast-plate, thirteen cuts in his beaver, and five or six wounds in his arms and shoulders, and had two horses killed under him. Yet his time was not yet come. He escaped almost singly, and found his way through Shropshire and Staffordshire, to join the King at Worcester.

Of the result of the third of September, and the subsequent wanderings and escapes of Charles, who in this land of oaks is ignorant? It was Derby that with cold and bleeding wounds led the King in secresy to St. Martin's gate, and directed him to the

concealments of White Ladies and Boscobel, where he himself had found shelter not many days before. He then made for his own country, though sick of heart, and wounded sore; but scarcely had he gained the borders of Cheshire when he was overtaken by a party under Major Edge, to whom he surrendered, under a promise of quarter. He was led prisoner to Chester. The Parliament sent down a commission to nineteen persons, selected from the military, who formed a sort of court martial, styled "A high court of Justice," in order "to try the Earl of Derby for his treason and rebellion."

> Treason never prospers. What's the reason?
> Why when it prospers none dare call it treason.

Of course the Earl was found guilty, and condemned to die, but by an unnecessary aggravation of cruelty, the execution was appointed to take place in his own town of Bolton-le-Moors, where, a few years ago, he appeared a conqueror. He was beheaded on Wednesday, the 15th of October, 1651. Two days before his death, he wrote a letter to his Countess, which we shall give entire:—

"My Dear Heart,

"I have heretofore sent you comfortable lines, but alas I have now no word of comfort, saving to our last and best refuge, which is Almighty God, to whose will we must submit; and when we consider how he hath disposed of these nations and the government thereof, we have no more to do but to lay our hands upon our mouths, judging ourselves, and acknowledging our sins, joined with others, to have been the cause of these miseries, and to call upon him with tears for mercy.

"The governor of this place, Colonel Duckenfield, is general of the forces which are now going against the

Isle of Man; and, however you might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome thing to resist, especially those that at this hour command the three nations: wherefore my advice, notwithstanding my great affection to that place, is that you would make conditions for yourself, and children, and servants, and people there, and such as came over with me, to the end you may get to some place of rest, where you may not be concerned in war, and, taking thought of your poor children, you may in some sort provide for them; then prepare yourself to come to your friends above, in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling of opinion.

"I conjure you, my dearest Heart, by all those graces that God hath given you, that you exercise your patience in this great and strange trial. If harm come to you, then I am dead indeed; and until then I shall live in you who are truly the best part of myself. When there is no such thing as I am being, then look upon yourself and my poor children; then take comfort, and God will bless you. I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you;—so great an honour to my family,—so excellent a companion to me,—so pious,—so much of all that can be said of good,—I must confess it impossible to say enough thereof. I ask God pardon with all my soul, that I have not been enough thankful for so great a benefit; and where I have done any thing at any time that might justly offend you, with joined hands I also ask your pardon. I have no more to say to you at this time, than my prayers for the Almighty's blessing to you, my dear Mall, and Ned, and Billy.—Amen, sweet Jesus!" *

* Like many of the nobility of that period, the Earl of Derby possessed literary talents. In the Desiderata Curiosa

It now behoves us to say a few words of the subsequent fate of the woman to whom this writing was addressed. After her husband's death she still held out her domain of Man, ruling it with a broken fortune, broken health, broken heart, but unbroken spirit, till those Christians to whom the Earl at his leave-taking had committed the care of his wife and children, and of the island forces, betrayed it to the government. Then was the Countess for a time a captive, and afterwards a wanderer, subsisting on such kindness as the poor can bestow on the poorer still. At the Restoration, the estates reverted to her eldest son, and she spent the short remnant of her days at Knowsley Park. It is needless to say that the adventures ascribed to her in a popular novel are purely fictitious. Her portrait, by Vandyke, by no means corresponds with the regal description of the novelist. It is the round *sonsy* visage of a good wife and mother, but neither beautiful nor impressive. She had seven children; three sons, of whom only one survived her, and four daughters. She died in 1662.

Mr. Bagaley, one of the Earl's gentlemen, who was allowed to attend him to the last, drew up a narrative of his dying hours, the manuscript whereof still remains in the family; but a large portion of it is printed in Collins's Peerage, from whence we have transcribed it:—

'Upon Monday, October 13th, 1651, my Lord procured me liberty to wait upon him, having been

may be found "The History of the Isle of Man, by James, Earl of Derby and Lord of Man, interspersed with large and excellent advices to his son; and one of the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum is a sort of historical common-place book, written with his own hand."—*Lodge.*

close prisoner ten days. He told me the night before, Mr. Slater, Colonel Duckenfield's chaplain, had been with him from the governor, to persuade his Lordship that they were confident his life was in no danger; but his Lordship told me he heard him patiently, but did not believe him; for, says he, "I was resolved not to be deceived with the vain hopes of this fading world." After we had walked a quarter of an hour, he discoursed his own commands to me, in order to my journey to the Isle of Man, as to his consent to my Lady, to deliver it on those articles his Lordship had signed: with many affectionate protestations of his honour and respect of my Lady, both for her birth, and goodness as a wife, and much tenderness of his children there.

'Then immediately came in one Lieutenant Smith, a rude fellow, and with his hat on; he told my Lord he came from Colonel Duckenfield, the governor, to tell his Lordship he must be ready for his journey to Bolton. My Lord replied, "When would you have me to go?" "To-morrow, about six in the morning," said Smith. "Well," said my Lord, "commend me to the governor, and tell him by that time I will be ready." Then Smith said, "Doth your Lordship know any friend or servant that would do the thing that your Lordship knows of? It would do well if you had a friend." My Lord replied, "What do you mean? Would you have me find one to cut off my head?" Smith said, "Yes, my Lord, if you could have a friend." My Lord said, "Nay, sir, if those men that would have my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is. I thank God, my life has not been so bad, that I should be instrumental to deprive myself of it, though he has been so merciful to me, as to be well resolved against the worst terrors of death. And for me and my servants, our ways

have been to prosecute a just war by honourable and just means, and not by these ways of blood, which to you is a trade." Then Smith went out, and called me to him, and repeated his discourse and desires to me. I only told him, my Lord had given him an answer. At my coming in again, my Lord called for pen and ink, and writ his last letter to my Lady, to my Lady Mary, and his sons, in the Isle of Man. And in the mean time, Monsieur Paul Moreau, a servant of my Lord's, went and bought all the rings he could get, and lapped them up in several papers, and writ within them, and made me superscribe them to all his children and servants. The rest of the day being Monday, he spent with my Lord Strange, my Lady Catherine, and my Lady Amelia. At night, about six, I came to him again, when the ladies were to go away; and as we were walking, and my Lord telling me he would receive the sacrament next morning, and on Wednesday morning both, in came the aforesaid Smith, and said, "My Lord, the governor desires you will be ready to go in the morning by seven o'clock." My Lord replied, "Lieutenant, pray tell the governor I shall not have occasion to go so early; by nine o'clock will serve my turn, and by that time I will be ready: if he has not earnester occasions, he may take his own time." That night I staid, and at supper my Lord was exceeding cheerful and well composed; he drank to Sir Timothy Featherstone (who was a gentleman that suffered at Chester a week after in the same cause), and said, "Sir, be of good comfort; I go willingly before you, and God hath so strengthened me, that you shall hear (by his assistance) that I shall so submit, both as a Christian and a soldier, as to be both a comfort and an example to you." Then he often remembered my Lady Mary, with my Lady his wife, and his sons,

and drank to me and all his servants, especially Andrew Broom; and said, he hoped that they that loved him would never forsake his wife and children, and he doubted not but God would be a father to them, and provide for them after his death.

'In the morning my Lord delivered to me the letters for the Island, and said, "Here, Bagaley, deliver these, with my tender affections, to my dear wife and sweet children, which shall continue, with my prayers for them, to the last minute of my life. I have instructed you as to all things for your journey. But as to that sad part of it (as to them) I can say nothing: silence and your own looks will best tell your message. The great God of Heaven direct you, and prosper and comfort them in their great affliction! Then his Lordship took leave of Sir Timothy Featherstone, much in the same words as over-night. When he came to the castle gate, Mr. Crossen and three other gentlemen, who were condemned, came out of the dungeon (at my Lord's request to the marshal) and kissed his hand, and wept to take their leave. My Lord said, "God bless and keep you; I hope my blood will satisfy for all that were with me, and you will in a short time be at liberty; but if the cruelty of these men will not end there, be of good comfort; God will strengthen you to endure to the last, as he has done me: for you shall hear I die like a Christian, a man, and a soldier, and an obedient subject to the most just and virtuous Prince this day living in the world."

'After we were out of town, the people weeping, my Lord, with an humble behaviour and noble courage, about half a mile off, took leave of them; then of my lady Catherine and Amelia, upon his knees by the coach side (alighting for that end from his horses) and there prayed for them, and saluted

them, and so parted. This was the saddest hour I ever saw, so much tenderness and affection on both sides.

'That night, Tuesday the 14th of October, 1651, we came to Leigh; but in the way thither, his Lordship, as we rode along, called me to him, and bid me, when I should come into the Isle of Man, to commend him to the archdeacon there, and tell him he well remembered the several discourses that had passed between them there, concerning death, and the manner of it; that he had often said the thoughts of death could not trouble him in fight, or with a sword in hand, but he feared it would something startle him, tamely to submit to a blow on the scaffold. "But," said his Lordship, "tell the archdeacon from me, that I do now find in myself an absolute change as to that opinion; for I bless God for it, who hath put this comfort and courage into my soul, that I can as willingly now lay down my head upon the block, as ever I did upon a pillow."

'My Lord supped a competent meal, saying "he would imitate his Saviour: a supper should be his last act in this world;" and indeed his Saviour's own supper before he came to his cross, which would be to-morrow. At night when he laid him down upon the right side, with his hand under his face, he said, "Methinks I lie like a monument in a church, and to-morrow I shall really be so."

'As soon as he rose next morning, he put on a fresh shirt, and then said, "This shall be my winding-sheet, for this was constantly my meditation in this action." "See," said he to Mr. Paul, "that it be not taken away from me, for I will be buried in it."

'Then he called to my Lord Strange to put on his order, and said, "Charles, once this day I will send

it you again by Bagaley; pray return it to my gracious Sovereign, when you shall be so happy as to see him; and say, I sent it in all humility and gratitude, as I received it, spotless, and free from any stain, according to the honourable example of my ancestors."

'Then we went to prayer, and my Lord commanded Mr. Greenhaugh to read the Decalogue, and at the end of every commandment made his confession, and then received absolution and the sacrament; after which, and prayers ended, he called for pen and ink, and wrote his last speech, also a note to Sir E. S.

'When we were ready to go, he drank a cup of beer to my Lady, and Lady Mary, and Masters, and Mr. Archdeacon, and all his friends in the island, and bid me remember him to them, and tell the archdeacon he said the old grace he always used, &c. Then he would have walked into the church, and seen Mr. Tildesley's grave, but was not permitted, nor to ride that day upon his own horse; but they put him on a little nag, saying they were fearful the people would rescue his Lordship.

'As we were going in the middle way to Bolton, the wind came easterly, which my Lord perceived, and said to me, "Bagaley, there is a great difference between you and me now, for I know where I shall rest this night, in Wigan, with the prayers and tears of that poor people, and every alteration moves you of this world, for you must leave me, to go to my wife and children in the Isle of Man, and are uncertain where you shall be; but do not leave me, if possibly you can, until you see me buried, which shall be as I have told you."

'*Some remarkable passages in my Lord's going to the scaffold, and his being upon it, with his last speech and dying words.*

'Betwixt twelve and one o'clock on Wednesday (October 15th), the Earl of Derby came to Bolton, guarded with two troops of horse and a company of foot; the people weeping and praying all the way he went, even from the castle, his prison, at Chester, to the scaffold at Bolton, where his soul was freed from the prison of his body. His Lordship being to go to a house in Bolton, near the cross, where the scaffold was raised, and passing by, he said, "This must be my cross." And so going into a chamber with some friends and servants, had time courteously allowed him by the Commander-in-Chief till three o'clock that day, the scaffold not being ready, by reason the people in the town refused to strike a nail in it, or to give them any assistance; many of them saying, that since these wars they have had many and great losses, but none like this, it being the greatest that ever befel them, that the Earl of Derby should lose his life there, and in such a manner. His Lordship, as I told you, having till three o'clock allowed him, I spent that time, with those that were with him, in praying with them, and telling them how he had lived, and how he had prepared to die; how he feared it not, and how the Lord had strengthened him and comforted him against the terrors of death; and after such like words, he desired them to pray with him again; and after that giving some good instructions to his son, the Lord Strange, he desired to be in private, where we left him with his God, where he continued upon his knees a good while in prayer. Then called for us again, telling how willing he was to die and part with this world; and

that the fear of death was never any great trouble to him never since his imprisonment, though he had still two or three soldiers with him night and day in the chamber; only the care he had of his wife and children, and the fear what would become of them, was often in his thoughts; but now he was satisfied that God would be a husband and a father to them, into whose hands he committed them; and so taking leave of his son, and blessing him, he called for the officer, and told him he was ready. At his going towards the scaffold, the people prayed and cried, and cried and prayed. His Lordship with a courteous humbleness said, "Good people, I thank you all; I beseech you pray for me to the last. The God of heaven bless you; the Son of God bless you; and God the Holy Ghost fill you with comfort." And so coming near the scaffold, he laid his hand on the ladder, saying, "I am not afraid to go up here, though I am to die there;" and so he kissed it, and went up, and walking a while upon the scaffold, settled himself at the east end of it, and made his address to the people thus, viz.:—

'"I come, and am content to die in this town, where I endeavoured to come the last time when I was in Lancashire, as to a place where I persuaded myself to be welcome, in regard the people thereof have reason to be satisfied in my love and affection to them; and that now they understand sufficiently. I am no man of blood, as some have falsely slandered me, especially in the killing of a captain in this town; whose death is declared on oath, so as the time and place now appears under the hand of a Master in Chancery, besides the several attestations of a gentleman of honour in the kingdom, who was in the fight in this town, and of others of good report, both in the town and country; and I am confident there are

some in this place who can witness my mercy and care for sparing many men's lives that day.

'"As for my crime (as some are pleased to call it) to come into this country with the King, I hope it deserves a better name; for I did it in obedience to his call, whom I hold myself obliged to obey, according to the protestation I took in Parliament in his father's time. I confess I love monarchy, and I love my master Charles, the second of that name, whom I myself proclaimed in this country to be King. The Lord bless and preserve him: I assure you he is the most goodly, virtuous, valiant, and most discreet king that I know lives this day; and I wish so much happiness to this people after my death, that he may enjoy his right, and then they cannot want their rights. I profess here in the presence of God, I always sought for peace, and I had no other reason; for I wanted neither means nor honours, nor did I seek to enlarge either. By my King's predecessors mine were raised to a high condition, it is well known to the country; and it is well known, that by his enemies I am condemned to suffer by new and unknown laws. The Lord send us our King again, and our old laws again, and the Lord send us our religion again.

'"As for that which is practised now, it has no name, and methinks there is more talk of religion than any good effects of it.

'"Truly, to me it seems I die for God, the King, and the laws, and this makes me not be ashamed of my life, nor afraid of my death."

'At which words, *The King*, and *Laws*, a trooper cried, "We have no King, and we will have no Lords." Then some sudden fear of mutiny fell among the soldiers, and his Lordship was interrupted; which some of the officers were troubled at, and his friends

much grieved, his Lordship having freedom of speech promised him. His Lordship, seeing the troopers scattered in the streets, cutting and slashing the people with their swords, said, "What's the matter, gentlemen? where's the guilt? I fly not, and here is none to pursue you?" Then his Lordship, perceiving he might not speak freely, turned himself to his servant, and gave him his paper, and commanded him to let the world know what he had to say, had he not been disturbed; which is as follows, as it was in my Lord's paper under his own hand:—

'"My sentence (upon which I am brought hither) was by a council of war, nothing in the captain's case alleged against me; which council I had reason to expect would have justified my plea for quarter, that being an ancient and honourable plea amongst soldiers, and not violated (that I know of) till this time, that I am made the first suffering precedent in this case. I wish no other to suffer in the like case.

'"Now I must die, and am ready to die, I thank my God with a good conscience, without any malice, or any ground whatever; though others would not find mercy upon me, upon just and fair grounds; so my Saviour prayed for his enemies, and so do I for mine.

'"As for my faith and my religion, thus much I have at this time to say:

'"I profess my faith to be in Jesus Christ, who died for me, from whom I look for my salvation, that is, through his only merit and sufferings. And I die a dutiful son of the Church of England, as it was established in my late master's time and reign, and is yet professed in the Isle of Man, which is no little comfort to me.

'"I thank my God for the quiet of my conscience at this time, and the assurance of those joys that are

prepared for those that fear him. Good people, pray for me; I do for you; the God of heaven bless you all, and send you peace; that God, that is truth itself, give you grace, peace, and truth. Amen."

Presently after the uproar was ceased, his Lordship, walking on the scaffold, called for the headsman, and asked to see the axe, saying, "Come, friend, give it me into my hand; I'll neither hurt it nor thee, and it cannot hurt me, I am not afraid of it;" but kissed it, and so gave it the headsman again. Then asked for the block, which was not ready; and turned his eyes and said, "How long, Lord, how long?" Then putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two pieces of gold, saying, "This is all I have, take it, and do thy work well. And when I am upon the block, and lift up my hand, then do you your work; but I doubt your coat is too burly (being of great black shag) it will hinder you, or trouble you." Some standing by, bid him ask his Lordship forgiveness, but he was either too sullen, or too slow, for his Lordship forgave him before he asked him. And so passing to the other end of the scaffold, where his coffin lay, spying one of his chaplains on horseback among the troopers, said, "Sir, remember me to your brothers and friends; you see I am ready, and the block is not ready, but when I am got into my chamber, as I shall not be long out of it (pointing to his coffin) I shall be at rest, and not troubled with such a guard and noise as I have been; and so turning himself again, he saw the block, and asked if it was ready, and so going to the place where he began his speech, said, "Good people, I thank you for your prayers and for your tears; I have heard the one and seen the other, and our God sees and hears both. Now the God of heaven bless you all, amen." And so bowing, turned himself towards the block, and then

looking towards the church, his lordship caused the block to be turned, and laid that ways, saying, "I will look towards the sanctuary which is above for ever." Then having his doublet off, he asked, how must I lie? will any one show me? I never yet saw any man's head cut off; but I will try how it fits: and so laying him down, and stretching himself upon it, he rose again, and caused it to be a little removed; and standing up, and looking towards the headsman, said, "Remember what I told you; when I lift up my hands, then do your work."

And looking at his friends about him, bowing said, "The Lord be with you all; pray for me;" and so kneeling on his knees, made a short and private prayer, ending with the Lord's prayer. And so bowing himself again, said, "The Lord bless my wife and children; the Lord bless us all." So laying his neck upon the block, and his arms stretched out, he said these words aloud:

Blessed be God's glorious name for ever and ever. Amen.
Let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen.

And then lifting up his hands, was ready to give up the ghost, but the executioner, not well observing, was too slow. So his lordship rose again, saying (to the headsman) "What have I done that I die not? Why do not you your work? Well, I will lay myself down once again in peace, and I hope I shall enjoy everlasting peace." So he laid himself down again, with his neck to the block, and his arms stretched out, saying the same words:

Blessed be God's glorious name for ever and ever. Amen.
Let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen.

And then lifting up his hands, the executioner did

his work, and no manner of noise was then heard, but sighs and sobs.'

"The Earl of Derby," says Clarendon, "was a man of unquestionable loyalty to the late King, and gave clear testimony of it before he received any obligations from the court, and when he thought himself disobliged by it. The King in his first year sent him the Garter; which, in many respects, he had expected from the last. And the sense of that honour made him so readily comply with the King's command in attending him, when he had no confidence in the undertaking, nor any inclination to the Scots; who, he thought, had too much guilt upon them, in having depressed the crown, to be made instruments of repairing and restoring it. He was a man of great honour, and clear courage; and all his defects and misfortunes proceeded from his having lived so little time among his equals, that he knew not how to treat his inferiors, which was the source of all the ill that befell him; having thereby drawn such prejudice against him from persons of inferior quality, who yet thought themselves too good to be contemned, that they pursued him to death."

NOTE.—On the blank page of this life, S. T. C. has shown in what way he conceives biography to be related to history, and both to the science of man. This jotting is too curious to be lost; and though connected with its present place only by a slight link

of suggestion, it will perhaps be read with additional interest *in loco*.—D. C.

Prothesis.
Anthropology.

Thesis.	*Mesothesis.*	*Antithesis.*
State. History.	Statesman.	A man. Biography.

Synthesis.
Israel or the Church.

Or rather thus :

Man.

State.	Church.	Individual.

Statesman.

And correspondently :

Anthropology.

History.	Church History.	Biography.

Memoirs of Public Characters.

Under Church or Israel, I place, or rather I include, the History of Philosophy.—S. T. C.

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